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Sir *PHILIP SIDNEY's*
ARCADIA,

MODERNIZ'D

By Mrs. *STANLEY.*



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXXV.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEYS

A R C A D I A

MODERNIZ'D



Principles of Metallurgy.



Saml. gribelen. Sculp.

TO
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of *WALES*.

M A D A M,

IO address the Princess of *Wales*,
is so great a Presumption, and
more especially in so young and
obscure a Writer, that I am
wholly at a Loss in what Manner to proceed.
'Tis the Business of a Dedication to illustrate
the Merits of the Patron, and speak the Gra-
a titude

D E D I C A T I O N.

titude of the Author: But 'tis vain for me, Madam, to attempt either; since the One is not to be express'd, or the Other conceiv'd. All I can plead for my self, is, that tho' I am unworthy to approach Your Royal Highness, even at the awfulest Distance; yet Sir *Philip Sidney* has some Pretence to throw himself at Your Feet. He was the greatest Man, and the politest Author of his Age: By reviving one of his inimitable Pieces, I have placed it under the Protection of the brightest Princess, and most exalted Genius, that ever cou'd be justly boasted of by any Age. How cou'd I otherways compensate for so bold an Undertaking, as the Attempt to mend any Performance of that celebrated Author's must appear? You, Madam, by Your unbounded Goodness, have secured me from all the little Malice of meagre Criticks, and the severer Censure of superior Judgments: Even those, to whom Sir *Philip's* Memory is most dear, must own an Obligation to me, (however ill I may acquit my self in this great Task,) for rendering him conspicuous to Your Highness, and adding the only Thing which cou'd more eternize the Beauties of his Works, Your Highness's peculiar Notice.

Cou'd

DEDICATION.

Could I have flatter'd my self, from the Beginning of this Undertaking, with the Condescension I have since receiv'd from Your Royal Highness, I shou'd certainly have perform'd much better. The Thought of appearing before You, Madam, wou'd have inspir'd me with Sentiments superior to my self, and made me capable of doing him infinitely more Justice: But tho' it was an Honour I always aspir'd to, how cou'd I hope to succeed in so great an Attempt! How cou'd I conceive it possible that I shou'd be so fortunate, as at once to reach the very Height of my Ambition, and the End of all my Labours, Your Highness's Notice and Protection!

How happy am I to live in an Age, when the being a Woman is no more an Objection to the highest Undertaking! You, Madam, have given us Demonstration, how much 'tis possible for our Sex to excel; and, by Your prevailing Influence, have taught the Ladies of this Age to endeavour at attaining the Perfections of the Mind, who before thought those of the Person alone essential. Beauty, like the brightest Diamonds, may receive an additional Lustre by being advantageously placed;
and

DEDICATION.

and there is no Situation so fit for Merit as a beauteous Form. So strong a Confirmation of these Truths is no where to be found, as in Your Highness. But to enumerate half Your Perfections, or my Sense of them, wou'd swell this Address to a Size very improper for a Dedication; I must therefore do my self the Violence, to put an End to a Task so much too powerful for my unequal Pen, with making the World my Witness, that I am with the greatest Admiration, Respect, and Gratitude,

Your HIGHNESS's

Most Faithful, and

Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

D. Stanley.



P R E F A C E.



HAT Vanity is the main Ingredient in a Woman's Composition, I believe few People will dispute; and to be charged with the Possession of more than all my Sex put together, is what I fully expect; but I must beg Leave to deny that Assertion, as strenuously as it can be imposed upon me; for though it may, and with some Justice, be thought a very bold Attempt to soar upon the Eagle Wings of Sir Philip Sidney, yet certainly it shows at least more Modesty than to depend upon my self; and more especially as I have never attempted to quit his Strength, or build upon my own: I have been
b very

P R E F A C E.

very careful not even in the minutest Point to vary from his Tract, either in the Thoughts or in the Story, and have followed him so closely as entirely to pass over any Additions that have been made to him, how necessary soever a Supplement to Part of the Third Book may be thought, it being my Opinion, that Sir Philip Sidney alone was capable of finishing what Sir Philip Sidney began: As to the leaving out of the Eclogues, I have the Opinion of most of my Subscribers for it; and as it is to them alone I think my self accountable, I shall esteem their Approbation a sufficient Reason not only for that, but (if I can be so lucky to gain it) the whole Undertaking.

I could, and with Justice, aver, that at my first beginning this Work, I never design'd it for the Publick; but what will that avail me, since if the Performance proves ill, it surely must be thought more culpable the greater Length of Time I took to consider of it; if well, Excuses of every Kind are needless: In short, let it be approved or not, my chief End is answer'd, which was the employing a Waste of Time I had upon my Hands, and which I knew not how better to dispose of: That continual Round of Gallantry, Play and Dress, which engrosses the Time of most of our Ladies, has no Charms for me: I neither think
well

P R E F A C E.

well enough of my self or others to enter into any of those dangerous Amusements, and therefore hope I shall be indulged in an Employment which no Body else is obliged to make one but upon their own free Choice; and 'tis for that Reason I think every Body at Liberty to amuse themselves in writing whatever they please, so it be consistent with good Manners and Morality, since they have no Power of imposing their Works to another's Reading; and the spreading of any Treatise which is ill wrote, must certainly be as great a Reflection upon the Judgment of the Publick, as that of the Author's.

Considering how little I have to say, a Preface may possibly be thought a very needless Thing for me to attempt. I am my self of that Opinion, and should not have made the least Essay towards it, but that I knew no better Opportunity of making my Acknowledgments to that Part of my Subscribers which I have not the Honour to be personally acquainted with. If they accept my Thanks, they do me a double Favour; 'tis but Justice, which I offer them; tho' should they, upon reading the Book, return me the same Compliment, I much fear the rigid Present would more than cancel that of their former Good-nature. Prove it as it may, my Friends will at least be silent,
both

P R E F A C E.

both for my Sake and their own, and make me thankful! I am not of Consequence enough to meet with many Enemies; the Liberty of sheltering my self and Performance under the Protection of so great a Patroness will undoubtedly create me some Envy; but as that Honour must, and with a great deal of Justice, be attributed more to her diffusive Benignity of Temper than any Merit I can pretend to plead, I hope the most envious will rather be prompted to admire her Goodness, than repine at my Happiness.



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Sir *PHILIP SIDNEY'S*
A R C A D I A,
M O D E R N I Z ' D

By Mrs. *STANLEY.*

B O O K I.

THE Season of the Year was just returning, when all the Ornaments which adorn our Earth, and deeper strike the Senses with our great Creator's Power, shone with a double Lustre; the Sun forgot his Partiality, and Night and Day succeeded equally; when the young *Strephon*, regardless of his Flock, and full of self-consuming Care, and hopeless Love, came to the Sands which just oppose the well-known Isle of *Cithera*. The Place inspired him with some Reflections that border'd on Delight; but soon were quell'd by those corroding Thoughts, which, Vulture-like, prey'd on his trembling Heart. At length, his heavy Eyes, streaming with Tears, the Harbingers of his Heart's Woe, turn'd to the Island; where, spying his Soul's Choice, his only Friend, though Rival, both center'd in the Person of the Shepherd *Claius*, he call'd him to him; and with a Look, which almost spoke the Purport of his Soul, thus said; My Friend, my better Self, hither we are come to pay the Compliment of Woe, imposed on us by our too cruel Memory, which, with impetuous Violence, exacts this Duty; and not content with that, makes us forget our selves, our Friends, and every other Business of our Lives. Tell me, my *Claius*, tell me, when you and I were with our Fellow-Swains, did we e'er share a Joy, or taste a Pleasure with them? O happy they! that cou'd

amuse themselves amidst their harmless Sheep, and sporting Lambs, while our severe Reflection admitted us no Respite, not even for our Food, our needful Rest, or our Devotions to the Gods; but still enforced our Thoughts to wander to this Place, where last our Eyes were bless'd with gazing on *Urania's* Charms. E'er since that happy Time, our Hearts continually have been employ'd in thus upbraiding us: Base and degenerate Wretches, how can your Minds, stamp'd with that Angel Form, descend so low, as, for the Thoughts of sordid Gain, to quit the Enquiries of her Safety, when hostile War, Rapine, and Violence, usurp the Quiet of the Land? How can you leave that Shore unvisited, from whence you may behold the too too happy Place of her Abode? How can you cease to kiss those Steps, where your *Urania's* Feet printed the last Farewel of Beauty's perfect Stamp? Re-spirited with this Reproof, we soon obey'd the Dictates of our Memories; and here we find, that as this Place occasioned the constant Labour of that Faculty, so its Pains, its Grievs, and Anguish are augmented by the Sight. On yonder rising Ground *Urania* lighted; the Horse, who late upheld his lofty Neck, snuffling against the Wind, and prancing, as he disdain'd the Ground he trod, now droop'd, and hung his Head, and seem'd as he bewail'd the Loss of such a Manager: But as for thee, my *Claius*, how shall I describe the differing Motions of thy Soul, at thy Attempt to aid her lighting down! Love and Despair, Desire and Awe, and all the agonizing Pains of a deep-grounded Passion, rack'd thy torn Heart, and made thy trembling Hands almost incapable of the happy Office. I took my Cloak, and laid it under her, more glorious, when adorned with such a Jewel, than are the Robes of Kings: She thanked me with a gentle Softness; and turning her fair Eyes to their accustom'd home, with Tears she paid the Tribute of her Parting; yet looked with such a patient Resignation, as made even Distress seem amiable: But when she spoke, Oh! how my ravish'd Ears devour'd the pleasing Sounds. When she was going, thy Passions, too great to be confin'd, burst into Tears: At the unmanly Sight she laid her lilly Hand upon thine Eyes, as if at once she meant to hide thy Weakness from the World, and show thee that her tender Nature was not insensible of thy Suffering. The Boat arriv'd, she half step'd in, at once blessing both Elements with her divided Beauties; but when the Sea was in the whole Possession of her Charms, how its curl'd Waves danced round the Boat, but gently curbing their Delight, for fear the boisterous Pleasure should fright the lovely Causer: The wanton *Zephyrs* fan'd her blooming Cheeks, and softly swell'd the Sails. *Urania! O Urania!* may'st thou be ever happy, ever bless'd, thou fairest, chastest, full Perfection of thy Sex. Here his Speech fail'd him, and interrupting Sobs gave *Claius* an Opportunity of making this Return: Alas! my *Strephon*, the Occasions of our Misery need not be recounted; they are too deep already printed on our Hearts; that we are truly wretched in her

Ab.

Absence, is not now to be ascertain'd, and that this Place adds to the miserable Reflection, is full as sure; as soon may trembling Lambs forget to fear at the Approach of some devouring Wolf, as we cease to renew our Grievs upon the Sight of any Place once happy in her Presence; every Action, every Word she spoke, and every pointed Look comes fresh into our Minds: But as these Reflections serve to exaggerate and swell the Woes of Parting; so let them on the other hand put us in Mind, how great a Pleasure we enjoy'd in knowing and adoring so much Excellence; her Beauty wou'd seduce the frozen Hermit, and tempt him from his Cell; her Breath is more refreshing, far more sweet, than is the gentle South-west Wind, which softly creeps over the flow'ry Meads and shadow'd Waters, to allay the parching Heat of Summer's Noon-tide Sun, and yet is infinitely short of the soft flowing Sounds that Breath conveys to our enchanted Ears. But as we are oblig'd to observe the Beauties of the Sun by the Reflection, the Glories of his Face being too powerful for our weak Eyes to examine, so her more powerful Charms will easier be describ'd by their Effects. How has the Love of her inspir'd us, silly Swains, with Thoughts superior to our low Conditions, and made our Companies admitted by Men of Wisdom, Sense and Learning? Has not the Desire of her Approbation kept us (when others Senses were lock'd up in Sleep) awake, studying all Nature's Ways, and following the Tracts of deep Philosophy? When other Shepherds were contriving how to know their Sheep, we turn'd that Study to our selves; her Charms have reconcil'd the two great Opposites of Friend and Rival, and keep Desire within the Bounds of Chastity.

As *Claius* was thus earnestly proceeding in rapturous Descriptions of *Urania's* Charms, he was interrupted by *Strephon*, who had a good while been observing something that floated upon the Water, which the working of the Sea drove towards the Shoar, and just then had cast up almost before them. They soon perceiv'd it to be a Man; and coming nearer, they found no Shew of Life; but that his Hands were grip'd fast round a small square Coffer, that lay under his Breast. The Sight of so fine a Person, as even in Death he appear'd to be, exceedingly moved their Compassion, and determin'd them to use all possible Means for his Recovery; and having, by turning him upon his Head, let great Quantities of salt Water run out of his Mouth, they found him begin to breathe; and continuing to rub and chafe him, he at last came quite to himself, and fetching a Groan, open'd his Eyes; but without employing them or his Tongue in Thanks to his Restorers, he turn'd them to the utmost Limits of his Sight, and cry'd, *Pyrocles! Oh, Pyrocles!* But finding none answer to his Exclamations, he attempted again to throw himself into the Sea; crying, If thou art not on Earth, why then I'll seek thee in the Deep. The Shepherds, surpriz'd at his Attempt to fling away a Life they had with so much Pains preserv'd,

ran

ran to him, and with superior Force with-held him; which he, agitated with Grief, repented. My Friends, said he, why would you seek to save a Wretch, whose Life you have no right in, and who esteems your Courtesies an Injury? He speaking this in *Greek*, which was the Shepherd's natural Language, mov'd them to be the more solicitous for his Safety; and finding by his Manner, that it was the Loss of some near Friend, which so sensibly affected him, they strove, by the most reasonable Arguments they could use, to mitigate his Fears, by urging, That as the Almighty Power had, in so wonderful a Manner, preserv'd his Life; so the same Providence might have afforded its Protection to his Friend, himself having escap'd as eminent Dangers as could be prov'd by Mortal. These Suppositions gave him but little Comfort, Despair having so entirely seiz'd his Soul, as left not the least room for any Gleam of Hope: But, answer'd he, Since your Humanity inclines you to preserve a Wretch wholly incapable of Comfort, let it extend so far as to provide a Vessel, that I may try, if possible, to find the Body of my lost Friend; and for so great a Piece of Service, this Casket will enable me to shew my Gratitude. *Claius* immediately went to a neighbouring Fisherman, who provided them a Boat, and some necessary Cloathing for the Stranger, who hitherto was exposed to the Inclemencies of the Air. This Care being taken, they all embarked together, and were scarce got beyond the Haven's Mouth, e'er, at a little Distance, they perceiv'd a Place in the Sea which appeared much discoloured, and observed some Sparks of Fire and Smoak issue from it; which the fine Youth no sooner saw, but he renewed his Lamentations, beating his Breast, and tearing his curl'd Hair, which loosely flow'd in Ringlets down his graceful Shoulders: Yonder, cry'd he, behold the Source of all my Sorrows; let me entreat you to steer as near as possible to that fatal Place, for there I shall be likeliest to find the Cause of my Pursuit; that Smoak which you observe, is but a small Relict of a most raging Fire, which forced my Friend and I to trust our selves to the uncertain Mercy of the Sea, rather than fall a certain Sacrifice to the devouring Flames. They immediately turned their Course that Way, and soon came near enough to view a Sight of as much Horror, as ever filled their Eyes: The Ship, which he had just escaped from, or rather the Carkass of it, lay encompassed with its late Stores; the Men, destroy'd by various kinds of Deaths, were floating in the Water, and seem'd not only to have proved the Cruelty of both Elements, but also to have suffer'd from their own Species, their Bodies being covered over with grisly Wounds, which gaped as if they meant to clear the Seas of causing the Destruction: A little off, lay the main Mast, whose towering Heights but late seem'd to attempt the Skies, now, like the mourning helpless Widow, bereft of him that was her Glory, Honour and Support; upon it sat a Youth of so divine a Form, he seem'd more God than Mortal; his Hair, as is
the

the Custom of the *Græcian* Youths, hung down his Shoulders; the wanton Winds seem'd proud to sport with it, as did the Seas to bathe and kiss his Feet; his every Motion was Majestick, nor could the deep Distress eclipse the Greatness of his Soul: In his Right Hand, aloft, he waved a Sword, as if he meant to brave the World in his Extremity. The Fishermen were now come near enough to have given him some Assistance, but were so struck with his Appearance, they had not Power to offer it; and viewing him more nearly, their Ignorance, as never having seen so bright a Form before, made them conclude he was some Deity born of the Flood, and fall, with superstitious Reverence, to worship him. *Musidorus* was almost as much amazed with Joy, as they with Wonder; but recollecting himself, he caught the Rope out of the Mariners Hand, and flung it to him to take hold of: His Extasy would suffer him to say no more, but, Oh *Pyrocles*, art thou preserv'd! and do I live to see it? The noble Youth cry'd, Yes, my *Musidorus*, the Gods have spared me to thee; thou might'st have known my Safety, it being center'd in thy own. By this Time they had sail'd beyond his Reach, and 'twas with great Difficulty that *Musidorus* perswaded them to cast about again, assuring them he was a Man, that wanted their Compassion, and would reward it liberally; his Arguments at length prevail'd; but e'er they were come close enough for *Pyrocles* to reach the Rope, one of the Sailors descri'd a Galley, which came with full spread Sails and labouring Oars directly in chase of them; he too soon perceived it to be a well known Pyrate, who infested those Seas, and not only robb'd the Merchants of their Treasure, but forced their Men, to make his Galley-Slaves, or sell at the next Market. When the Sailor had made this Report, the Master order'd them to set on all the Canvas they were able, and make their swiftest Way to Shore, regardless of *Musidorus's* Prayers, Entreaties, Threats or Promises; all he could urge, their Fears blew back, as Wind does empty Bubbles, and he had nothing left to aid *Pyrocles* with, but Prayers and fruitless Wishes. The Galley, seeing them past its Pursuit, turn'd back to take the Spoil of the late Wreck, and with the rest seiz'd on *Pyrocles*; which when *Musidorus* saw, unable to contain his Anguish, he broke out into the severest Exclamations: Oh *Pyrocles*! cry'd he, Shall that dear tender Form of thine be subject to the Gripes of cruel Chains? How will thy noble Soul submit to the mean Offices of Servitude, or thy great Virtues stoop to aid the Ends of Vice and Villany? Better! O better! hadst thou perished in the Deep, and nobly paid Nature's great Debt, than at the Price of glorious Liberty maintain a loath'd Life. This Thought no sooner came a-cross him, but it was contradicted by his Friend's being in fresh Danger; the Galley having set upon another Ship which stoutly stood the Fight, the Pyrates whom late he curs'd, and thought on as his worst Enemies, now had his earnest Prayers, fearing *Pyrocles* might perish in their Overthrow; but e'er he could behold the Event, the Ship had reach'd the Haven, and it was vain for him to think of that, or any

other's venturing to Sea again: This Impossibility put him at odds with Patience; the violent Perturbation of his Mind added to the Disorder of his Body, and render'd him incapable, without the help of some Refreshment, to bear the Weight of either. The Shepherds were sensibly affected with his Sorrows, being themselves so well acquainted with the Ties of Friendship; they earnestly entreated him to mitigate his Woes, and to consider how happy, a few Hours ago, he would have thought himself, to have been on any Terms assur'd of his Friend's Life; begg'd of him to believe that they were thoroughly moved at his Misfortunes, and would do any thing in their Power to give him ease; but that being almost Strangers in *Laconia*, they were not in a Capacity of serving him; but if he would go with them to *Arcadia*, which was their native Country, and but a little Distance from that Place, they would recommend him to a Gentleman, that had a House upon the Confines of the Country, whose Name was *Kalander*; one, who was to them a worthy Patron, and renown'd by all who knew him, for Tendernefs, Compassion, and Humanity, both to his Friends and Strangers; that Heaven had been so bountiful, as not only to give him (as it too often happens) the bare Will, but also endow'd him with the Power of doing friendly Offices; that he was a chosen Favourite of their Prince, and therefore high in Interest, not only in his own *Arcadia*, but also bore great Authority in all the neighbouring Countries of *Peloponnesus*; that he at least would accommodate him with necessary Means for the Recovery of his Health, without which it would be impossible for him to pursue the Knowledge of his Friend's Fate; and in the Interim, the tender Pity, and chearful Conversation, which they assur'd him he would meet with in the wise *Kalander*, might in some Measure allay the Torments of his Mind, and render his Misfortunes more supportable.

Musidorus being quite a Stranger in the Country, far from his native Home, and driven almost as far beyond his Senses by the Heart-racking Tortures he endured, was very willing to accept their friendly Offer; but first he took a Ring of some Value from his Finger, and gave it to the Mariners in Recompence of the late Trouble they had taken for him, and then address'd himself, with feeble Steps and Marks of inward Woe, to follow the Guidance of the Shepherds, who led the Way, bearing the Chest by turns: He seem'd almost insensible which Path they took, attentive to nothing but his own Anxieties, which sometimes forc'd a silent Tear to stain his languid Face. For two whole Days they left him to his Meditations, without endeavouring to assuage his Melancholly, well knowing the first Overture of Grief is not to be withstood, but like a headstrong Torrent, flows beyond all Bounds, and will not be oppos'd till it has spent its Force; they therefore confin'd their Conversation to each other, but chusing such Subjects of their own or others Grievs, which might insensibly draw

draw him a little from the Thought of his; and though he was not attentive to them, yet now and then the Sounds would strike his Ears, and force him, e'er he was aware, to half listen to their sobbing Tales: This Art in their Behaviour moved him something more to observe them, and now and then to wonder at the surprising Turns of Wit, and beautiful Expressions they utter'd, far surpassing the common Conversation of Men of higher Rank and Fortunes. The Morning of their third Day's Travel they rose from under a large Elm, which had that Night afforded them its friendly Shelter, and pursued their Journey; the Violets and Roses seemed contending which should most diffuse their blooming Sweets, to welcome the approaching Sun; the warbling Nightingales in moving Strains stretching their little Throats, made the Plains echo with their Songs; all Nature smiled, and every thing looked blooming, gay, and cheerful, except the melancholly *Musidorus*; he, pensive, sad, and thoughtful, pursued his Way, 'till having pass'd the barren, wastful Mountains of *Laconia*, his Eyes were struck with the most pleasing Prospect they ever yet beheld; the lofty Trees combin'd with spreading Branches to shade the rising Hills from the Sun's parching Heat, whilst the cool flowing Rivulets refreshed the humble Vallies; the Meadows were overspread with various kinds of Flowers, the Gift of Nature's Bounty, which might defy the Skill of the most cunning Artist; the little Birds, with warbling Eloquence, echo'd the Pleasures of the Neighbouring Thickets; the harmless Sheep were feeding on the Pasture, their wanton Lambs sporting and frisking by, moving with bleating Oratory the Notice of their Dams; the Shepherd-Boys were playing on their Pipes, as they were ignorant they lost the Hours they soothed: A little Distance off sat a young Shepherdess a Spinning, beguiling of her Task with rural Songs and Roundelays; the Houses were scattered with a kind of pleasing Irregularity, but yet the Distance not so great, to bar a mutual Succour, or hinder the Pleasures of Society. Tell me, said *Musidorus*, breaking his long continued Silence, what Countries are these we pass through, whose Soils appear so opposite; the one fruitful in every Gift of Nature, the other wholly neglected by her? That, answered *Claius*, where you were cast ashore, and now are past, is called *Laconia*, not quite so fruitless by Nature, though in it self not fertile, as wasted by a Civil War, which has these two Years been maintained within the Bowels of it, between the Gentlemen and Peasants, the latter being distinguished by the Name of *Helots*; this has occasioned a Neglect of that little Produce it would have yielded, the Towns on either Side being unwilling to receive Strangers, or issue forth their Men to improve and cultivate it. This Place, you now are in, is named *Arcadia*, and near at Hand the House of *Kalander*, where we would bring you: This Country is possessed of almost every Good; its Peace is lasting, and flowing Plenty, the Consequence of good Husbandry, abounds; these scattering Houses are the Abodes of Men like us, that live upon the Produce of their Sheep, and therefore in the Division of the *Arcadian* State,

State, are termed Shepherds; and, indeed, may justly be esteem'd the happiest People in it; their Wants are few, and their Desires less, being all within the Limits of Necessity. What Reasons, answered *Musidorus*, could tempt you two to quit a Life of so much Happiness, and change this pleasant Situation, for yonder barren dangerous Realm? Compelled, said *Strephon*, by Almighty Love, and safe in Poverty: But (interrupted *Claius*) noble Stranger, since you have deign'd to enquire of us, who are so much below your Knowledge, permit us to return the Curiosity, and ask to whom we owe the Condescension, as also who that Youth is for whom you so incessantly lament? That we may not be deemed impertinent, assure yourself, the chief Reason of our Enquiries is, to inform the friendly *Kalander*, that he may give you a Reception suitable to yourself. For me, said *Musidorus*, I am so poor, so lost a Wretch, apart from him I grieve for, that the meanest of his Hospitality, be it as you describe, will far surpass my Estimation; the highest Favour I can hope for, or desire, is, that he will help me to some speedy Method of following the Fortunes of my *Dai-phantus*, for that is my Friend's Name; I am called *Palladius*. Here he made a Stop, they having before agreed to change their Names if ever their ill Fortune should divide them. The Shepherds easily perceived he was unwilling to be further known, and therefore ceased to press him. By this Time they had reach'd the House of *Kalander*; the Appearance of it spoke the Judgment of the Master; the Situation seem'd form'd for Health, Convenience, and Delight; the Building Magnificent and Great; and every Thing about it bore an Air of Hospitality. It was now more than Time that *Musidorus* should have some Refreshment after his tedious Journey, his weary Legs, unused to such laborious Offices, hardly supporting his tired Body; so that without further Observation they made up to the House. Immediately there came out one of the Attendants to give the Shepherds a Reception, well knowing them to be Men, though low in Fortune, yet great in Merit and their Master's Favour: The Servant soon cast his Eyes upon the Stranger, whose uncommon Appearance commanded a particular Observation; and being informed by the Shepherds that they believed him to be of more than ordinary Extraction, which was the Reason they had brought him there, he went and told his Master, who immediately come out to them, and with a courteous Affability welcomed the Shepherds; who calling him aside, told him the Occasion of their coming was not altogether to pay their Duties to his Lordship, but to introduce that Stranger, whom they had found in deep Distress; that they believed him to be of noble Blood, however now disguised with Fortune's Cruelty; but that he seem'd to avoid being known or question'd. If his Estate requires Secrecy, far, reply'd *Kalander*, be it from me to enquire into it; Vertue in any Shape commands from me a Welcome; and all the Service I am capable of offering, he may depend upon. Before he had done speaking, there came a Boy to enquire for the Shepherds, and brought a Letter for them from *Urania*; which the Moment they

they had read, they address'd themselves in haste to *Kalander*, and once more recommending *Musidorus* to his Care, prepared to leave him: He, smiling, gave them an Assurance of it; and knowing that no Mandate is so powerful as that of Love, did not oppose their going. But first, they delivering the Chest to *Musidorus*, he opened it, and would have overpaid their Care and Trouble with two inestimable Jewels; which they refusing, assured him they were more than recompenced in being honoured with the Knowledge of him; and without waiting his Answer, apply'd themselves to follow that Desire, to further which all others were employed; posting with such an eager haste, as if the little God had lent 'em Wings, the quicker to obey his Dictates. *Musidorus* began to find his Weakness, occasioned by the long Fatigue of Mind and Body which he had undergone, increase greatly upon him; and believing that he should soon resign his weary Soul, he begg'd of *Kalander* to take the Chest; and if he died, to keep those Trifles enclosed in it, as a Remembrance he once knew such a Wretch; only bestowing some few of them to find out and redeem a young Man called *Daiphantus*, who had unhappily, as he believ'd, fallen into the Hands of *Laconian* Pyrates. He had scarce utter'd these Words, but he was seized with a shivering Coldness, and fell into such successive Faintings, that they were obliged immediately to convey him to a Bed; which they soon did, and placed him in the most commodious Apartment the House afforded: His Indisposition was succeeded by a most raging Fever, which continued some Time, and put them past all Hopes of his Recovery; but after a long Struggle, his Youth enabled him to triumph over the Distemper, and he began to give Proofs of it by re-assuming his natural Bloom of Beauty.

Kalander took an unspeakable Pleasure in attending and watching the slow Approaches of his new Guest's Recovery; his first Appearance promised Wonders; and upon a growing Intimacy, he found him answer every Prepossession he had felt himself inclined to in his Favour; his Wit was sharp and penetrating, without the Alloy of Pride or Self-Opinion; his Thoughts were great, munificent, and manly, but cloathed in Affability and Humbleness of Heart; so eloquent his Words, they seemed the very Source of Oratory; he bore the Load of Evil he labour'd under, with so resolved, so stedfast a Behaviour, that he bestowed a Grace on Sufferings and Calamities. All these Perfections united in so young a Person, for he had scarce proved the Weight of Twenty Years, greatly attracted the Affections of the good old Man, and made him treat him with a Parent's Tendernefs, backed with the Ties of Friendship. And now being perfectly recovered of his late Indisposition, he only waited an Account which he expected from the Return of some Ships, which *Kalander*, in the Time of his Confinement, had sent Abroad in search of *Daiphantus*: Though he had there met every Thing that might alleviate his Grief, yet was it not to be sur-

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mounted; which his generous Host observing, he took all Methods to amuse and draw him from the Thought of it. One Afternoon he ask'd his Company to make a little Walk agreeable; and told him, he would carry him to a Place, which he himself oft singled out to spend a more unbended Hour in. *Palladius* gave a Smile of Approbation, and followed. He led him through the House, and down some Steps, whose Descent brought them to the most pleasant Place his Eyes e'er view'd; it was neither wholly owing to Art or Nature, but seemed the Master-piece of both blended together: The Entrance was planted with all Sorts of Trees, whose Fruits might please the Eye, and charm the Taste; this introduced them to a pleasant Green; on each side that, a little Thicker harboured the winged Choir, who warbled forth their Gratitude for the Reception: The Ground was strewed with various coloured Flowers, which the Trees shaded from the too powerful Heat of Summer's Sun, and the fierce Beating of the Winter's Rains: In the Midst was placed a spacious Fish-Pond, whose shaking Chrystal serv'd as a Mirror to all the other Beauties of the Place, and shewed them double; on one side, in the Middle of the Thicket, ran a Fountain, whose curious Workmanship could not be parallel'd; it represented a naked *Venus*, as fair in all Appearance, as was the Sea-born Goddess when just ascending from the ouzy Deep; the natural Blue Veins that stained the Marble, was by the Cunning of the Artist's Hand, turned to those Places which ought to be adorned with them; at her Breast she held her little Offspring, young *Aeneas*; who seemed as he neglected his Life's Nourishment, to gaze on her fair Eyes, that gave a scornful Smile at his too early Adoration; mean while the Breast afforded its milky Sweet in vain. In a Corner of the Thicket, stood a spacious Summer-House, where they enter'd, not only to repose themselves, but that *Palladius* might observe the Pictures which adorn'd it, and which were originally drawn by the most famous Hands of *Greece*: The first he cast his Eyes on, was a *Diana* bathing, and just discovering the Presumption of *Acteon*; her Cheeks appear'd to glow with Shame and Anger; close by her Side was placed a beauteous Nymph; the scalding Tears that trickl'd down her Cheeks, seem'd heated by Disdain, and forc'd by Shame: In the next Pannel, was painted *Atalanta*; the Posture of the Limbs were represented with so much Life and Beauty, that had the Eyes been made the only Judges, it could not have been disputed but that they really mov'd: There were several more; as of *Helen*, *Omphale*, and *Iole*. But what most rais'd the Admiration of *Musidorus*, was a large Piece, in which was drawn a graceful fine old Man, and by his Side a Lady of middle Age; who would have seem'd a Masterpiece of Beauty, but that she was eclips'd by a young Creature that stood between them, whose real Charms, by far, seem'd to outline the Painter's Fancy, which he had work'd up to its greatest Height, in representing the rest as Goddesses; but Nature there lent him Assistance for his best Performances, and gave him Helps for his otherways inimitable Art.

Art. *Musidorus* was always careful of Interrogatories that might be thought impertinent; but he had so much Curiosity to know who that fair Creature was, that seem'd so far beyond the Raptures of Imagination, that he could not master the Desire; and turning to *Kalandar*, begg'd of him to inform him. She is, reply'd he, call'd *Phyloclea*, the younger Daughter of our Prince, who with his Wife is drawn in that Piece; the Painter by that meaning to represent the present confin'd Life of the young Lady, who is continually watch'd by one of her over-cautious Parents: He also would willingly have added the Pourtraiture of her Sister, her only Equal, dress'd in her Shepherdess Attire, but that the sturdy Clown, her Guardian, would not suffer it; and he was fearful of attempting the Prince's Leave, for fear of being thought to have a further View. *Palladius* was far from being satisfied with this abstruse Account; but finding the Affair requir'd Secrecy, he ceas'd a more particular Request than what his Eyes with silent Eloquence desir'd; which *Kalandar* observing: Well, said he, my dear *Palladius*, I know your Inclination, and I will gratify it, as particularly as I am capable of doing, both from publick Knowledge, and a more immediate Trust, which I, though undeservedly, have had reposed in me; putting so great a Confidence in you, though our Acquaintance bears but so short a Date, that I depend what I relate shall ne'er escape your Knowledge. Without giving Time for a Reply, sitting down, and casting his Eyes upon the Picture, he thus proceeded:

This Country of *Arcadia* has ever been preferr'd to all the Provinces of *Greece*; in some Measure for the Fineness of the Air, and other of Nature's Benefits; but more particularly, for the Affability and Unity of Temper adapted to its Inhabitants; who finding that the shining Titles of Power and Glory, so much affected by other Nations, are seldom conducive to the real Happiness of Life, are the only People, which by their Justice and Frugality, neither excite Revenge or Envy in their Neighbours, to tempt them to invade their Peace; nor are inspir'd with a false Thirst of Fame, to sacrifice their own and others Lives, that their Posterity may say our Fathers have done this: Even the Muses seem to approve their peaceful happy Humour, by chusing this Country for their chief Residence; and in so general a Manner diffusing their Perfections, that even the lowest Shepherds have their Genius so unconfin'd and sprightly, that the most studied of other Nations do not disdain to observe and imitate them. Here reigns this Prince, whose Picture is before you, named *Basilius*; a Prince perfectly capable of governing so orderly a Set of Subjects, where the Laws founded by his Predecessors are admirable, and where they are readily submitted to; but in nothing he excels so much, as in the fatherly and tender Love he bears his People; and in that surpasses not only his own Ancestors, but I may venture to affirm, goes beyond all other Princes living. The Cause of this Benevolence of Mind, is from his
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innate Virtues; for though he does not shine in those that inspire Admiration, as Depth of Wisdom, Height of Courage and Magnificence; yet is he thoroughly possess'd of those that quicken and create Affection, and abounds in gentle Meekness, Courtesy, Mercy, Truth, and Liberality. He being pretty far advanced in Years, married a young Princess named *Gynecia*, Daughter to the King of *Cyprus*, a Lady of powerful Beauty; of which Truth her Picture here before you is a Witness: Her Wit is sharp and penetrating, her Judgment sound and perfect; and, indeed, to be just, one must allow her to surpass her Husband in those Virtues, which more immediately ought to inhabit in a Princely Mind; her Chastity is unquestion'd; and indeed 'twas doubly happy that her Mind took a vertuous Turn, for otherways she surely would have been as Infamous as now she's Great, her Spirits being too brisk and sprightly to admit a Medium. This Couple are bless'd in only two Daughters; so beyond Description endow'd with Nature's Bounty, that one would believe she meant, by them, to prove she sometimes thought that Sex worth her more nice Regard; however, some Men (sharp only in Invectives) have endeavour'd to prove them below her Notice; the Elder is named *Pamela*, by many esteem'd not inferior to her Sister; for my Particular, when I first observ'd them, I thought there was a softer Sweetness in *Philoclea*, but something more Majestick in *Pamela*; the little winged Deity lay softly pleading in *Philoclea*'s Eyes, but threatned sure Destruction in *Pamela*'s; *Philoclea*'s Beauties only perswaded, but with so irresistible a Power, it might be term'd a Force; *Pamela*'s commanded Adoration, and met with none that could resist the pleasing Violence it offer'd. Since, I have been inform'd their Minds answer the Difference of these Characters: *Philoclea*, so shy and bashful, as her Perfections stole to adorn her without her Knowledge; so humble, that she would make even Pride ashamed; in short, her whole Behaviour such as would enliven Hope, but keep it at a Distance, and bounded with good Manners. *Pamela*'s Thoughts are of a higher Frame; she avoids not a lofty Pride, because she does not know how much she excels, but with a View of making that one of her greatest Excellencies. *Basilus* being favour'd by the Gods with these uncommon Blessings, (as if even Happiness itself would cloy) has lately raised the Wonder and Concern of all who know and love him, by altering a Way of Life, in which one should have thought the pronest Envy could have found no Flaw. Some Time ago he went to *Delphos*, and being return'd in Safety, shortly dispersed his Court, and retired with his Family into a Neighbouring Forest, which he calls his Desert; where, besides convenient Apartments for Stabling, and Servants to dispatch the Household Business, he has built two compleat Lodges; in one of them, himself and Wife resides, with his young Daughter *Philoclea*; which was the Reason they three were drawn together in this Piece; and, besides them, no living Creature inhabits in it. This Manner of Life, in a Prince so happy in his People, and blest in his own Family, must appear

pear strange; but what more excites our Wonder, is his Management of the Princess *Pamelia*, whom he has confin'd, in the other Lodge, under the Guardianship of one *Dametas*; a Fellow the most lost to Affability, good Manners, and common Sense, that Nature e'er produced. His Wife *Miso*, is every way equal to such a Husband. The Offspring of this worthless Pair, is a Daughter called *Mopsa*, who perfectly inherits their Perfections. Persons of this Character, no Body will believe, can be any ways a Pleasure, or Improvement to the Princess, unless it be to exercise her Patience, and be a Foil to her Perfections. After this Description, you may possibly distrust the Truth of what I am relating, believing it impossible a Prince, not lost to common Sense, should chuse so despicable a Set of People to manage, and instruct a Child, that in herself is capable of every Thing that is commendable; but Princes lie under this Misfortune, among the Numbers which attend them, that those Actions which bear but a tolerable Appearance, meet from the generality so much Applause, that they are flatter'd into an Opinion, that there is nothing so absurd but they can give a Gloss to it, and make it appear desirable. The first Rise of this worthless Creature, was occasion'd by *Basilus's* losing his Way one time when he was Hunting; where meeting this Fellow, he enquir'd whereabouts he was: and from that falling into Talk with him, he found him answer, as he thought, with a plain Sincerity, which much became him; but by any nice Observer his Words and Utterance would have been esteem'd blunt and unmannerly; upon this he took so great a Fancy to him, that he brought him back with him to Court, and every Hour gave him fresh Proofs of Favour: Which Weakness, the flattering Crowd of Courtiers no sooner found, but they, to pay their Court, would needs prove the Prince's Judgment by crying up the Favourite; his Silence, they term'd Sense and Thoughtfulness; his rude Behaviour, Integrity and Openness of Heart; his stupid Ignorance, Simplicity of Manners; and, in short, his every Fault was shadow'd o'er with Vertue. The Prince, as generally great Ones are, fond of his own Performances, fancied him a Creature of his making; and that his Countenance and Favour would raise those Seeds of Vertue, that he, mistakenly, believ'd were grounded in him; and at the first advanced him to be principal Herdsman; and since he took to this strange Retirement, has in a Manner made him Guardian to himself and People, by putting his own Life, and that of his Children, daily in his Power. Which great Authority, like a large Sail in want of Ballast, oversets the little Wit he had; and I much fear my Master will be, to his Cost, convinc'd, that Princes have no more the Power of making Men, than have their Subjects; Nature admits no Alteration, the Beggar and the King will alike be what they're form'd; vain would be the Attempt to make an Ass curvet and prance, or the heavy Bear lightly frisk o'er the Plains like the nimble-footed Fawn. But, I fear, you'll think I have entertain'd you too long upon so disagreeable a Subject; but the

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anxious Care I suffer, to see my Prince fall into so great an Error, makes me, when I speak of it, dwell upon it longer, and with greater Warmth, than is quite becoming. As far as I have now told you, is nothing more than in effect every *Arcadian* knows; but the Occasion of this sudden Resolution he has taken of retiring, he trusted to the Knowledge (as I firmly think) of but one Person living; though indeed I can guess, and, to say Truth, more than so, for I have perfect Grounds to go upon, which by an accident I attain'd, in the Manner as I shall inform you: I have an only Son, whose Name is *Clitiphon*, at present absent, preparing for his Nuptials, which shortly are to be here celebrated; he, while the Prince kept his Court in publick, was of his Bed-chamber, and near his Person; since the dispersing of it, he is return'd Home, and with him brought a Copy of a Letter which *Basilus* had left in a Window after reading, believing, as I suppose, that no one would venture to peruse any of his Papers; but *Clitiphon* not only read it, but took a Copy of it. I greatly blam'd him for so bold a Trespas of his Duty, so great a Liberty taken by a Subject, making the Secrets of Kings always liable to be reveal'd; but since the Action was not to be recall'd, I took the Letter, and have ever since kept it about me. But before I read it to you, it will be necessary I should inform you, that the Author of it is a Nobleman of this Country, nam'd *Philanax*, appointed Regent in the Prince's Absence, and a Man there lives not more capable or worthy of the Office; he is possess'd of the most solid Understanding, sound Judgment and piercing Wit, of any one that our *Arcadia* boasts; his Integrity is unshaken, and Proof against the Courtiers Frailty, Bribery and Corruption; the personal Love he bears his Master, is not inferior to that he pays his Prince: This Man has *Basilus* chose to entrust and honour with his Friendship; and in that Choice as much exalts his Judgment, as he debases it by the Confidence he places in *Dametas*. After his return from *Delphos*, *Philanax* being confin'd by a Fit of Illness, *Basilus*, as I believe, but I have no further Information than this Letter, wrote to let him know his Purpose of Retiring, and the Reason of it; which, by *Philanax's* Answer, appears to proceed from some Oracle he had there receiv'd; but that will be your best Informer, and is as follows:

PHILANAX's Letter to BASILIUS.

MOST High, Mighty, and Puissant Prince; had it pleas'd your Highness, before your Journey to *Delphos*, to have condescended to hear my humble Opinion, I should then to better Purpose, and in better Season, have deliver'd it; and if my Judgment had prevail'd, you would not only have been as safe as now, but happy in a Calm of Mind, I fear, you are not now possess'd of. I should have urg'd, that Wisdom and Vertue are the only Destinies appointed Man
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to follow; that to them alone we ought to apply for Knowledge, since they are the only unerring Guides; which, besides the inward Satisfaction and Peace of Mind they yield, are almost sure Directors to Prosperity; but if the wicked Wiles of lawless Men should intervene, 'tis in no earthly Power entirely to oppress it, since he that falls with Vertue on his Side, can never justly be esteem'd miserable. I should have also offer'd, that the Decrees of the Almighty Powers ought with Awfulness to be rever'd, and not with impious Curiosity search'd into; that we should rather by Prayers and Sacrifices implore their Mercy and Protection, than by prying into their secret Counsels set our selves in Competition with them, and think to avoid or baffle their Designs: These kind of Southsayings must be quite vain, or else inevitable; so that they are either not at all to be regarded, or if they deliver any Truth, not to be prevented. But since 'tis vain to think of altering what is past, and that your Highness's Commands are to know my Thoughts of your present Purpose, give me leave, O most Dread Lord, with all Submission, to offer my real Judgment, and say, that your Determination is not more laudable than the Occasion of it. These thirty Years you have been a Governour of this Realm, and have so wisely order'd the Administration, that your People have been bless'd in your Tendernefs, Care, and Justice, and you equally happy in their faithful Duty and Obedience. Your Neighbours finding you did not employ your Strength to ravage and destroy in Wantonnefs of Plenty without just Grounds, have thought it safer to preserve your Friendship than provoke your Power. If I say, you have enjoy'd all these Blessings, and Providence has deterr'd the Sons of Wickednefs that they should not approach to hurt you, how powerful are the Reasons that should induce you still to depend upon it? Why should you go to alter a Way of Life, which you have no Exception to, and in which the nicest Judgment could not find a Flaw? You have not been pleas'd to inform me in the Particulars of the Oracle; but let the Import of it be what it will, I still assert, that no Destiny or Influence can greatly injure a Man that strictly follows the Dictates of Wisdom and Morality; why should you voluntarily give up That, which you fear to loose by others? It is as if a Man should take a poisonous Draught, and so put a Period to a Life he valued, for fear a Feaver or an Ague should wrest it untimely from him. For Heaven's Sake, my gracious Lord, exert yourself, and arm'd with Resolution bear up bravely against the Threats of Fortune, and not by poorly Flying set your Subjects the Example; let them still have your Person near them, and daily feel the Benefits of your wise and just Administration, that the Consideration of the present Good they enjoy, may make them fearful of an uncertain Change: After taking the wisest Methods to ward against an Evil, quietly leave the rest to Providence, who in a more peculiar Manner regards the Fate of Kings; and whether That appoints you to live, or die, remember you are a Prince, and in every Action an-

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swer that Character. I think there is more, if possible, to be urg'd against your second Determination, of immuring the young Princesses, than against any other Resolution you have taken. 'Tis my Opinion, and I believe may be justified, that Sins against Nature are the most crying ones we can commit: How does your Highness rebel against her, in deterring your Daughters from following her Dictates, and keeping them from those elegant, and laudable Enjoyments, which are best (and, I believe with Justice I might say, only to be) found in a well-chosen Marriage-Life? Besides, you not only wrong yourself and them, in prohibiting the Blessings of Posterity, but are guilty of great Injustice to all your Subjects, whose Dependances are fix'd on them to perpetuate, by a long Succession of your Royal Line, to future Ages the Blessings of which they in you now happily enjoy. But 'tis vain to hope my Arguments will prevail, if the tender Pleadings of Nature are ineffectual; you have hitherto given them a Liberty in every Thing but Vice, how hardly will they brook so sudden a Confinement? By Nature they're inclin'd to every Virtue, but how so hard and so unlook'd for a Restraint may work upon them is uncertain: Suspicion, of which Confinement is a Proof, may put them upon thinking they have half lost your good Opinion; and when the Effect is ceas'd, they may the easier be perswaded to give up the Cause, and stoop to Affections, which otherwise their great Thoughts would ne'er have harbour'd. Women are of a soft and gentle Composition, and with less Difficulty are perswaded than compell'd; and to cross their Humours when not inclin'd to Evil, is the likeliest Way to make them take that Turn; Jealousy has been the Bane of many a virtuous Mind, and oftner destroys than saves the Good it would preserve. It will be natural for them to believe there is some powerful Charm, some irresistible Delight in Vice, if nothing but Force is a Security against it; when to a generous Mind, nothing is so great an Antidote as its own Deformity. The last Thing you mention, is the setting *Dametas* as a Guardian over the Princess *Pamelia*: Her Thoughts already are so enlarg'd, that she is fitter to govern Nations, than be in Subjection to any; much less to so low, so poor-spirited a Wretch as he; you own your whole Dependance lies in his Ignorance, can that be the Grounds of Truth and Faithfulness? Or can he e'er be just, that knows not why he is so? O! no, believe me, Royal Sir, such a Man is only uncorrupt while he is not tempted to be otherways, the first Bait draws him in; but if he should for some Time preserve his Trust, his Obstinacy is your only Security; he is so very ignorant, I dare affirm, he does not know that Truth and Faithfulness have any farther Meaning than the bare Letters; how easily may such a Man be byass'd, or at least deceiv'd? And so at last his gross Simplicity, which was the Standard of his Faith, becomes his only Excuse for the Breach of it. But I fear the Zeal I have for the Well-being of my much lov'd Master, has drawn me beyond his Patience; but, my Noble Lord, I have your Command to
justify

justify the Liberty I have taken, and therefore depend upon a Pardon. So recommending your Highness to the Protection of the Almighty, and once more conjuring you entirely to confide in Him, who is alone sufficient to guard you against all future Evils, I remain your Highness's

Most Faithful,

Most Devoted,

and Most Obedient Servant,

PHILANAX.

By the Contents of this Letter, you may perceive that the Cause of the Prince's retiring is owing to a vain Curiosity (which many Men are unhappily possess'd of) of knowing certainly their future Fortunes; whereas, in my Opinion, there is nothing sure but the Uncertainty of them. The Particulars of the Oracle I am a Stranger to; neither, as you may find by one Part of *Philanax's* Letter, is he perfectly acquainted with them: But this sad Experience proves, that *Basilus's* Judgment was not clear enough to follow the wise and wholesome Counsels of the just *Philanax*; for in short Time he left the Helm, to the no small Amazement and Terror of his People. Since his Absence many strange Reports are daily spread, and by the Multitude currently receiv'd, and indeed with some Grounds, in Favour of his Nephew the brave *Amphialus*, many of the Nobles envying the great Trust repos'd in *Philanax*; though Justice is oblig'd to own, that there is more real Merit inhabits in that single Man, than all us together, that hold some Reputation in *Arcadia*, can truly boast. The Rise of this Faction is from the Prince's having withdrawn himself, as I have inform'd you; and publickly declaring, that he will ne'er admit of any Alliance for his Daughters, let it be ever so honourable or advantageous; and putting this unreasonable Humour in practice, by strictly watching and confining them, suffering no Mortal to visit or converse with them, but one chosen Priest, who is Poetically given, and often amuses them with his Writings; his Conversation affording them as much Pleasure, as his Devotion does Piety. Besides him, there are about twenty Shepherds, who are suffer'd to divert the Time with Exercises and Eclogues; in whose Rural Pastimes, *Basilus* and his Family take great Delight.

And now, my dear *Palladius*, I have given you what Information my Knowledge will admit of; wherein, if I have been too prolix, impute it to the Error of my Age, from which a talkative Disposition is inseparable: And I know not, continued he, smiling, whether it pro-

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ceeds

ceeds from the Pleasure Nature takes to exercise that Part which is least decay'd, and which is undoubtedly the Tongue; or whether our Experience, being the only Thing we old Men have to boast, we are fond of showing it; but of this I'm certain, that all Mankind, the nearer their Dissolution draws, the more are they desirous to eternize their Names; and therefore I believe are willing to take all Methods, tho' often ineffectual ones, to imprint their Memories in the Minds of those who converse with them. But this be assur'd of, I have not been so particular upon this Subject to any one living as your self; your more than common Worth, which shines in every Action, inclining me to love and value you so much, that I should not scruple to intrust you with the Source of my Life's Happiness. Never, O! never, cry'd *Palladius*, may he be blest'd with Length of Years, that in his Youth does not revere that Age, whose Weight perhaps may in some degree sink and depress the frail and grosser Part, but raises and exalts the nobler Soul, and gives the generous Mind an Opportunity of communicating that Knowledge to others less experienc'd; and give me leave to say, my noble Friend, you might with greater Justice have attributed that Desire to the Information you have honour'd me with, rather than to the others which your Humility has suggested. The Pleasure and Improvement you have fill'd my Ears with, I hope my Gratitude will always prompt me to remember; but there is nothing among the odd Occurrences you have related, concerning the Prince *Basilus*, that would more amaze me, than the last Particular you mention'd, of the great Delight he takes in conversing with the Shepherds, had not you before told me, that they were in this Country generally possess'd of a surprizing Sprightliness and Turn of Wit; and which, indeed I had a Proof of in those that introduced me a-fresh to Life, and a Happiness surpassing that, which was the Knowledge of you; their Conversation would have better answer'd the Character of the ancient Shepherds, who were Governors of Nations, than those whose Dominions are bounded by a Sheep-Cote. For those Two, replied *Kalander*, and more particularly *Claius*, they are as far beyond the others, as the Advantages of Literature can add to the Gifts of Nature, having neglected the Improvement of their Fortunes, to cultivate their Minds; and, indeed, they have not so much impair'd the one, as they have advanced the other; which superiour Strength of Mind, they impute to the Influence of Love: But whether that is capable of producing such great Effects, I'll leave to be disputed by you young Ones; the bare Memory that I once was subject to its Power, being almost extirpated by Age. But certainly the People of this Country, from the Beggar to the King, seem favour'd by the Muses, and abound in poetical Performances: 'Tis wonderful to observe how early the very Children begin to rhyme: 'Tis ordinary for the meanest Sort of People to make Songs and Dialogues in Metre; either Love inspiring, or long Peace soft'ning their Minds to those Amusements, and Emulation and Example

ple improving them; even the Clown *Dametas* will sometimes stumble upon Things of that kind, which a better Genius need not be ashamed of. But there are no sort of People who excel so much in that Way of Writing as the Pastors; Ease is the Nurse of Poetry, and that they happily possess; our Shepherds not being like those of other Countries, but the Owners of the Sheep, to whom they or their Children daily give Attendance. 'Tis vastly pleasurable in an Evening's Walk, under some spreading Tree, or by some River's Brink, when two or three of them are met together, to hear their Rural Muse, how prettily she will express her Cares, her Joys, or Lamentations; sometimes challenging each other's Performances; at others, under that Covert, handling Subjects, which spoke of in another Manner, their Lives would answer the Attempt. They have always one indifferent Person to judge of their Performances, and assign the Prize; which any of them are as proud of gaining, as Conquerors are of Triumphs: This Man constantly sets down in Writing all that they rehearse; and as his Pen has more leisure, he sometimes corrects the Rudeness of an unpremeditated Song. The aptest of these Shepherds are pick'd out to amuse the Prince. Amongst them are two or three Strangers, whom inward Melancholy has made weary of the World's Acquaintance; and therefore are come to settle in *Arcadia*, and try to loose, if possible, the Memory of their Cares: The most deserving of these Men *Basilus* shows great Favour to, not only by animating their Performances with his Presence, but regarding their Labours with peculiar Notice, and liberally rewarding the Pains they take to please: And, indeed, I think he is not to blame for encouraging them; but his Fault lies in making himself one of them: Neither should I at all accuse my Master for advancing *Dametas*, in regard of what he was, there being among that Set of People, many who are highly deserving of his Favour; but that he should fix it on One, the Baseness of whose Mind sinks him beneath the meanest Fortune, can't but be condemn'd; though some may urge in excuse for him, that his Advancement is not very great, he only being made chief Herdsman: But as, at present, that Place entitles him to the Care of his Master and Family, every honest Heart must think That the greatest Trust that cou'd be repos'd in him, and grieve to see it so bestow'd. But I ever dwell too long upon this disagreeable Subject, whene'er it happens to cross my Speech; and by the Faintness of yonder setting Sun, I see 'tis late; and therefore think it would be properer to satisfy the Calls of Hunger, than by longer Talking only fill our Stomachs with empty Air. And taking *Palladius* by the Hand, he led him back, through the Garden, to their usual Supping-Place; where being come, one of *Kalander's* Servants whisper'd in his Ear, at which his Colour changing, he retir'd, commanding his Servants to wait diligently upon *Palladius*, and excuse his Absence by some necessary Business that requir'd his Attendance; which accordingly they did, for some few Days, forcing themselves to let no Change appear in their
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their Behaviour: But though they artfully disguis'd their Countenances, yet *Palladius* perceiv'd that some unwelcome Accident had happen'd; and being one Night set alone at Supper, he call'd the Steward, and begg'd him to trust him with the Meaning of this sudden Alteration; which Desire, after some trifling Excuses, he comply'd with, and told him that his Master had receiv'd News that his Son, some little Time before the Day of his intended Marriage, happen'd to be in a Battle, which was fought between the Gentlemen and the Helots: The latter being Victors, he was made Prisoner, in attempting to redeem a Friend of his before taken by them: That the poor young Gentleman had offer'd great Ransome; but that the Hate those Peasants had conceiv'd against all Gentlemen, was so inveterate, that he was hourly expecting the most cruel Death their Malice could invent; but had hitherto been preserv'd by the Interposition of the Captain, who seem'd to be possess'd of something more like Humanity than the rest. This Loss, continu'd he, has struck my Master with so inconsolable a Sorrow, that he refuses the least Gleam of Comfort; and, as if continual Weeping was not enough a Witness of it, he is retir'd alone, tearing his hoary Beard, and cursing his old Age (which late he thought his greatest Blessing) for spinning out his Time 'till he had prov'd such a severe Affliction. His faithful Servants have written to his Followers, Friends, and Tenants, (*Philanax* having refus'd to interfere in it as a private Cause, yet giving them leave to take the best Methods of Redress, so that they wrong not the State of *Lacedæmon*;) and there are now gather'd upon the Frontiers a Number of some Force, which, I am certain, will redeem *Clitiphon*, or perish in the Attempt; or if they should fail of bringing a timely Rescue, they will, at least, revenge his Fall. I have ventur'd my Lord's severe Displeasure in giving you this Account, should he know of it; for though his piercing Grief has carried him almost beyond all Bounds, yet still the Laws of Hospitality are observ'd by him; and the Breach of that would add to the full Measure of his Woes, which otherwise could receive no Addition: He ne'er would suffer any Stranger, under his Roof, to have the Trouble of seeing a Disorder, or being infected with his Anguish; much less you, to whom his Friendship and Admiration are contending which shall be superior. *Palladius*, very impatiently, heard out the Account; his Heart being melted with Compassion at the Accident, and his Desires wing'd to find out a Redress; the full Perfections and noble Usage which he had met with in the good *Kalander*, having fix'd in his Breast a Child's Affection towards him, and judging of his Sorrow, by what he himself suffer'd when he but thought his *Diaphantes* was in the like Extremity, he rose from Table, and desir'd the Steward to tell him the particular Events of this unhappy Story, that by knowing every Circumstance, he might if possible find some Way of Help. The Servant immediately comply'd with his Request, and proceeded as follows.

When

When our gracious Sovereign, the good *Basilus* (with more Success than even our Wishes prompted us to think,) was married to the young and beautiful *Gynecia*, there came with that Princess a young Lord, nearly ally'd to her, nam'd *Argalus*; half the Reason of his Coming, proceeded from the honourable Affection he had for his fair Cousin; the other, from that roving Humour incident to Youth, which makes them always think a Change of Place desirable: In this Court he has so improv'd the natural Perfections he was endow'd with, and so excell'd in every Thing that can be accounted virtuous or praise-worthy, that our *Arcadia* glories in the Nurture of so much Excellence, though another Nation boasts his Origin; and indeed a Man there lives not of more real Accomplishments, however Fame of late speaks highly of the two young Princes of *Theffalia* and *Macedon*; but before their Report reach'd our Ears, there was not any that we believ'd the least likely to equal him, except our Prince *Amphialus*; and he, we promise our selves, will almost match his Glories; though, in my poor Opinion, no Man, in-Learning, Courtesy, Gentleness and Affability, will ever go beyond him: He is so valiant, he fears not any Thing but being guilty of Injustice; in his natural Temper he is inclin'd to Melancholly, often sad, ever thoughtful and musing; which some esteem a Fault in him, but this Disposition never carries him beyond the Bounds of Good-nature or Good-manners; he is liberally magnificent; and to be short, I may say, that the nicest Judgment could not find a Flaw in his noble Nature, unless it may be deem'd a Fault to give too much the Reins to his Affection; and if that be a Crime, he indeed is highly guilty, no Man e'er being more a Slave to Love and Beauty. This young Gentleman, and my Master's Son *Clitiphon*, (whose Loss occasion'd the Reperition of this Story) were the greatest Intimates of any about the Court: Friendship, which so long has by many been concluded only a Name, in them, seem'd to prove the Reality of its Existence; at least, it produc'd the Effects of it, as you shall know by the Sequel of this Relation: It happen'd about two Years past, that *Clitiphon* took *Argalus* with him to make a Visit to a near Relation of his, a Woman of Quality, and Sister to my old Master; this Lady had an only Daughter nam'd *Parthenia*, so exquisitely fair, that Fame itself never attempted to paint her Equal, unless it were in the beauteous *Helena*, Queen of *Corinth*, and the two inimitable Sisters of *Arcadia*; but what makes her more desirable, are those inward Beauties which adorn her Mind, and give a Lustre to her outward Form: Her Wit is quick and piercing, but rather fond of judging than condemning; as cautious of her Speech, as eloquent in the Delivery of it; Silent, without the least Degree of Sullenness; of unaffected Modesty, and bashful without an unbecoming Shyness; in short, to describe her justly, one ought to sum up every Thing that can be esteem'd excellent in Woman, for of That is she compos'd.

These two Persons meeting, so only equal, you may easily believe could not long pass each other's Observation; Similitude of Manners ought to be the only Ground of Inclination, and often is so, the Passion of Love not always being inconsistent with Reason, of which this Couple are a Proof; for they were no sooner struck with each other's View, but it inspir'd them with a Prepossession wholly new to both; though Hope was wanting to raise and mount the new-born Flame, yet even Despair (which for a Time they were both possess'd of) could not extinguish it.

There had for some Time paid his Addresses to this Lady, a Nobleman of *Laconia*, named *Demagoras*, a Man high in Wealth and Power, but mean in every desirable Virtue; greatly valuing himself upon the Gifts of Fortune; content with the Enjoyment, without the Trouble of deserving them; Valiant only through Obstinacy; an unbounded Lover of himself; and for the Gratification of his own Desires, fond of *Parthenia*: His immense Fortune had, in the old Lady's Eye, so gilded o'er his Imperfections, that quite against my Lord, her Brother's Approbation, she determin'd to take him for a Son-in-Law; and using her Authority with her beauteous Daughter, gain'd her Consent; not that she lik'd the Choice, but her obedient Mind had not yet thought of disputing any Command her Parent should impose. The appointed Day drew nigh, when *Clitiphon* brought *Argalus*, perhaps on purpose to show him the fair *Parthenia*; and though few Days preceeded her intended Nuptials, yet Love interpos'd, and took so hasty a Possession of her, that e'er her Word could assure her to *Demagoras*, she had involuntarily given her Heart to *Argalus*, who only was deserving of so great a Treasure: Their Passion was so mutual, that she thought in having him, was center'd all her future Happiness; and he esteem'd the Loss of her the greatest Evil he could sustain: And now *Parthenia* had experienc'd both Love and Hate; the more her growing Passion inclin'd her to *Argalus*, the more she loath'd *Demagoras*; all-powerful Love had taught her to distinguish, and gave her Courage to take the Authority of judging for herself. So that when the intended Bridal-Day was come; and *Demagoras*, full of presumptuous Joy and Self-Assurance, came to demand her; she, with a submissive-Resoluteness, told her Mother, she would much sooner be wedded to her Grave; and with Tears begg'd her to forgive the Contradiction of her Will, since, next to his loath'd Embraces, there was nothing she so much dreaded as her Displeasure. This sudden Change equally surpriz'd and anger'd the old Lady, who being, I am sorry to say, obstinately bent upon the Match, try'd all Methods which a subtle and hard-hearted Parent could impose upon a Daughter, in whose humble Nature Love was the only resisting Power; but the stronger her Assaults were against his Divinity, the more forcibly he withstood her Attacks,

Attacks, and taught *Parthenia* to defend her Resolution with so stedfast a Behaviour, that it still urg'd her Mother more and more to persist in the Compliance; 'till, at last, finding it was *Argalus* that prevented her Efforts from taking the desir'd Effect, she endeavour'd by all the Means she could invent, at once to remove him from Love and Life, by putting him upon as many dangerous Enterprizes, as once the false Step-mother *Juno* invented to destroy the renown'd *Hercules*; but like that Hero's, his Valour grew the greater by Opposition, and shone the brighter for the fiery Tryal; his Courage was as insurmountable as his Love; then what could not both join'd together overcome? One might believe the Effects of two such aspiring Passions, would have mov'd the hardest Heart, especially when join'd with so much Merit as the young *Argalus* might justly boast; but she was deaf to the Remonstrances of Reason, and would not suffer any thing but her Pride and Humour to prevail, which prompted her to prove the Authority of a Mother, by bestowing her Daughter on *Demagoras*; but finding their united Stratagems to fail, they fought by Treasons to deprive him of the Power of rivalling their Will; she in the mean Time putting her Daughter to all the Extremities her harden'd Mind could think of, in hopes to weary out her Constancy: But her settled Passion was not to be remov'd, either by Fraud or Force; and it was hard to determine, whether she, or *Argalus*, shew'd the greater Magnanimity of Soul, though the Proofs differ'd; hers lay in suffering, his in acting: He seem'd as if the World would sooner want Occasions of Dangers, than he the Power of opposing them; and even Malice might be sooner master'd than her Patience. At length the old Lady finding all her Endeavours ineffectual, and that *Argalus* by Art or Courage overcame all her Devices towards his Ruin, the mischievous Intent turn'd to herself; the violent Agitations of unsuccessful Malice being too great for her proud Heart to struggle with, at length it brake; and by her Death remov'd (as the young Couple thought) all Obstacles to their Happiness; but Fortune and the little mischief-making Deity seldom fail to give some unexpected Blow to Lovers Happiness, however well the Appearance may promise.

Parthenia being now her own Disposer, delay'd not to resign that Power to *Argalus*. This finishing Blow being given to *Demagoras's* Hopes, Despair, Revenge and Pride wholly usurp'd his haughty Soul; and like the Devil, who envious of the first created Pair, resolv'd to undermine the Happiness he could not share, so this Monster, by an unparallel'd Piece of Cruelty, determin'd to destroy that Beauty, whose Influence was to warm another's Joys: For *Argalus* being gone to *Cyprus*, to intreat the Presence of some of his near Friends to compleat his Happiness, and grace the Nuptials, the vile *Demagoras*, in his absence, came to *Parthenia's*, and with submissive Cunning, begg'd to speak to her upon a Matter of near Concern; with which she easily

easily comply'd; her Goodness that knew no Malice, not suspecting any; and coming to him, he seiz'd the helpless Fair, (her weak Arms in vain resisting his superior Force) and rubb'd her beauteous Face all over with a rank Poison, which canker'd o'er her Skin, and made her Face appear as loathsome as the foulest Lepers. Having perpetrated this horrid Mischief, he and his Men re-mounted their Horses, which stood ready, and made off, 'scaping the Pursuit of her Servants, who were all as prepar'd to revenge their Lady's Wrong, as so sudden and unexpected an Injury would admit of. This inhumane Action coming to the Knowledge of my Lord *Kalander*, he immediately inform'd Prince *Basilus* of the Story, who join'd with him in interceding with the King of *Lacedæmon* to punish so unequall'd a Piece of Malice; which himself and Senate immediately agreed to, and banish'd *Demagoras* his Country, on Pain of Death. He, inrag'd at the Sentence, not mindful of its Justice, join'd himself and all his Followers unto the Helots, lately in Rebellion against that State; they, glad to have a Man of so much Power among them, made him their General, and under his Authority, have committed the most barbarous Ravages that a Set of harden'd Villains, full of Revenge, and urg'd with Desperation, cou'd e'er be guilty of. Soon after this unhappy Accident, *Argalus* return'd, his Imagination fir'd with *Parthenia's* Image, and his Eyes impatient to behold their much-lov'd Object; when they (no one else caring to be the Messenger of such unwelcome News) first discover'd to themselves the Loss they had sustain'd: The Sorrows they both felt at meeting, where now almost equal to the usual Grievs of parting; nor could *Argalus*, when he was assur'd, for at first he doubted whether it was really she, presently recollect Reason enough to overcome his Weakness, in immoderately grieving for the Loss of that outward Beauty, which at the best was but a Sample of her more valuable and lasting Charms; and what augmented his Regret was, that the Skillful in that Art assur'd him it was an irrecoverable Mischief: But in a little Time his constant Heart, disdain'g Change, and full of Truth and Honour, o'ercame the Alteration; and reflecting that her Mind had been no Sharer in the Deformity, but was bright enough to shine through the darkest Cloud, he redoubled his Assiduity, and by all the reasonable Arguments he could use, endeavour'd to remove from her the Trouble that had possess'd her, and also to assure her that his Affections had not shar'd in the Alteration; and to give Proof of his Sincerity and Faith not to be alienated, he earnestly press'd the Celebration of their Marriage, and shew'd an eager Fondness, equal to the most violent Desires that Beauty could inspire; and for that Reason deferr'd his intended Revenge upon *Demagoras*, for fear she should imagine he was less impatient than before; and was, if possible, more observing and respectful to her than ever.

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This was an Instance of Generosity, scarce to be met with in any but the ne'er enough admir'd *Argalus*. She, on the other Hand, taking as surprizing a Resolution: For though she lov'd him more than Life, nay, even than her very Soul, yet would she not consent to marry him. How strange were the Effects of Love in this unlucky Pair, and how different from that of others? That in him, the most vile Deformity could not expel a Passion that took its rise from Beauty; and that the Violence of her Desires should be a Bar to the Enjoyment of them: But so disinterested was her Regards for him, that she chose rather to suffer all the Pangs of disappointed Love, than confine him to an Object of continual Terror.

It would employ a better Orator, justly to repeat the eloquent and moving Words which this unhappy Couple interchang'd: He conjuring her by the tender Memory of their growing Loves, not to compleat the Cruelty of Fortune, by tearing herself from him; assuring her, that her Beauty, at the brightest, was but the Introducer of her Idea to his Soul; and the Impression was now so deeply fix'd, that nothing but a Dissolution could e'er efface it; intreating her not to think so meanly of his Love, as to believe it only superficial, and to be remov'd with the trifling Loss of a Complexion; or if it had, it being hers, he still esteem'd it fair, howe'er it might appear in others Eyes; that he should never be so ungrateful to esteem her less for a Misfortune, which the Love of him wholly occasion'd; that every Joy in Life would be tasteless and insipid without the Possession of Her, for whom alone he thought it valuable: These, and a thousand other Arguments he urg'd to gain her to a Compliance of what in Life she most desir'd. But her generous Soul disdain'd to bless by halves the Man she lov'd; and taking his Hand, bathing it with Tears, she made him this Reply: My much lov'd Lord, that I have felt for you as violent and tender Agonies as ever any Heart indur'd, the Gods can witness; and that the painful Passion is not to be remov'd, but with its vital Warmth, is sure as Fate: Were I possess'd of all the Universe, and Mistress of every Charm it can produce, I'd not delay one Moment to lay my self, and all my Power, at your Feet; nay, were I but the same as once, tho' in that Capacity far below your Worth, I would (with greater Joy, than now I e'er must possess even in Thought) have accepted the dear transporting Happiness of being yours; and by my humble Love, my Duty, and Obedience, endeavour'd to atone for want of other Merits: But Fate has interfered, and baffled all my promis'd Happiness; for rather than I would match my *Argalus* to such a blasted, loathsome, foul *Parthenia*, I'd sooner prove, if it were possible for Fortune to invent it, a greater Blow than Parting: Go, my Soul's best and only Choice, leave this unhappy Wretch, this singled Victim of Fortune's Malice, and seek a Wife more worthy to partake those reasonable Joys which you alone can yield: I give you Liberty: I in-

list upon your taking it; and know, that if my unhappy Fate could e'er permit me to feel the least returning Gleam of Comfort, it would be at hearing that you had made a Choice equally agreeable to your Honour and Delight. Here she stopp'd, and burst into a violent Passion of Tears, not being able longer to contain those violent Agitations which her excessive Grief occasion'd; but gave it Vent in exclaiming against malignant Fortune, and calling upon Death to ease her Agonies.

But the more she resisted and perswaded, the more he pursued and courted her; 'till at last, to avoid his Importunities, and possibly distrusting her own Resolves, she one Night privately wander'd from Home; and where she stray'd, or how she is dispos'd, is to this Hour unknown. *Argalus* was long unwearied in the Pursuit of her, 'till at length his fruitless Toil tired out his Hopes, and made him intirely give into Despair and Rage: Life being grown insupportable, he resolv'd to lay it bravely down, or at least hazard it in a just Revenge; and for that Purpose he disguis'd himself, and went alone into a Town kept by the Helots; and coming boldly into *Demagoras's* Presence, when he was sitting surrounded by his Guards, gave him, before he could be observ'd, two or three Mortal Wounds: He had no doubt, immediately with his Life, answer'd the bold Attempt, but that *Demagoras* order'd them to take him alive, designing, I suppose, to glut his Malice with some lingering Torments; but his own approaching Death prevented the Execution of his dire Purposes, and only gave him Time to appoint a Successor, whom he desir'd might be a young Man that had lately escaped out of Prison, where he was condemn'd for the Murder of a Nephew of the King of *Lacedaemonians*. He was then absent, making Inroads upon the *Lacedaemonians*; but at his Return, the Helots, having an Opinion of his Valour, and not knowing whom else to trust that was so capable of the Office, and would be so generally obey'd, they fulfill'd the Appointment of *Demagoras*; and the Success has prov'd beyond their Wishes, he having, since he headed them, gain'd greater Victories, than even the most young and sanguine of them could have hop'd; and I am apt to think he hath something of Honour in him, whatever Reasons he has for joining that Rebellious Rout of Villains, because he hath delay'd the Death of *Argalus*, under Pretence of having him publickly executed with new invented Torments, after the Issue of the Wars, to which they hope to have a speedy and prosperous End. This Man hath hitherto preserv'd my young Lord *Clitiphon*; who to redeem his Friend, join'd with some Noblemen of *Laconia*, and the Forces gather'd by them, went, thinking, to besiege this young General; but he, to their great Amazement, sallied out and defeated the *Laconians*, slew many of their Nobles, took *Clitiphon* Prisoner, and with much Difficulty preserves his Life, the Helots being full of Savage Cruelty; but sometimes by Art, and sometimes

times by Authority, he manages them, so that he hath hitherto preserv'd both the noble Prisoners, but gives them different Treatment, *Argalus* being in close and strict Confinement, and *Clitiphon* suffer'd to be more at large: But notwithstanding this Favour, we cannot flatter ourselves with any Certainty of his Life, while he is at all under the Helots Power. Now, my Lord, I have given you as faithful an Account (as my Knowledge would admit) of our Misfortune, and the Occasion of it; and though all those Particulars, which I have mention'd, were not necessary to the relating my young Master's Case, yet the Oddness of the Story made me believe it would not be ungrateful to your Notice.

Palladius sincerely thank'd him for his Account, being vastly pleas'd at hearing the particular Occurrences that had happen'd to so renown'd a Prince as *Argalus*, with whom he had long desir'd an Interview, excited by a noble Emulation of his glorious Actions.

After a little Recollection, he call'd for a Set of Armour, and desir'd they would provide him a Horse and Guide; and arming himself all but his Head, he went up to *Kalander*, whom he found lying upon the Floor, having, ever since his Son's Captivity, banish'd both Food and Rest, as Interrupters to that reasonable Sorrow which he thought due to so great a Loss. *Palladius* raising him from the Earth, cry'd, No more, my Lord, of this unprofitable Grief; we ought first to exert ourselves, and try at least to remedy an Evil, before we sink under the Pressure of it: You know that I sustain the Absence of one, who, though he has not the Ties of Nature to plead for him, yet were his Loss assur'd, I should disdain to survive him even in Thought; but while there is any Room for Hope, let not Impatience destroy the Satisfaction that may reasonably afford us: He spoke these Words with so much Spirit, and Desire of Success, that Rays of Victory seem'd to dart from his bright Eyes; which so encourag'd *Kalander*, that he immediately call'd for something to eat; and after having with a little Sleep refresh'd his wearied Spirits, he also arm'd himself; and calling together those few Servants he had not before employ'd in the Expedition, he guided *Palladius* to the Frontiers, where already were assembled between three and four thousand Men, all firm to *Kalander's* Interest; but through long Peace, and disuse of Military Discipline, had more the Will than Power of righting him; they were indeed able-bodied, and well-arm'd, but by the little Skill they us'd in handling their Arms, Marching or Incamping, *Palladius* soon found that their Courage proceeded more from not knowing and despising their Opposers, than from any Dependence on themselves; and desiring more particularly to be inform'd of the Numbers and Situation of the Helots, one of the Men, more knowing than the rest in the Affairs of *Laconia*, answer'd him, that they were a People, who had been of old Freemen and Possessioners,
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but were conquer'd by the *Lacedæmonians*, who, not content with imposing Tribute on them, had put them in a State of Bondage, which they for a long time peaceably labour'd under; but the *Lacedæmonians* growing more tyrannous and cruel to them, they had lately (animated with repeated Injuries, and urg'd by Desperation) taken Arms, and proceeding with unbounded Fury, had taken several Castles and Towns of Consequence, slaughtering and destroying all the Gentry they could meet with, no Age or Sex escaping their barbarous Fury; and tho' at first they had fought only with brutal Wildness, yet Practice had now equall'd the Order of their Forces to the most disciplin'd of the *Lacedæmonian* Soldiers; and more especially of late, both by the Direction of one *Demagoras*, a great Lord, that had join'd himself to their Party; and since his Death, by the prudent Management of another Captain, a young Man of excellent Skill and Valour, who by his Art had so improv'd their Knowledge, and temper'd their unbridled Fury, that he had brought them to a Mean of Government, and led them with so much Bravery and admirable Conduct, that (besides the Action wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had lately gotten several considerable Victories, insomuch that the *Lacedæmonian* State has sent to treat with them, offering Peace upon most honourable and advantageous Terms. *Palladius*, having gotten this particular Account of whom he was to engage, and already knowing how small a Power he had to oppose them with; he went to *Kalander*, and told him he found there was nothing to be done by open Force, but that they must invent some Stratagem to deliver *Clitophon*, which must be equally temper'd with Valour and Discretion: Upon this a Council of the Chiefs were call'd, and several Propositions started, but none with the Appearance of Success; 'till at length, *Palladius*, who, more by History than Experience, had known the Use of Stratagems, thought of this; which was, that they should dress themselves like the poorest Sort of People in *Arcadia*, having no Banners but bloody Shirts hanging on long Staves, with some bad Bagpipes instead of Drum and Fife; their Armour they should cover as carefully as possible, or at least make it look so old and rusty, as might seem equal to such Wearers: This all the Number was to do, except two hundred Gentlemen of the most approv'd Strength and Courage, (whereof *Palladius* himself was to be one) who should be chain'd and put into Carts like Prisoners. This Proposition being agreed to, they march'd in that Order on towards the Town of *Cardamila*, where *Clitophon* was Prisoner; and being arriv'd two Hours e'er Sun-set before the Walls, the Helots descry'd their Numbers, and beginning to sound the Alarm, they sent a Country-Fellow (that was capable of hiding his Designs under the Mask of rude Sincerity,) to inform the Helots, who were assembled together, that they were Country-People of *Arcadia*, that labour'd as much under the Tyranny of their Superiors, and were no less willing to shake off the Yoke than they had been; and therefore had put themselves in Defiance, and met with so good Success, that already, besides great
Numbers

Numbers slain, they had taken near a hundred Gentlemen Prisoners, whom they had there well secur'd; but having no strong retiring Place in *Arcadia*, and not being as yet powerful enough to maintain the Field against the Prince's Forces, they were come to implore their Protection; that they were assur'd their Number would daily increase; but in the mean time they were fearful of being pursued, and therefore begg'd that if the Town would not admit of all their Number, that they might have leave to encamp under the Wall, and only let their Prisoners (who where all able to pay a considerable Ransom) be secured within the Town.

The Helots made but a short Consultation, being glad that their Contagion had spread itself into *Arcadia*, thinking that if a Peace was not concluded between them and their King, it would be most for their Interest to inflame all the Parts of *Greece*: Beside the Desire they had of having so many Gentlemen in their Custody, in whose Ransoms they design'd having a Share, what forwarded this hasty Conclusion, was their Captain's Absence, who was gone to either quite confirm, or quite dissolve the Peace with the State of *Lacedæmon*: Therefore sending some to view the Camp, and finding by their Speech that they really were *Arcadians*, a People that they had never had any War with, and not suspecting that any private Man could gather so great a Force, they open'd their Gates, letting not only the Prisoners enter, but some others of the Company, and the rest were to encamp under the Wall. When the Carts were enter'd, as soon as *Palladius* saw a proper Time, he gave the Sign, and shaking off their Chains (which were artfully contriv'd for that Purpose) they drew their Swords, which were hid in the Carts by them, and setting upon the Ward, they soon made them resign their Post, or Lives, and so made Way for all the *Arcadians* to enter, before the Helots could make any Head to resist them; but they being desperate, and harden'd in Dangers, gather'd with as much Precipitation as they could, together in the Market-place, and would possibly soon have made the *Arcadians* retreat, but that *Palladius's* Courage and Example leading them, they made such an Impression into the Squadron of the Helots, that oblig'd them to seek their Safety in their Flight; which *Kalander* seeing, he call'd out for them to go to the Prison where he thought his Son was; but *Palladius* thought it more adviseable, first to scour the Streets, and houseing all the Helots, make themselves Masters of the Gates.

But e'er they could compass that, the Helots had gotten new Heart, and began to gall the *Arcadian* Party with several Sorts of Shot from Windows and Corners of the Streets, their Courage being animated by the return of the Captain, who, though he brought not many with him, having dispers'd most of his Companies to others of his Holds, yet meeting a great Number running out of the Gate, not yet possess'd

by the *Arcadians*, he made them face about, and displaying his Banners, order'd his Trumpeter to give the loudest Testimony of his return that he could make; which once heard, the rest of the Helots, which were scatter'd otherways, bent thither with new Life and Resolution; and as if their Captain had been the very Root of all their Courage, renew'd the Fight with so much Bravery, that in a little time the Left-Wing of the *Arcadians* began to loose Ground; which *Palladius* seeing, he straight opposed himself, with his chosen Band, against the Throng that oppress'd them, with such an overflowing Valour, that the Captain (whose Eyes could easily discern that Greatness in another, by which he himself was govern'd) soon found that he alone was worth all the rest of the *Arcadians*; and it was hard to say, whether he most admir'd his Behaviour, or lamented the Effects; but finding that upon him lay the sole Event of the Engagement, and disdaining to encounter any other, fought only to join with him; which *Palladius* was no less eager for, having observ'd that he was the Spring and Motion of the rest: This equal Desire of engaging each other, at length drew them to the Extremity of one Wing, where they began a Combate, in which it was hard to determine whether their Bravery or Conduct was most remarkable; so that great Part of the Rest had left the Fight to observe those Two, upon whose Success both Sides thought their All depended: The Contention was sharply carried on; yet their Courage not degenerating into Rashness, but guided with a prudent Skill, they fought as Men despising Life but as the Reward of Victory; till at length both Sides began to grow faint, and rather believing that they should fall, and endeavouring to do it together, than having Hope of either being Conqueror, the Captain of the Helots with a Blow, that proceeded not from his Strength but Fury, struck *Palladius* with such Violence, that he cleft his Helmit, which fell off, and left his Head exposed to the Fury of the next Blow; but some of the *Arcadians*, that were near him, stood ready to shield him from any ill Consequences that might arise from his being so expos'd; but their Care was needless, for his Enemy instead of pursuing the Advantage, kneeled down, offering to deliver the Pommel of his Sword, in Token of yielding, saying aloud, that he should take more Pride in being his Prisoner, than any others General. *Palladius* was astonish'd at these Words, and at a Loss what to answer, believing some Stratagem was design'd; and the Helots standing in great Surprise, the Captain softly whisper'd *Palladius*; What is the Voice of thy *Daiphantus* so soon forgotten, that it must give a second Sound to make thy Ears acquainted with it? At those Words *Palladius* knew it was his only Friend *Pyrocles*. His Joy at the Discovery, and Wonder at the Occasion of it, were equally great; they immediately caus'd a Retreat to be sounded, *Daiphantus* prevailing by his Authority, and *Palladius* by Perswasion; the little Advantage there appear'd on either Side, making both consent to it; and indeed Night with her fable Arms interposed, and commanded a Cessation. In the late Fight,

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Kalander had been taken Prisoner; the good old Man striving beyond his Strength, eager to redeem his Son, by Odds was over-power'd. The Man that took him, soon as the Retreat was sounded, led him to the Captain, hoping, through him, he might learn some of the Enemies Purposes: But how great was his Surprise, to find his Son *Clitiphon* sitting next the Captain! The principal Helots being assembled to consult what Method was to be taken, as also to hear a Message from the *Arcadians*, who (by the Advice of *Palladius*, whom they all lov'd, both for his own Virtues, and the Friendship which *Kalander* bore to him) were determin'd to try by fair Means, rather than Force, to recover *Kalander* and his Son; and therefore had sent to let the Helots know that the Reason of their Coming was wholly to redeem them, and not from any general Malice; that if they would deliver those Two up without a Ransom, they would immediately leave the Town, and give them no farther Molestation. *Daiphantus* perswaded them, without Delay, to accept of these Conditions, by urging to them, that as the Contention was at Home, if they should be subdued, they must unavoidably loose every Thing in Life that could be valuable to them; and should they conquer, they would gain nothing but an unprofitable Revenge; besides, 'twas possible, and likely, that all *Arcadia* would interpose in their Behalf; whereas, if they treated those few well, the rest might be brought to show some Friendship to them: But that which he thought the most powerful Reason was, for fear the King and Nobles of *Laconia* should take the Opportunity of this Quarrel, and so getting the *Arcadians* to join with them, break the profitable Agreement which he had just concluded for them with that State: That upon the whole, weighing the many evil Consequences that would arise by their being overcome, and the trifling Advantages they should gain in conquering, he thought it much more adviseable not to hazard it, but take the safe and honourable Method of delivering up the Prisoners, and letting the *Arcadians* part Friends.

The Helots aw'd by his Authority, and perswaded by his wise Reasons, were content to accept of the Proposals; whereupon *Palladius* gave immediate Order, that the *Arcadians* should forthwith march out of the Town, taking with them their Prisoners, while the Night with mutual Difference might keep them quiet, and e'er the Day appear'd they might be forward on their Way Home, and so avoid those Accidents, which in late Enemies, a Look, a Word, or a particular Man's Quarrel, might engender: This being on both Sides concluded, *Kalander* and *Clitiphon* came up to *Daiphantus*. *Clitiphon* having already inform'd his Father that he was oblig'd to him for his Life, and that he had almost hazarded his own in preserving him from the Fury of the incens'd Helots; that the Morning of that Day (fearing his Safety in his Absence) he had taken him with him when he went to conclude a Peace with the *Lacedaemonians*, and arm'd him, upon Promise that he would,

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if Occasion offer'd, defend the Helots; which accordingly he had that Day done, little thinking he was, with impious Hands, opposing his Parent and Deliverers; but continued he, here is my second Father, who hath secur'd me from a thousand Deaths that hourly threatned me, and restor'd me to new Life and Happiness in preserving you. *Kalander*, with Tears of Joy and Thankfulness, shew'd his Gratitude; and was going to express it doubly by his Words, when *Daiphantus*, whose generous Mind disdain'd to be reminded of a Courtesy, broke off the Ceremony, by enquiring how *Palladius* came to be known to them, and what Motives induced him to assert their Cause? Being inform'd in every Particular by *Kalander*, he begg'd of *Clitiphon* to go and tell him, that he would not have him come to him there, not thinking himself enough assured of his Power with the Helots to protect him from Outrages, but go back with *Kalander*; and that the Moment he could disengage himself from them, he would follow. *Kalander* begg'd him to confirm that last Promise, by giving him also his Word for the Performance, assuring him that his Happiness would be imperfect till compleated by his Presence; and reminding him to solicit a Pardon for *Argalus*; which he assur'd him of compleating, or suffering with him, they took their Leaves, *Kalander*, *Clitiphon*, *Palladius*, and the rest of the *Arcadians*, leaving their Oaths for Surety that they would not any more molest the Helots. They march'd out of the Town, carrying with them their Dead and Wounded, and by Morning they had reach'd the Limits of *Arcadia*.

The Helots, on the other Hand, shutting their Gates, address'd themselves to cure their Wounds, bury their Dead, and rest them of their weary Toil. The next Day's returning Light having dispers'd the Apprehension occasion'd by the late Surprize, *Daiphantus* order'd a general Convention to be call'd, and made a Speech to them to the following Purpose.

My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers, how much are we indebted to the Almighty Powers for this Delivery, and how conspicuous was the Providence that directed my Return, to protect that Right which otherwise we must inevitably have lost, and which I should have found great Difficulty in preserving, had not I, luckily for us, happen'd to know particularly one of their Chiefs, and so prevail'd with them to admit a Truce between us? Had the Dispute remain'd, 'tis certain they would continually have been reinforced, either from their own *Arcadia*, or the Nobility of this Country; who would no doubt have gladly join'd with them in endeavouring our Destruction, which in all probability they would easily have accomplish'd, and so our Power would have been turn'd into perpetual Slavery, and our Pride of Conquest into Sorrow and mean Condescensions; but now the Storm ceas'd e'er it well begun, and the Error we committed in detaining and using *Clitiphon*

Diophon more hardly than with Justice we could answer, I hope for the future will make us employ our Power with more Moderation.

I have now to deliver to you the Success of my Negotiation with the King and Nobles of the *Lacedæmonian* State, which in all Points has answer'd your Désires. The Towns and Forts you are in Possession of, are to remain yours, and to be either garrison'd, or not, at your Appointment; provided you break not into the ancient Laws, and yearly pay such Duties as are impos'd upon the rest of the *Laconians*: Every particular Man of you is by a publick Decree to be made free, and so entitled to give and receive Votes in all publick Elections; the Distinction, in Name, between *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians*, quite to cease; and you are equally to enjoy both the Name and Privileges of *Laconians*; your Children to be educated with theirs in the *Spartan* Discipline; and you, for the future, conforming yourselves to the just Rules of that State, shall enjoy the Privileges of Free Subjects, and no longer labour under the Toils of Servitude.

These Conditions carry to you both Honour and Advantage, which made me unwilling to slip the Opportunity of confirming them; or else there is one Article, which I could hardly have been brought to yield to; which is, my entire Absence from you: They, possibly, mistaking my Intentions, and believing that Sedition, not Justice, is my Aim; or else, perhaps, mov'd at the Intercession of King *Amiclas*, whose Nephew I unfortunately slew: But whatsoever their Reasons are, I have for your Sakes condescended to comply with them. So will not we, with one united Voice, cry'd out the whole Assembly: What, give up our Protector, our Deliverer, the Instrument that Heaven has lent us to avenge our Wrongs? No, we will rather stand the utmost of the War's Event, than comply with so unreasonable a Demand. But *Dai-phantus* laying before them (both by general Orations, and also particularly to every Chief amongst them) the Necessity of closing with that favourable Opportunity; and also how wrong it would be in them to prefer a vain Affection, in regard to him, before the general Welfare of the Community; he at length prevail'd, but not 'till he had publickly sworn, that if e'er the *Lacedæmonians* should break the Treaty, he would return and undertake their Cause. This being agreed to; after a few Days, he address'd himself to take his Leave, their Eyes with Tears speaking the Regret they felt at parting with him, kissing his Steps, and building Temples to him, as to some Demi-God; thinking it almost beyond the Power of a Mortal, at least so young a One, to act as he had done. But before he went, he obtain'd a Pardon for *Argalus*; the *Helots* only insisting that he should swear never to bear Arms against them. And taking some of his own most valuable Jewels, he would have departed privately, accompanied only by *Argalus*; (whose melancholly Aspect shew'd he thought his Liberty but a trifling Blessing,

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since it could not restore him to Love and his *Parthenia*) but the whole Multitude cry'd out, That they would guard their General to *Arcadia*; where being come, they once more took their Leaves, with Tears and Lamentations bewailing his Depature, whilst he and *Argalus* pursued their Way, there needing but small Enquiry to direct them to the well-known House of *Kalander*; where arriv'd, they all came out to welcome the long-wish'd Guest, whose Presence infus'd a general Joy in all but the unhappy *Argalus*, whose Thoughts were too much taken up with his *Parthenia*, to admit any other Idea, either of Joy or Sorrow. The Eyes and Admiration of every one were now turn'd upon *Daiphantus*; his youthful Face having not yet produc'd a Witness of his Manhood, and yet his Actions o'er-powering the most experienc'd Generals. He wore a bashful Shyness in his Countenance, as if it shun'd the observing Eyes of Men, who late, unmov'd, had stood the Glare of thousand Deaths. Briefly, in him Nature united (whether by Chance or by Design I know not) the different Attributes of *Mars* and *Cupid*, that every Beholder (and all who could became one) was a Witness that in him Nature had done her utmost, and knit together all the Ornaments that can adorn Humanity. The same Wonder and Admiration *Palladius* had before excited; but the Perfections of *Daiphantus* yielding a later Entertainment to their Eyes, the fickle Messengers had given his Idea the Preference in their Judgments: But whilst all of them (except *Argalus*) were gaily showing the Pleasure they took in being possess'd of his Company, Fortune, who meant to play a Gambol at the Entertainment, introduc'd an odd Adventure. One Day, after Dinner, Word was brought to *Kalander*, that there waited without a fine young Lady, who said she was nearly related to the beauteous *Hellen*, Queen of *Corinth*, and hop'd that Claim would intitle her to a short Reception in his House. *Kalander*, glad of any Opportunity to employ his Hospitality, immediately went forth, follow'd by all his Company, but *Argalus*, who was retir'd to his Chamber, wishing the Time's Approach, wherein Good-manners would admit him to take his leave of *Kalander*, and go in Search of his much lov'd *Parthenia*. When they were come where the Lady was, *Kalander*, greatly surpriz'd, thought it was his Niece *Parthenia*, and as such was going to salute her, and wish her Joy of her return to Love and Beauty; which, when she perceiv'd, she with a modest Gravity drew back, and told him she believ'd that he mistook her for his Niece, as many more had done; but that she only had the Honour to resemble her, being indeed of *Corinth*, and of a near Alliance to the Queen of that Place. *Kalander*, confounded between Appearance and Reality, begg'd a thousand Pardons for his abrupt Behaviour; but assur'd her, that the Likeness was so very great, that he could hardly yet tell, whether his Eyes or Ears were the more true Intelligencers; but that upon a second View, he thought there was some little Difference in the Complexion, she having the Advantage in that Point; and taking her by the Hand, he led her toward the

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House, and told her, her Appearance might command a Welcome; but before she would sit down, or take the least Refreshment, she desir'd publickly to speak with *Argalus*, which they immediately dispatch'd a Servant to inform him of. He came with great Precipitancy down, wondering what Business a Lady, and such a one as they describ'd, should have with him; but when he came into her Presence, the violent Change of his Complexion soon shew'd that his Thought of her was the same with *Kalanders*: But before he could have Time, or Power to utter the sudden Joy he had conceiv'd, she put a Stop to it by the following Relation.

My Lord, said she, 'tis with no small Reluctance I am oblig'd to undeceive you, and give you an Assurance that I am not the Lady, which by the Agitation my first Sight occasion'd, I find you take me for; but I am come to give you a particular and true Account of her unhappy, and now inevitable Fate. A few Months since, the Queen of *Corinth* (to whom I have the Honour of a near Relation) was oblig'd for some small Space to quit her Court, and in her Absence honour'd me with the chief Care of it: In the Interim, that unhappy Lady, the once fair *Parthenia*, came thither; but so deform'd, so chang'd and mortified, that had not some flying Rumour of her Misfortunes before reach'd my Ears, I never should have been convinc'd that it was really she; but that, added to the Assurances she gave me of its being Truth, at last confirm'd my Belief of it. My Compassion for her miserable Case, was great as the Occasion; and I endeavour'd by all the Tendernefs and Care imaginable to soften and alleviate the Pains and Agonies of Mind she seem'd to labour under; but at length they grew too powerful for her weak and tender Nature longer to struggle with, and oblig'd her to resign a Life, which when possess'd, only serv'd to exalt her Magnanimity and Patience: But before she died, she call'd me to her; and after having recited the unexampled Constancy and Faith you had shew'd in her great Change, she begg'd me by all the Friendship I had profess'd for her, to seek you out; and taking this Ring off her Finger, Give this, says she, to the dear Author of all my Happiness and Misery; and tell him, that his *Parthenia* conjures him with her latest Breath, to blot but the Remembrance that there once was such a Wretch, and in her Place fix the Bearer of this last Legacy; and know, says she to me, my dearest Friend, in leaving you his Love, I leave you the most valuable Thing in Life: Tell him, you Two alone are worthy of each other; and from me, assure him, that if the Bless'd above are capable of an Addition to their Happiness, my Soul, when mix'd among them, (as shortly I hope 'twill be) will in nothing so much rejoice, as knowing that he has given you my Place in his Affections. With this she fetch'd a Sigh, and gave her Spirit a Release from that Body in which it had endured so many Evils. And now, my Lord, I am come to execute her last Command; and though the Purport of it

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may seem unfit for me to utter, yet the Desire of a dying Friend, and your superior Merit, will, I hope, excuse the uncommon Method I have taken. I sue, my Lord, whose Birth and Fortune might command Desire; but you have Excellence enough to justify a Proceeding so extraordinary: I offer you myself; think of me as the Legacy of your *Parthenia*, and as such accept me. Here she stoppt, and impatiently waited his Answer. But he at first, regardless of every Thing but what immediately related to his dearest lost *Parthenia*, perform'd her Obsequies with repeated Sighs and Tears; but after a little Recollection, he return'd this Answer: I am, says he, Madam, most infinitely oblig'd to you for the great Condescension you have made; but give me leave to own myself much more so, for the Care and Tenderness you shew'd to the dear, unhappy, fair *Parthenia*. Here his rising Grievs choak'd his Utterance, and forc'd him to make a Pause; but recovering himself a little, he proceeded: Believe me Madam, as much Obedience and Regard, as a Wretch so lost in Grief, and swallow'd up in Misery is capable of paying, you may depend on; be assur'd, that whilst I am forc'd to drag a loath'd and hated Life, the only Thing that can support me in it is your Service; but for the Honour you have propos'd to me, of making me your Husband, know, there is not, cannot be so great a Happiness as that in store for me; I myself shall be the Bar to my own good Fortune; I can't enough separate myself from my *Parthenia*'s Memory, to dispose my Heart to any other Choice; were it in my Power, on you I would bestow it, as now most worthy of it; but my Affections are all buried in *Parthenia*'s Grave, where shortly, very shortly, I shall follow: Was it her outward Form alone that charm'd me, to you I should with Joy transfer my Passion, as bearing her Similitude; but that had the least Share in my Esteem; it was her Mind that I ador'd: I lov'd her for herself, and nothing can dissolve the Tye but my Life's Date. And must I, reply'd the Lady, be neglected, slighted, and refus'd? O! give not, answer'd he, those rough, unmanner'd Terms to my Reply; but rather say, that my ill Stars compel me to deny myself a Happiness too great for such a Wretch as I to accept: Since cruel Fate has tore from me my first and only Choice, permit me, Madam, to lament alone the Violence, and leave you to a more worthy Husband, who has a Heart intire to offer to your Youth and Beauty.

She scarce could give him Time to utter these last Words; but flying to him, she clasp'd him in her Arms, and cry'd, My dearest *Argalus*, receive thy own *Parthenia*, though but a poor Reward for thy inimitable Faith and matchless Love; forgive my Doubts, and this short Tryal of thy Truth. *Argalus* had been so seiz'd with Grief, he could not easily believe what he so much desir'd and she affirm'd, but paus'd, and made her no Reply; which she perceiving, gave him a particular Account of every Incident that had happen'd to her since their Parting: How, after
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leaving him, she went determin'd to resign her irksome Being in some deserted Wilderness; and having stray'd into a solitary Retirement belonging to the Queen of *Corinth*, (who had also prov'd the Pangs of hopeless Love, and was there alone bemoaning her unhappy Fate) she overheard her deep Complaining, and coming to her, begg'd to hear the sad Particulars of her unhappy Story, and was so mov'd with the Relation, that she took her to her Court; and having a Physician there of more than ordinary Judgment and Ability, recommended her to his Care, and begg'd him to employ his utmost Skill in her Recovery; which, as they saw, he had perfectly effected; and that she was now come to deliver herself to him, for whose Sake alone she had wish'd herself restor'd: And calling a *Corinthian* Gentleman, that had attended her, to testify the Truth of what she had utter'd; *Argalus*, easily perswaded to believe, what he more earnestly desir'd than Health or length of Days, said, 'twas enough, he must and would believe her. His throbbing Heart, his every Sense proclaim'd the Truth of what she had spoke; and imbracing her, left his Tears, who late had been a Witness of Grief, to play a double Part, and now express his Joy. The good old *Kalander* was transported at the unlook'd-for happy Turn, and begg'd that they would honour his House with the Celebration of their Nuptials, privately hoping the Ceremony would detain a little longer his new Guests, to whose Company he had many more Excitements than bare Hospitality; and therefore omitted nothing that might incline their Stay, and make that Stay agreeable.

The two Friends took every Opportunity of retiring together; which *Kalander's* Good-Nature taking Notice of, he frequently left them alone; and one Evening, having walked through the Gardens, they went into the Summer-House where the Pictures hung; where, being seated, *Palladius* recounted every Occurrence that had happen'd to him since his being taken out of the Sea; the extream Care the Shepherd's had bestow'd on him; and how lucky (as he himself might judge) he had been, in meeting with the Friendship of so good a Man as *Kalander*; and at last, observing *Daiphantus* very intent upon the Picture that contain'd *Basilus* and his Family, he repeated, as faithfully as his Memory would admit, every Particular of their surprizing Story. *Pyrocles's* Attention was wholly fix'd whilst he was relating it, his Eyes never moving from the Picture, and his Ears insensible to every Sound but what came from *Musidorus's* Speech; who, having finish'd the Narration, begg'd of him to inform him what Fate oblig'd him to join the Helots, and how he had been disposed of, since the unlucky Accident that drove them from each other. *Daiphantus* had at that Time but little Inclination to satisfy this Desire, his Mind being quite taken up in revolving on the Strangeness of the *Arcadian* Story; and he could not be satisfied 'till *Palladius* had again repeated it, asking him a Thousand Questions over and over, 'till he, impatient to know *Py-*

rocles' Adventures, again requested him to inform him of them; which he, briefly as possible he could, comply'd with in the following Terms: When, says he, we were both past Hopes of Safety, and chose to trust ourselves to the Mercy of the Sea, thinking that the more favourable Element of the Two, I swam 'till I lost Sight of you; and finding myself grow faint, and my Wounds painful, I thought it would be impossible for me to reach the Land, and therefore turn'd back again, and got upon the Mast, where you saw me; being assur'd that if you reach'd the Shore you would endeavour to find me out; but if you perish'd, I should not have esteem'd Life a Benefit, and therefore should as willingly part with it there, as in another Place. Among the Shrowds I found my Sword, which I took up and waved above my Head, hoping it might give the distant Sailors a better Glimpse of me. After the Pyrates had (as I suppos'd) frighted your Boat from my Assistance, they took me up, and clapt me under Hatches; but e'er they could possess themselves of the Spoils of our Wreck, they were set upon by another Ship, which maintain'd a long and sturdy Fight; but at length ours prevail'd, and put every Man of them to the Sword; among the Number, I heard them particularly commend the resolv'd Behaviour and gallant Actions of one young Man, who had fought most valiantly, but Fate at last had conquer'd him. My anxious Care and Love for you, added to the despairing Frame of Mind which such severe Strokes of Fortune naturally inclines one to, made me conclude the Person they describ'd was you; and firmly believing you were gone, for whom alone I thought Life desirable, I determin'd in myself to take the first Opportunity that offer'd, to lay it nobly down, and that Resolution made me act more rashly than otherways I should have done. Two Days were hardly elaps'd, when Fate offer'd me the Occasion that I wish'd: The Kings of *Lacedæmon*, having sent out some Gallies, under the Charge of one of their Nephews, to chase the Pyrates, who much infested those Seas, they met our Ship; and our Captain being in want of Men to match their Number, he was oblig'd to arm some of his Prisoners, (among whom I was one) promising them their Liberty if they would fight courageously on his Side: Being boarded by the Admiral, it was my Chance to kill *Euryleon*, the King's Nephew; but in the End they o'erpower'd us, and we were all made Prisoners, without much Regret on my Side, not greatly caring how Fate dispos'd of me. Being brought to *Tenaria*, I was laid fast in Goal, the Government having conceiv'd a more than ordinary Hate to me for being the Instrument of *Euryleon's* Death; but in short Time the common People of that Town conspir'd with the Helots, and by Night open'd the Gates, and joining their Force, slew all the Heads of the opposite Faction: When they had made themselves entire Masters of the Place, they open'd all the Prisons, and amongst the rest deliver'd me. I mov'd with Gratitude, and careless of my Life, espous'd their Interest; and in few Days some Conflicts happening, I behav'd myself, indeed, with
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Rashness; but, as their Unexperience thought, with more than common Courage and Resolution; and the more, relying on me because the King of *Lacedemon* was my Enemy. Their chief Captain being slain, as you know, by *Argalus*, they agreed to place me in his Room, thinking by that to avoid the Contention it might raise among themselves, and in a general Convocation elected me; but how little Joy the Advancement gave me, the Heavens can witness: Being in my new Post, so great was my Success, that having got many considerable Victories, I at last obtain'd a Peace greatly to their Advantage, and which they all approv'd of; and had the Morning of that Day, in which you deliver'd *Clitiphon*, concluded it; but in the Articles, King *Amiclas* insisted upon my being depriv'd of all my Power, and banish'd the Dominions; which I, inspir'd with a secret Hope that you were living, agreed to, and determin'd to visit each Corner of the Earth in search of you, little imagining that Fate had so happily dispos'd our Meeting; in which Interview, she has more than paid us for all the Shocks we have indured in Absence. Here they embrac'd each other in the most affectionate and moving Manner; but *Kalander* coming in put an End to their Discourse, which *Pyrocles* heartily wish'd over, that he might ask some further Questions concerning the Story which *Palladius* had recounted, and which so much had fill'd his Thoughts; and making it his Request to *Kalander*, he repeated it, and also shew'd him *Philanax's* Letter, which he perus'd with great Attention; and had his Inclinations govern'd his Interrogatories concerning that Affair, would hardly ever have been over; but his good Manners interfer'd, and for that Time put a Stop to the Conversation.

The Marriage between the all-deserving *Argalus*, and his fair *Parthenia*, being shortly to be celebrated, the two Friends dispos'd of some Jewels of Value, that they might purchase such Necessaries as would make their Appearance answerable to themselves, and that Respect they ow'd to *Kalander*: He, on his Part, taking all the Pains imaginable to let every Thing about them be manag'd with the utmost Care and Nicety; as much, or perhaps more in regard to *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, than the Nuptials of his Niece; it may be, thinking that the young Couple would find Entertainment sufficient in each other, without the Embellishments of Pomp and Show. But all the Ornaments and Decorations of the Solemnity did not half so much contribute to its Glory, as the bright, dazzling Appearance of the blooming Bride, in whose Eyes the Loves and Graces seem'd already to have consummated a Marriage, and shot Gleams of Joy in every Glance: Her Lips appear'd like to the full-blown Rose, just moisten'd with the Morning's Dew; and though clos'd with Maiden Bashfulness, yet insensibly courted every Beholder's Wishes; her Cheeks, with pretty dimpled Smiles, emphatically spoke the gentle Sweetness of her Composition; her Hair, in flowing Ringlets loosely hung down her alabaster

baster Shoulders, which might well have serv'd for Nets to entangle Hearts. *Daiphantus*, earnestly observing her, cry'd, in a Rapture, to *Palladius*, Oh! why did partial Heaven confine all Symmetry of Beauty to *Arcadia*? Which Words, though spoke with more than common Warmth, escap'd *Palladius*'s Notice, he having ne'er, as yet, felt the Effects of its destructive Power.

Several Days were spent in solemnizing the Nuptials of the happy Pair, with all the Pleasures and Amusements that Fancy could invent, or Art produce; their Joys and Raptures were in some Degree diffus'd through every Breast, except the harden'd one of *Daiphantus*, who seem'd to have made a League with melancholly, and was so far from sharing in the general Gaiety, that every Overture of Pleasure seem'd to disgust and thwart his Inclinations; even in Company, he was alone retir'd within himself, and perfectly unmindful of the Conversation; his Complexion visibly spoke the Alteration, which, from a sprightly Healthfulness and Bloom of Beauty, was grown all pale and languid; his Rest forsook him, and every Morning he was early as *Aurora* in visiting the Woods and Groves; his whole Delight he placed in Solitude, and would admit no Partner in his Cares. *Palladius*, whom Friendship had made quick to observe his Actions, had long since mark'd this Change in his Behaviour; and being tir'd of the inactive Life he follow'd in *Arcadia*, having extended his Knowledge of the Place as far as it could reach, the Court being inaccessible to Strangers, he was greatly desirous of returning (after the various Mazes Fortune had led him through) to settle in his own Nation; and finding *Daiphantus*, since this Change of Humour decline the mention of it, he was resolv'd to begin with him, and hasten their Return; and one Day finding him alone, he began to talk to him in the following Manner.

My dear *Pyrocles*, a noble Mind, bred up and train'd in Virtue's Ways, always proposes some End that may be worthy of it self; and its Views once fix'd, it seldom alters the Determination, without some powerful Motive, some deep Reason, to justify the Change; and where Honour, Renown, and Wisdom are its Aim, the Countenance of such a Man bespeaks the Chearfulness and Joy with which he follows the pleasing Task; his resolv'd Constancy and unwearied Resolution in the great Pursuit, shines out in every Look; his outward Form ever speaks that inward Peace of Mind, which virtuous Resolutions inspire the Followers with. I do, my dearest Friend, direct this particular Conversation to you, because I am sensible that no One more thoroughly purpos'd the Pursuit of Knowledge and Improvement, than you have done; nor was any one I e'er yet met with, half so capable of attaining the glorious End: I don't believe my *Pyrocles* will charge me with being a Flatterer; he is too well acquainted with Truth, not to be sensible of these Endowments in himself; but to further prove my Sincerity,
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give me leave to observe to you, (as with Grief I silently have long done) that since our coming into this Country, you seem, if not wholly to have chang'd your Purposes, yet to faint and slacken in them: This Remissness, at a Time when you had almost reach'd the Summit of them, any one less partial than myself would severely censure: 'Tis not my Eyes alone, whom Fondness has made quick to observe your Actions, that find out the Change; but every one may see that whereas your usual Practice was in every Place you came, to set yourself to increase your Knowledge, and improve your Understanding, by seeking the Company of able and experienc'd Men, and courting the Familiarity of those who were not only skill'd in Learning, but vers'd in Civil and Military Affairs; and if you did not seek Occasions of practising the Precepts you obtain'd, yet you still snatch'd at every Opportunity that offer'd, to exert your Valour, Conduct, Wisdom, and Experience; now you stop short in your Career, your Mind's unbent, at least from that Employment it ought to be engag'd in; your Looks are sad and troubled, which sure, I think, can ne'er proceed from virtuous Contemplations: Clouds in the Sky always foretel a Storm, and gloomy Looks bespeak a Mind disorder'd; but what most proves my Fears, is the Delight you take in Solitude, which slyly steals upon your Quiet, and is destructive to every Social, and indeed to almost every Virtue: Had *Eve* ne'er obstinately stray'd alone, the Devil's Purposes had been defeated: Man is by Nature form'd for Society; and *Adam* could not be easy, even in Paradise, without it; and when we shun it, too sure it is, the Mind or Body is diseas'd. *Pyrocles* was so wrapt up in other Thoughts, he scarce attended to what his Friend had spoken; but yet the Charge in general struck his Notice; and being conscious how justly it was grounded, he could not avoid endeavouring to extenuate the Fault; and with a Look abash'd, that shew'd he knew, but could not remedy the Evil, he thus reply'd: My ever excellent and much lov'd *Musidorus*, the Commendations which you bestow'd on me in the beginning of your Speech, greatly shew the Force of that deep-grounded Love you have ever held for me: You could not have thought so well of me, had not Friendship interfered and byass'd your better Judgment; neither, had not you been inclin'd to look on me with partial Eyes, would you have honour'd me with that Friendship: Those Imperfections you tax me with, I was always subject to; and your riper Judgment has only now discern'd those Errors in me, which in your greener Years pass'd your Observance; and the Alteration in your Opinion of me, proceeds more from the Improvements of your Mind, that gives you a Power more nicely to distinguish, than from any unusual Defect in me: But thus much let me say in excuse for that Weakness you charge me with, That, in my Opinion, I do not wholly deserve Condemnation, for not so violently pursuing that Knowledge, which you term the Improving of the Mind; and which, without all doubt, is one Way of doing it: But let me tell

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you, my dearest *Musidorus*, there are also speculative Ways of enlarging its Faculties; it must, like other Things, be sometimes unbent, Nature will not suffer it ever to be upon the Stretch; and if we in Opposition to her Dictates always keep it so, it will at length break, or be weaken'd past our Use: And how are you certain I do not make it soar a higher Pitch, and extend itself beyond external Knowledge? The Workings of the busy Mind, are far more infinite than can be bounded by the outward Senses, or known even in Imagination, by those who continually distract and drive their Thoughts without themselves; such Contemplations as I esteem excellent, in Solitude I enjoy, and that perhaps contributes to the refining and extending those Contemplations: The lofty Eagle always flies alone, whilst the silly Sheep ever herd in Companies. Accuse not therefore my Mind, for some times seeking to enjoy it self a-part from other Objects; nor blame me for chusing such Times and Places, as are most conducive to that Purpose: And Oh! my dearest *Musidorus*, continued he, if I am melancholly, who better knows than you the Reasons I have for it? Here he made a Pause, as if he was unsatisfied in himself, though his Wit could well have help'd him to stop the Enquiries of another; but his Countenance plainly shew'd he was desirous his Friend should know his Thoughts, but could not bear the Pain of uttering them; and yet the Malady wanting some Vent, with blushing Cheeks and beating Heart, he thus proceeded, and with a Smile constrain'd, cry'd, Sure, my dearest Cousin, you can't but think the Beauty and agreeable Situation of this Place may well atone for any Time spent in it; don't you see how all Nature has conspir'd to make this Country a second *Eden*? Do but observe the Greens, their Colour far surpassing the finest Emeralds, each one appearing to out-do its Neighbour, yet altogether equal; the Beauty of the various Flowers would puzzle the most prying Judgment with Justice to describe, and take a Life to express; do not these stately spreading Trees seem to maintain a flourishing old Age, and yet enjoy the Beauties of a continual Spring? The very Air breathes Health, which the pretty Birds with grateful Eloquence delight to publish, and every Eccho doubly solemnizes; see the bubbling Brooks and creeping Streams, how slow they glide along, as loth to leave a Place where all Perfection is united, and with how sweet and soft a Murmur they lament their forced Departure; surely some Goddess inhabits in this Region, and inspires it with all these Charms; nothing less than a Celestial Being is worthy to be inshrin'd in this Effusion of Delights; nor could any Thing beneath a heavenly Power e'er have made so perfect, so compleat a Residence. Here, fetching a deep Sigh, he ended his Encomiums, mournfully casting his Eyes on *Musidorus*, (as if his Looks alone would bespeak Pity.) *Musidorus* had all this while been earnestly observing his Countenance, and his Ears no less attentive to the Sounds his Speech produc'd; but from neither of them could he frame a Certainty; and the Incoherence of his Friend's Words and Actions

ons served rather to raise new Doubts, than satisfy the old: Through his Discourse he might observe his whole Frame to be disorder'd; sometimes the unbidden Tears would gush into his Eyes, and then as quickly make their Retreat; his Cheeks, now pale, then red, alternately changing their Colour; the cold Dew continually bathing his Temples, and a trembling Faintness agitating his whole Form; his Thoughts were in a wild Disorder, nothing to be found in them but Anarchy and Uproar, nor no certain Opinion to be form'd from what he said, his Words being continually interrupted with Sighs, and the Sentences broke with Pauses. *Musidorus* was determin'd to direct his Answer the Way that would be most likely to draw the Secret from *Pyrocles*' Breast; and though at first, when he so warmly was defending Solitude, he had a thousand Things to urge in Opposition to the Argument; as, that Heaven never would have endow'd Man with the Power of Action, had he not design'd him to be employ'd; that at the best, those inward Contemplations could only tend to the Improvement and Bettering of one's Self; that it was not enough for any one to confine their Sphere of Acting and Thinking to themselves alone, but ought to extend them both, as far as in them lay, to benefit their Fellow-Creatures: These, and a thousand other Things upon the Subject, which that, added to his Natural Wit, indued his Thoughts with, he had ready to utter; but when he found *Pyrocles* turn from that Subject, and fall into such a passionate Commendation of the Place, he fell in a little with his Humour, hoping by that insensibly to draw his real Thoughts more freely from him; and taking him in his Arms, and embracing him with an affectionate Tenderness, You have, says he, my dear *Pyrocles*, so well and artfully defended the Effects of Solitude, that even I should become a Votary to it, did not the very Arguments you so agreeably make use of, convince me that the Pleasures of your Conversation cannot be equall'd by any Joys Retirement can yield; and continu'd he, smiling, you shall have my free Leave to harangue as long as you please upon the Pleasures of a retir'd Life, provided you confine yourself to the Theory only: As to the Charms of this Country, I confess I am greatly at a Loss to find out such excessive ones as you would point out to me: It certainly is not unpleasant; and the agreeable Entertainment we have met with, has help'd to make us fonder of it; but yet, if you was return'd to *Macedon*, I dare venture to affirm, that you would either allow that there were many Paradises, or else that this Place could not justly command that Title; though possibly in those vast Encomiums you have bestow'd upon it, you rather mean to make conspicuous the Fruitfulness of your Imagination, than the real Beauty of the Place; for in my Opinion, even *Tempe*, in my *Thessalia*, where you and I were (to my eternal Happiness) bred up together, is in no manner less indebted to Nature's Bounty: But 'tis not to be doubted, that you sometimes nurse and feed that solitary Humour of your's by conversing with the Writings of
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the Poets; whose liberal Pens, and more liberal Inventions, can make a Mountain of every little Piece of rising Ground; though sometimes, like unskilful Musicians, they wind up every Note to its highest Pitch, 'till at length they over-reach the Compass, and crack the Strings; especially when the Fancy takes one of those Mind-infected People, who make up the most absurd Part of the Creation, and are by those whimsical Writers term'd Lovers. *Pyrocles*' Heart soon took the Alarm of that Word, and was as sensibly affected with it, as a poor Wretch that's sick of a Tarantula, is touch'd with the right Sound of Musick; his every Nerve spoke the Effect it had on him, and seem'd to tremble for the Consequence: But recovering himself as well as he was able, and with a guilty Look, half casting his Eyes on *Musidorus*; And suppose, cry'd he, my dearest Cousin, I should not be so much of the Describer, as of the miserable Thing describ'd, which you just now mention'd? The eternal Powers forbid, hastily interrupted *Musidorus*; let me never live to see you subject to any mean or base Affection; and O! may the Almighty Powers ever protect my *Pyrocles* from ——— Here his Speech was interrupted by the Appearance of *Kalander*, who was come to request their Companies to the Hunting of a Stag, that was harbour'd in a Wood hard by; which he said might probably give them a pleasant Course, and in some Measure amuse *Daiphantus*'s Melancholly. They readily consented to the Proposal; and returning to their Apartments, they chang'd their Cloaths, and address'd themselves to the Course; but first *Daiphantus* wrote a little Note, and sealing it up, left it in his Study.

As they were riding, the good old *Kalander* would still be entertaining them, with reciting how fond he in his Youth was of that Diversion; how much he prefer'd it to any other Amusement, the Exercise of it having greatly help'd to bring him to those Years he was arriv'd at; and which, said he, you young ones will never reach, unless you keep your Bodies in Breath with Action, and support your Hearts with Chearfulness; too much Thought wastes and consumes the Spirits; and if we keep the Mind too much employ'd, it generally makes the Body grow unactive, and incapacitates it to perform the Purposes of the Soul's Meditation: When I was young, the Sun could not prevent my early rising; nor the pale Moon, with her Attendant sable Night, discourage me from watching the Hour of the Deer's Feeding. Then he fell into observing how much *Arcadia* was chang'd since his Remembrance; and as old Men generally are fond of the Time they flourish'd in, greatly prais'd those Virtues which he thought shone more conspicuously in his Days; telling them Stories of what remarkable Occurrences had happen'd to himself and Companions; but with more Brevity than is usual to Age in those Sort of Conversations, Men in Years being generally apt to spin out the Circumstances of a Relation, and tire the Hearers with numerous Repetitions. When they had reach'd the

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Confines of the Wood, the Hounds were ready in Couples waiting their Coming; most of them might, by their Marks, be distinguish'd to come of one Breed; the Huntsmen were habited all in Green, with Staves in their Hands, unjustly to revenge the Hounds Default upon the harmless Earth, and Horns tied round their Necks, to sound the Alarm upon a silly Fugitive: The Hounds were straight uncoupled, as glad of a Release, as is the unhappy Pair that long has struggled in Wedlocks stronger and more galling Chains: The wretched Stag, the singled Victim of their Pleasures, soon took the Alarm; and judg'd it better to depend upon the Swiftneſs of his Feet, than trust to the slight Fortification of his Lodging; but even they betray'd him, for every Step he took they left behind him a Scent to guide the Enemies Pursuit, who soon took the Advantage; the Cry being compos'd of such well-sorted Mouths, that any one might observe a kind of Regularity in it; but the Skilfull in that Sport found a perfect Harmony, equal, in their Taste, to the finest Musick. The Horsemens Opinions would have carried them several Ways, but that the Huntsman's Voice and Horn kept them still together; even the cruel Wood seem'd to conspire against its own Inhabitant, by dispersing the Noise of his Pursuers; and the Nymph *Eccho*, left to bewail the Loss of her *Narcissus*, and with the Sport, beguiled in some degree the Memory of her Woe: At length the Stag was so hotly pursued, he was oblig'd to quit his Flight, and making Courage of Despair, turn'd at the Hounds, who soon with Change of Cry proclaim'd he was at Bay.

Kalander being vers'd in Coasting the Country, was among the first that came into the besieg'd Deer, and with a Cross-bow sent a Death to the poor Creature, whose trickling Tears bespoke the Agonies she suffer'd from humane Cruelty, and shew'd that Innocence itself is no Security against its barbarous Ravages. Soon as the Company were all assembled, they miss'd *Daiphantus*, and enquiring of each other, one of them said, he fancied he was return'd Home; for that at the Height of the Sport he observ'd him take a By-path, which he believ'd led to *Kalander's*. This Answer satisfied for the Time; and having perform'd the Deer's Obsequies, and the Hounds Triumph, they return'd. By the Way, their Talk turn'd wholly on their late Diversion; some praising the Fatness of the Deer; others commending the Fairness of his Head; one setting forth the Cunning of the Hounds; another, pleased with their exceeding Swiftneſs; a third, admiring the Musick of their Cry; and in short, each one describing their separate Pleasures, till they reach'd the House; which was about the Hour in which the Candles take upon them the Office of the Sun. The Moment *Palladius* was alighted, he asked for his *Daiphantus*; and was struck with the unwelcome Answer, That he had not been seen since they went out together: Immediately there were Messengers dispatch'd in search of him; and two or three Days being past without Success, they

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return'd. *Palladius* being almost beyond his Senses with Doubts and Fears, 'till at last, by Accident, going into *Daiphantus's* Study, he found the Letter he had wrote just before he went a Hunting, directed to himself, and containing the following Words:

“ **N**othing but the most violent and unbounded Passion cou'd e'er
 “ have hurried me to act contrary to your Knowledge and Advice;
 “ vice; but so arbitrary is the Government of almighty Love, it forces
 “ me to violate even the Laws of Friendship, (which late I thought the
 “ most binding ones on Earth,) and stand convinced of its more powerful
 “ Sway; though all its Efforts could not have made me conceal
 “ from you my Purposes, but that they were inevitable, and the Knowledge
 “ of them would still have more afflicted you, and consequently
 “ added to the Burthen of my Ills: Return, my dear *Palladius*, alone
 “ to your *Theffalia*, as full of Happiness as I am of Desire; if Life and
 “ Love permit, I soon shall follow; if not, forgive my Crime to Friendship,
 “ since nothing but the most irresistible Necessity could have suspended
 “ mine to you, or triumph'd o'er

The Lost PYROCLES.

These were all the Contents of the Letter; which *Palladius* read two or three times over. It exceedingly shock'd him, and he stood for some Time Motionless; at length he cry'd, O *Pyrocles*! what means this Change? What have I done, or how have I deserv'd this Coldness, that thou shouldest exclude me from thy Counsels? In vain have I before accus'd the Seas, explor'd the Pyrates, and rav'd at cruel Fortune, since even you conspire to rob me of yourself, and finish the most consummate Misery Fate could impose upon me. After this little Exclamation, which the Violence of his Grief forc'd from him, he began to try if he could, with any Probability, conjecture, what Method, and what Purpose, *Pyrocles* had resolv'd; he knew Love was the Motive, That he was assur'd of by his own Words; but from whom or whence that Love proceeded, he was wholly at a Loss to guess: Sometimes he thought some Beauty of *Laconia* had fir'd his Heart; and then again he fear'd *Parthenia's* Charms had triumph'd o'er his once glorious Resolutions; but the more he thought, the more confused were his Reflections, whole Armies of Objections rising against any receiv'd Opinion, and he could only be confirm'd in Doubts.

At length he determin'd to go in search of him; and either by finding him, meet with the Truth of his unhappy Story, or by Death end the terrible Suspence he labour'd under: His Tendernefs being no whit abated by *Pyrocles's* Unkindness; and being willing to keep the Rashness of his Friend a Secret from any other's Knowledge, and more
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thoroughly to avoid Suspicion; he went to *Kalander*, and told him he had receiv'd a Message from his Friend, which inform'd him, that he was return'd into *Laconia*, about some Affairs of great Importance to the poor People, whose Cause he had undertaken; that it was highly necessary for him to follow, but in the most private Manner that could be devis'd; and therefore begg'd him to forgive the Abruptness of his Departure, and rest assur'd, that he should soon see or hear from them; and arming himself all in Black, as a Signification of his inward Melancholy, he took his Leave; but first supplied himself with a sufficient Sum of Money, and a few of the choicest of his Jewels, leaving the rest with *Kalander*, in some Measure to confirm the Belief of his Return, but more with a View to recompence him for the Charge and Trouble they had given him, which he well knew his generous Temper would no otherways receive. The good old Man was griev'd at the Departure of his Guests, for whom he had conceiv'd so strong a Friendship; but having neither Hope, nor Reason, to back his Desire of their Stay, he took the Things, with an Intention to guard, and not possess; but told *Palladius*, that he had one Thing to ask of him before they parted, which was, that he might know who they really were that he had had the Happiness of entertaining? *Palladius* answer'd, That they could have no Secrets, of how great Consequence soever, but such a Friend as he had prov'd himself must be worthy of the Knowledge; and that he should certainly be gratified in the Enquiry as soon as he could speak with *Daiphantus*, who he did not doubt would agree to it, but that his Honour stood engag'd, without his Consent, never to reveal the least of their Affairs; but so far bid him be assur'd, that if they liv'd, a short time would let him know, that *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* had both the Will, and in some Degree the Power, to recompence the noble Generosity he had bestow'd upon them. Upon that, *Kalander* ceas'd to press him further; but begg'd he might have leave to go, or at least send his Son and Servants along with him: But *Palladius* broke off all Ceremonies, by telling him, That as the Case stood, his greatest Compliment would be, in taking the least Notice that was possible of his going.

After this Assurance, *Kalander* ceas'd to urge him further: But *Clistiphon*, impatient of *Daiphantus*' Absence, whom justly he esteem'd his Life's Preserver, was so earnest to go to him, that *Palladius* could not refuse his Importunity; and unattended they privately went forth together, leaving *Kalander* incessantly to lament the Loss of their desirable Conversation. Although *Palladius* had a Companion, who at all other Times was perfectly agreeable to him, yet now he almost entirely neglected him to converse with his own Griefs; and in a musing Manner they rode directly to *Mantina*. *Parthenia* being in that Place, he thought it possible it might conceal *Daiphantus*: But not hearing any thing of him there, they went on to *Tegea*, *Ripa*, *Stimphalus*,
Enispa,

Enispa, and *Phineas*, the Place famous for the poisonous *Stygian Lake*; and in short, throughout all *Arcadia*; making their Eyes, their Ears, and Tongues, serve for few other Purposes than that Enquiry; but they could not be satisfied, except that in any of those Places he had not been heard of: Thus they went on, not knowing what certain Road to take, meeting by the Way with many strange Adventures; but one, for the Oddness of it, which I can't omit. As they were passing along a pleasant Valley, on either Side of which the Hills high lifted up their beetle Brows, as if they meant to o'erlook the Pleasantness of the Under-Prospect, they were tempted by the Agreeableness of the Place, and their own Weariness, to alight; and pulling the Bits out of their Horses Mouths, they suffer'd them to relieve their Hunger with the green Clover, which grew in Plenty under the fine shadowy Trees: Themselves they laid down close by the murmuring Musick of certain Falls of Waters, which ran bubbling down the Surface of the Hills, and in the Bottom of the Valley, made, by the Combination of several Springs, a pretty little Brook. When they had a while refresh'd themselves with the sweet Dew of balmy Sleep, they rose, and invited by the charming Situation of the Place, walked on: They had measur'd but little Ground e'er *Clitiphon* espied a Piece of Armour, and near that another; this gave him Curiosity to search for more, 'till at length he found a compleat Set, with Head-piece and Shield, and by the Device, straight knew it belong'd to his Cousin the brave *Amphialus*; whereupon, fearing some Inconvenience had happen'd to him, he told his Fears, and the Occasion of them to *Palladius*, who thought it proper to make what convenient Speed they could to follow on, lest the noble Owner of those Tropes of Honour, whom Fame had set far above all Fear, should by some Stratagem be reduced to want Assistance. He long had had an inward Desire of meeting with that famous Knight; and taking up his Armour, begg'd *Clitiphon* to help him put it on, in hopes that that Appearance would help him to know something of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder his Pursuit of *Daiphantus*; full of these Thoughts he hastily put it on, and found it all compleat, but something too big for him, and hack'd in several Places, as if it had been lately us'd in a fierce Engagement: But making a Shift with it as well as they could, they mounted their Horses, and had not gone twenty Paces e'er they reach'd the Mouth of the Valley, which open'd into a fair Field; they had not compass'd much of it, when they met a Mourning Coach drawn with six Milk-white Horses, with black Harness; a Black-a-moor Boy guided each of them, dress'd in white; the Coach was black, with four white Tossels hanging at each Corner; upon the Doors was emboss'd in Silver, a weeping Maid, surrounded with little fluttering *Cupids*, who with one Hand bent their Bows and aim'd their Arrows directly at her Heart, and with the other dried up the big Drops that cours'd each other down her beauteous Cheeks; the Motto, *Love both destroys and saves*. They were

were much surpriz'd at this odd Appearance; but before they could come near enough to observe who was in the Inside of this whimsical Equipage, there came, with full Career, upon them about a Dozen Horsemen; who cry'd, that they should yield themselves Prisoners, or give their Lives to answer the Refusal. *Palladius*, not us'd to take such rough, unmanner'd Usage, or give up the Possession of himself without a better Title, drew his Sword, and gave them such an abrupt Answer, as quite disabled some of them from making a Reply; and being back'd by *Clitiphon*, and excellently well mounted, he warded against some, and made others taste the Sharpness of his Rapier's Point, 'till at length he had more than destroy'd the Odds that threaten'd him; and approaching the Coach, assur'd the little black Directors (who with Fear were almost past Apprehension) that they should sustain no Mischief. When he was come close to the Side of it, he saw sitting in one End a Lady, with the most beautiful, but dejected Countenance he e'er beheld; opposite to her sat two others, who by their Appearance seem'd to be Attendants; and, as if their very Souls answer'd to that Office, the Tears stood ready to wait their Lady's Grievs; between them, fronting the fair Mourner, they held the Portraiture of a beauteous Youth; her Eyes and whole Attention were so fix'd upon the Piece, that she ne'er heard the Bustle that had been made; but *Palladius*' Shadow coming upon the Picture, and a little interrupting the Sight of it, she lifted up her Eyes, and seeing *Palladius*' Armour, with which she was but too well acquainted, her beating Heart soon took the Alarm, and briskly sent the Blood up to her Cheeks, to welcome the Lord of her Desires: But Fear, Hope's Opposite, soon gave it a Repulse; and like the unhappy Wretch that's summon'd to answer for his Life, though conscious of his Innocence, yet doubtful how far the Judge's Partiality may prevail, alternate Passions seize him; so her throbbing Pulse proclaim'd the doubtful Anguish she endur'd: At length her Speech broke Way, and with a Look of Terror, My Lord *Amphialus*, says she, it is enough! cease to torment a hapless Maid, whom Love and you have long since render'd compleatly wretched; 'tis time, 'tis more than time, my Torments and your Cruelties should meet an End: If you are not of that Opinion, grant me this last Request, compleat the one, and gratify the other; and Oh! do not refuse at once the ending all my Miseries, which are too great for Nature to support. Here her Sorrows grew too big for further Utterance; but with a Flood of Tears she finish'd her Complaint. *Palladius* was too sensibly affected with her Sorrows, to keep her longer in an Error; and pulling off his Helmet, Madam, says he, if a Stranger may presume to speak, let me intreat you to mitigate your Grievs: I find that you mistake me for some happier Man; I am perfectly a Stranger in these Parts, set upon, without any known Offence on my Side, by some of your Retinue; and being oblig'd in my most just Defence to use them more roughly than willingly I would have done, I am come to excuse the inevitable Crime, and crave a Par-

don for a Rudeness the Laws of Self-defence oblig'd me to commit; and now I have been honour'd with seeing you, I doubly grieve at the accidental Evil. When she saw his Face, and heard what he had said, she look'd out of the Coach, and saw her Men, some slain, others struggling under their dead Horses, and striving to recover Life, which was just leaving them; but without shewing any Regret for the Slaughter, she cry'd out, O! just Reward for those sacrilegious Wretches, that dar'd to lift a Hand against that Appearance: But Sir, says she, will you gratify me so far, as to let me know how you came by that Armour? For if you purchas'd it by the Death of him that own'd it, I have more to say to you. *Palladius* assur'd her he did not; and told her exactly how he found it. I believe you, answer'd she, this Account agrees with the late Manner he has us'd; but since (most noble Knight) your Valour has robb'd me of my Attendants, let your Good-Nature do me so much Recompence as to guard me to the next Town. Whatever pressing Business I may be engag'd in, reply'd he, yet certainly that is an Honour I cannot resist: But first, I conjure you, by the Regards you owe the Owner of this Armour, to trust me with your Story, lest that hereafter, when Reflection shall represent to my Memory the Image of your beauteous Form, cloath'd in this deep Distress, I blame myself for want of Curiosity in not enquiring into it; and be assur'd, that if my Sword, my Faith, or Life, can be of Service to you, you may command them. You have, said she, conjur'd me by so dear a Name, I have not the Power to refuse; and that shall prevail upon me to gratify your Request, without the least Gleam of Hope that I may be reliev'd by it, there being but one on Earth that has the Power of giving me a Moment's Ease; and to speak the Truth, it would be an affected Niceness in me to conceal that from you, who have the Appearance of superior Merit, which I am often glad to reveal even to Things inanimate: Know then, most worthy Knight, my Name is *Helen*, by Birth a Queen, and in Possession of the Crown of *Corinth*, and happy in my Peoples Love, even to a Degree uncommon, or they would not be content to bear my Absence, and excuse my Folly: My Father dying when I was but young, I was seated in his Throne by general Consent: When I was grown of Years to make a Choice, and indeed before I had acquir'd Judgment to determine justly, my Court was throng'd with Pretenders of all Sorts; 'tis possible some of their Fancies were so ill as to approve my Person, but my Fortune undoubtedly was agreeable to all; but whatever private Views they had, Love and my Beauty (poor as it is) was the avow'd Pretence; all of my own Nation, who had Encouragement from either their Brith or Merit to hope Success, applied to me; and Crowds of Foreign Princes grac'd my Train.

Among the Rest, and indeed the earliest in his Addresses, was Lord *Philoxenus*, the darling Son and only Heir of the noble, brave *Timotheus*;

theus; a Man for Wisdom, Virtue, Power, and Goodness, not to be equall'd; the People half ador'd him, and with Justice was he esteem'd the Glory of the *Corinthian* Court: The Son, I must allow, was not unworthy such a Father, and took such Pains to appear conspicuous in my Eyes, and gain my Love, that at length he grew not wholly disagreeable to me, and I began to allow him a more favourable Reception than any of the Rest that paid me their Regards, but far from giving him a Place in my Affection; my fatal Hour of Love and Ruin (inseparable Companions) was not yet arriv'd, and being born to rule, I scorn'd to pay Submission to any, and therefore evaded all Overtures of Marriage.

But while *Philoxenus* was eagerly pursuing, and by all Methods courting my Esteem, deluded by flattering Hope that he should be successful, because Justice oblig'd me to own he had superior Merit; one time, unhappily for both of us, he brought with him to Court a darling Friend of his. With that she cast her Eyes upon the Picture held before her, and sigh'd as if her Heart would burst; but soon a Shower of Tears allay'd the Storm; her every Sense was fix'd on the dear Object, and left her not the Power of finishing the Relation. *Palladius*' Compassion was greatly rais'd to see so beautiful a Creature (whom by Fame he long had known and honour'd) so drown'd in Sorrows; and a little to divert the Anguish, begg'd of her to give a Truce to Grief 'till she could finish the Narration. Why, answer'd she, looking wildly at him, This is the Picture of *Amphialus*; what needs there more? What Wretch is there so barbarously bred that hath not heard of that dear Name? Who is it that delights in Chivalry, and follows Deeds of Arms, but every where finds Monuments of my *Amphialus*? He is the Pattern and Perfection of all God-like Virtues, and none e'er yet was half so valiant, liberal, courteous, meek, and just, nor ever will, unless by his Example: Oh *Amphialus*! cry'd she in a violent Agitation, would thou wert not so truly excellent, or I had not a Power of distinguishing; and yet they are both impious Wishes! Here a Torrent of Tears stopt her Speech. But *Palladius* again solliciting her to conclude her Story: If you would be comply'd with, answer'd she, I must repeat that of *Amphialus*, for in him is center'd all that concerns my Being: Know then, this Knight, the Portraiture of whose Person is before you, but whose Mind is not to be represented but by the Shape of all consummate Virtue, is Brother's Son to old *Basilus*, King of *Arcadia*, and in his Childhood esteem'd his Heir; but *Basilus*, in his Dotage I may call it, fell in Love, and married a fair young Creature, by whom he had those two Daughters, so fam'd for the Perfection of all Beauty; they put their young Cousin quite beyond the Expectation he had been bred in; whereupon his Mother, who was Daughter to the King of *Argos*, and a Woman of a haughty Spirit, either fearing his Safety, or else disdaining he should longer grace *Basilus*.

lius' Court, sent him to Lord *Timotheus* (between whom, and her dead Husband, there had pass'd strict Bonds of mutual Friendship) to be educated with his Son *Philoxenus*.

Happy was this Resolution for *Amphialus*, who by this Means had all the Improvements in his Education his noble Nature merited; and which, had he stay'd at Home, 'tis thought his Mother (far unworthy to possess so bright a Jewel) would have denied him. The good *Timotheus* equall'd him in Affection to his own Son; they grew together, and the Friendships of their Parents descended between them: But soon Occasions offer'd to try *Amphialus*' Worth, tho' each Difficulty serv'd as a Step for him to climb to Fame; nothing could withstand his Valour, and yet so soft and gentle was his Nature, that he was justly stiled the Centre of Meekness and Civility: Endless would it be for me to relate the many terrible Adventures he encounter'd and overcame, sometimes by Force, sometimes by Stratagem; but never going beyond the Limits of severest Justice to attain any End. *Philoxenus* followed and imitated his Perfections, and being bred together, their Friendships grew inviolable; at length *Philoxenus* (urg'd on, I think, by his and my evil Genius) determin'd to employ *Amphialus*' Oratory to plead his Passion, and urge his unlucky Love to me, and for that Purpose brought him to my Court; and indeed he did him Justice, he leaving nothing unfaid in favour of his Friend that his Wit could urge, and which was able to extend itself as far as Reason's Limits; every Word he utter'd, was in praise of *Philoxenus*, and how great a Happiness I should enjoy in making him my Husband; with many other Arguments that have flipt my Memory: But this I too well know, that every Thing he urg'd in favour of his Friend, turn'd on himself; and to be brief, while he was trying to gain me for his Friend, he won me for himself: Hard Fate! that what he thought of so much Value for his Friend, himself should esteem trifling! His Wit, his Humour, Beauty, and Address, had charm'd my Mind, and I had given him the Possession of my Heart before he deign'd to sue for it: Oh! how my Soul did hang upon the melting Sounds he utter'd, when he would tenderly describe the Passion of his Friend, and with melting Eloquence enforce my Pity! How much I thought the Sound of Love became that Mouth; and flattering Hope perswaded me, that he who was so nearly touch'd with his Friend's Passion, would not be quite insensible to the more raging One he had inspir'd: But whether am I hurried! how forcible is Love? And how has that fond Passion inspir'd a Maid, once cold as Vestal Virgins, not only to avow the desperate Flame, but glory in the dear bewitching Ruin? But to my Story:

Many Days past, and each of them more and more confirm'd my Love; at length, by way of Conversation, I ask'd his Picture, which his good Manners granted, little suspecting the Value I set upon it; but
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had he known it, he need not surely have denied it me, since 'tis the only Part of him, I fear, I ever shall possess; at last grown desperate and raging with the hidden Flame, I was determin'd to discover it, and know my Doom: But Oh! with what a Look of Terror he receiv'd the Declaration; the Impression of it will ever remain upon my Fancy; Anger, Compassion, Pity and Disdain were all united in him; his glowing Cheeks taught mine to blush, and shew that Shame they ought before to have express'd: He try'd with all his Art to evade my Passion from him, and point it to his Friend; and in the gentlest Manner he was able, refus'd my Love, and gave it over to its greatest Enemy, Despair: But when he found his Presence argued for himself, more than his Words perswaded for his Friend, he determin'd to remove it, and left my Court; hoping Forgetfulness, the general Attendant upon Absence, would pave a Way to his Friend's Happiness, to whom he had not reveal'd the Cause of his Departure; perhaps out of a tender Fear to grieve him, or possibly out of a generous Gratitude to me, whom though he has no regard for, yet his compassionate Temper disdain'd to betray my Weakness; how'er it was, he purpos'd to spend his Time in Foreign Courts, until his Friend's unhappy Passion should either cease or be prevailing. Soon after *Philoxenus* came to see how far *Amphialus* had succeeded for him, little imagining he had supplanted the small Regard I once express'd for him; and coming into my Apartment, he found me sitting (careless who knew what I had not the Power of concealing) eagerly looking upon this Picture; with what Affection in my Eyes I know not, but sure my Heart was wondrous full of it: Upon the Sight, Disdain, Despair, and Jealousy, at once possess'd him; and I, who look'd upon him as the Preventer of my Happiness, took great Delight to give him Pain: When he, with Horror in his Looks and faltering Speech, bespoke my Pity, and urg'd his ill-tim'd Love. I answer'd, I should with Pleasure hear him, if he would plead as strongly for *Amphialus*, as he had done for him; struck with this Speech, he made me no Reply, but all pale and trembling hasted from my Presence: The Moment he was gone, my Mind was seiz'd with dire Presages of his Purposes; and though I had Authority sufficient to have staid him, yet had I not the Power of using it; and indeed it often happens that second Causes unknowingly perform the Work of Providence, and we are blindly made the Instruments of our own Ruin. This seems to have been my Case; for though I could with Ease have prevented, or at least postponed the Evil which I now lament, and ever must while I have Breath to do it; yet I took no other Method, but sending a Servant after him, whom I could confide in, to observe his Ways, and bring me Word of his Proceedings.

He had scarce travell'd a Day's Journey beyond my Territories, e'er, near this Place, he overtook *Amphialus*, where he had been detain'd by protecting a Lady in Distress: He call'd to him, and with a me-

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nacing Countenance bid him stand upon his Guard, for that this World should not support them both. You may easily imagine the Surprise *Amphialus* was in at this Language of his Friend, not being conscious that he had e'er transgress'd the strictest Rules of Friendship; and going back, he fain would have had him spoke the Charge he had to lay against him; but the more he retreated, the more eagerly the other follow'd, calling him Traytor, Coward, base Betrayer. No, *Philoxenus*, answer'd he, I am no Traytor; and I have given some Proof I am no Coward, which you should by this Time have dearly bought the Confirmation of, but that the tender Name of Friendship interfered and blunted my Sword Point; be satisfied I love you, and forbear to urge me beyond my Patience; I have bore enough to testify my Tenderness. But *Philoxenus* disdainning any Answer, drew his Sword, and gave him two or three such Blows upon the Head, as would have spoil'd his further arguing, but that his Helmit broke the Force. *Amphialus* was half stunn'd with the Blow, and his Patience almost conquer'd; but so far he commanded his Rage, as to step aside, and cry, Well, *Philoxenus*, this Outrage I shall bear; not for thy Sake, since in thy Villainy thou injurest me past Forgiveness, without so much as letting me know my Crime; but for the Reverence I bear thy Father, to whom I owe more than a Filial Duty: Return, rash Boy, and learn to conquer thy own Passions, which are thy greatest Foes; that being done, you will have no great Difficulty to make me yield. But the more calmly he argu'd, the more was *Philoxenus*' Passion raised, and rushing furiously on him, *Amphialus* was obliged to defend himself; and with an unlucky Blow he punish'd *Philoxenus*' Rashness, and prevented his being ever again guilty of the same, by laying him dead at his Feet. He had just Time, before he expir'd, to let him know I was the Occasion of the Quarrel; which, when *Amphialus* heard, he fell down upon the dead Body of his Friend in all the Agonies a Mortal is capable of shewing: But soon his Torments were augmented; for the aged *Timotheus*, having been inform'd in what a hasty and discontented Manner his Son had left my Court, to prevent any evil Consequences, made what Speed his feeble Age would admit of, to follow; but Death had been before-hand with him, and he came but time enough to lament the cruel Ravage it had made: Though my Heart is but a Stage for Tragedies, and my every Sense has been Performers on it, yet am I not able justly to represent the Terror of the Meeting between *Amphialus* and the old *Timotheus*; and the Knowledge I have of both their Tempers, makes the Reflection of it insupportable: What deep Confusion! what Shame, Amazement and Remorse was *Amphialus* possess'd of, when the good old Man, who had bred him with a Father's Care, came and found him the Destroyer of his only Son! Had it been possible for him to have pull'd Mountains on him, he readily would have done it, to have avoided the dreadful Interview: As for *Timotheus*, the strong Surprise to find his Son dead, and by *Amphialus*' Hand,

Hand, so seiz'd him, that he sunk under the violent Perturbation; and only crying *Amphialus!* Oh *Amphialus!* have I for this — and so expir'd. But no Language is forcible enough to express *Amphialus'* Grief upon this sad Occasion; even Imagination would but faintly represent it; therefore my Tongue, though never mov'd but in Complaining, cannot recount it justly; let it suffice to know my fatal Story. He threw away his Armour, (this very one that you have on, and which at first Sight I vainly flatter'd myself he had re-assum'd) and then, as if aham'd the Light should pierce him after the Mischiefs he had caus'd, he flew into the thickest of the Woods, bemoaning himself with such direful Laments and piercing Shrieks, that my Servant which follow'd him, though not bred in Tendernefs, could not refrain Tears when he repeated it to me: Once he overtook him, but *Amphialus* turning upon him, drew his Sword, which (to what Purpose Heaven only knows) he had alone reserv'd, and vow'd he would destroy him if he attempted to observe his Actions; and bid him tell me at his Return, that he but too well knew I was the Cause of all his Misery; and that if I were a Man, he would search through the World to satiate his Revenge; but as it was, he bid me be assur'd, that of all earthly Creatures I was his worst Aversion. And now, says she, my Lord, you have heard my direful Story, and I fear your Ears are weary of the terrible Narration; now judge my Cause, if you are sensible of Love's almighty Power; compell'd by him, I leave my Friends and Country, and hazard my Interest in my People, venturing whatever Dangers, Perils and Dishonours I may encounter, to follow him whose very Soul abhors me: The only Favour I desire, is to lay my Life a Sacrifice at his Feet, if that may make the least Attonement. And now, says she, I have answer'd your Request, I beg you'll give yourself the Pains to conduct me to the next Town, that I may there recruit that Part of my Retinue your Valour has destroy'd. *Palladius* was very willing to accept the Honour of being her Guard; but e'er they could get forward many Paces, *Clitiphon* came up to them, who had understood by one of the Servants he had pursued, whom he belong'd to; and the Reason of the Violence they offer'd, was to take *Amphialus*, for whom they mistook *Palladius*, in pursuance to their Lady's Orders; for she conceal'd neither her Grievs, nor the Occasion of them, from any one's Knowledge.

Clitiphon being concern'd for the late Accident, and the Slaughter they had made, came back to apologize for it to the Queen, and help as much as he was able those that were hurt and wounded; when on a sudden, came rushing in among them, a Man all arm'd, with his Beaver down, and looking eagerly round the Company; as soon as he espy'd *Palladius*, without giving him the least Notice, he drew his Sword, and with Violence flew at him; but *Palladius* being sorry for the Mischiefs that had already happen'd, endeavour'd to retire and ward himself

himself from the coming Blow, thinking it might be some one belonging to the fair Queen, whose unhappy Case he greatly pity'd. *Clitiphon* immediately stept between them, and demanded of the Stranger Knight the Purpose of his Quarrel; who answer'd sturdily, That he would kill that Thief who had stolen his Master's Armour: Upon this, *Palladius* looking up, saw that the Fellow had got his own Armour on; why truly Friend, says he, if I did steal this, you came not more honestly by that; but however, I will not fight with you upon such a Quarrel, you shall take the Armour if you have any Right to it, I only put it on to do Honour to the Owner: But *Clitiphon* straight knew the Stranger by his Speech and Gesture to be *Ismenus*, *Amphialus*' Page; and discovering himself to him, told him he had done Wrong, for that the other was a Knight who deserv'd a better Treatment. Upon this Information the young Gentleman pull'd off his Head-piece, and lighting, went to kiss *Palladius*' Hand, begging him to forgive his Folly, since it proceeded from extream Grief, and it was common for that to produce Outrage. Most worthy Youth, reply'd *Palladius*, you shall only make me this Amends; return with this Armour to your Master, and tell him from me, who though unknown to him, admire his Prowess, that he cannot more eclipse his Glory, than by using ill so excellent a Princess as is this Queen. *Ismenus* promis'd he would do the Message as soon as ever he durst approach his Master; and then went to pay his Duty to the Queen, whom Grief had made in all Encounters hardy; but when she saw *Ismenus*, casting her Eyes upon the Picture, Look here, says she, *Ismenus*, here is the Representation of my Lord and yours; but where is he? Are you come from him to bring a welcome Sentence of my Death? If so, deliver it, I am eager to lay down this Load of Life, and would do more if possible to obey him. Alas! Madam, reply'd *Ismenus*, with watry Eyes, I know not where he is; for soon as the dreadful Combat was concluded between him and *Philoxenus*, and that *Timotheus*' Death had made it a finish'd Slaughter, he threw his Armour off and went away, forbidding me, on pain of Death, to follow him; yet several Days I mark'd his Steps, and at last found him, having just met with a fine Spaniel belonging to the slain *Philoxenus*. The Dog straight fawn'd upon him; but surely never was any thing so moving, as to hear my Master condemn the harmless Creature for not destroying his Master's Murtherer; cursing his Birth, and wishing he had died e'er he deserv'd that Name: Having spied me, he rose in such a Fury I thought he would have kill'd me; but at that time only said, if I meant not quite to lose his Favour, I must ne'er attempt to come near him 'till he sent for me. I was oblig'd to submit to this hard Command, and left him attended only by his Dog, seeking out for the most solitary Retirements that any Country yields. Returning to the Place where I left his Armour, I found 'twas gone, and this left in the Room of it; and thinking great disdain that any Creature should have Possession of my Lord's Armour, I put the other on, de-

determining to recover it, and that was the Reason I set upon this worthy Knight. O! *Ismenus*, cry'd the Queen, a fitter Messenger thy Master could not have to finish his Story and my Fate: The Tragedy is compleat, I see my Ruin, and I know my End. When she had said this, with Showers of Tears and interrupting Sobs, she begg'd to be conducted to the next Town; where being come, *Palladius* left her to the Care of *Clitophon*, earnestly entreating that he might alone pursue his Friend; and changing Armour with *Ismenus*, who went to a Castle belonging to his Master, he continu'd his Search after *Daiphantus*:

And first he directed his Course to *Laconia*, searching among the *Helots* as well as *Spartans*; and there indeed he found his Fame flourishing, his glorious Actions engraven on Marble Monuments, and more deeply imprinted in Mens Memories; but the universal Lamenting he there heard for his Absence, convinc'd him he was not to be found in those Quarters: Therefore he went from thence to the *Elean* Province, to see whether at the *Olympian* Games, which were there celebrated, he might be so far bless'd as among the Numbers to find his Friend; but soon that Hope was baulk'd, and all that great Assembly and glorious Place seem'd to him a Desert wild, esteeming no one worth Society, since his *Daiphantus* did not grace their Sports. From thence he pass'd through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia* to the *Corinthians*, famous for their two Seas, hoping by the Streight of that *Isthmus*, it might be possible to hear of his Passage: But finding every Place less answerable to his eager Search than other, and recollecting it was some late conceiv'd Passion that caus'd his Absence, he return'd again; after two Months barren Travel, to make a fresh Search in *Arcadia*; and what more encourag'd his Hopes of being successful there, was the Notice he had taken of *Philocleas*' Picture, which greatly resembling the Lady he had once lov'd, he thought 'twas possible the Representation might rouse the sleeping Passion, though transferr'd to another Object. Having pass'd over the greatest Part of *Arcadia*, one Day as he was slowly riding by the Side of the delightful Mountain *Menalus*, his Horse (not troubled with his Master's Anxiousness) by tiring, taught him that prudent and necessary Stops forward a Journey; he therefore alighted, and unbridling his Horse, suffer'd him to refresh and cool his Mouth upon the verdant Pasture; and himself retired into a Neighbouring Thicket, to take the Sweets of soft Repose, with which a-while he thought to charm his Cares; and claiming the Protection of a shadowy Elm, whose spreading Branches could well secure him from the Sun's too powerful Heat, he laid him down: But scarce had closed his Eyes, e'er he heard a Rustling in the Thicket, and saw the Appearance of a Lady; this rous'd his Curiosity, and lifting himself gently upon his Elbow, he earnestly observ'd her; her Side was towards him, so that he could not perfectly see her Face, but by her Aire and Mein he guess'd she was of more than common Quality. Part

of her flowing Hair in graceful Quantities hung loosely down her Shoulders; some Locks were curl'd with Art, others neglected, yet both appear'd so beautiful, 'twas hard to say which most excell'd; the rest were drawn within a golden Coronet, set round with Pearls and Diamonds, the Top cross'd over with Wires of Gold, and stuck with divers colour'd Feathers; the Shape was not unlike a Helmet; and as she went, the Glittering of it seem'd to rival the Sun's Beams; upon her Body she wore an Azure-colour'd Sattin, cover'd with Pleats of Silver, and fasten'd tight to her Waste with precious Stones; the lower Part was full, and pleated round her Waste, but did not reach so low to hide the Beauties of her well-turn'd Ankle, which, with the little Foot, was adorn'd with a short Pair of Crimson Velvet Buskings, carelessly (as was the Fashion of those Times) left open in some Places to expose to View the Whiteness of the Skin; over this was placed a Pink and Silver Mantle, made in such a Manner, that coming under her Right Arm, it cover'd most of that Side, but had no Fastening on the other; but only upon the Top of the Shoulder, where the two Ends met, it was clos'd together with a very large Jewel; the Device whereof, as he after saw, was a *Hercules* set in Little, with a Distaff in his Hand, as once he had by *Omphale's* Command, with a Motto in *Greek* to this Purpose, *My Club transform'd*; on the same Side, upon her Thigh, she wore a Sword, which witness'd her to be an Amazon, or following that Profession, though her bright Eyes gave Proof to the Beholders that they commanded much surer Ruin. She pass'd by *Amphialus* without observing him; and he saw her enter into a close Arbour, incompass'd so about with spreading Vines, that it was inaccessible to the most piercing Eye; she open'd a little Door, which tempted him, softly as possible, to follow her; and listening, he soon heard her begin to sing, with a Voice, which no less charm'd his Ear, than her Person had before his other Senses. The Import of the Song gave him some Suspicion, but the Voice almost Assurance who was the Performer; and therefore, thrusting open the Door, he boldly enter'd, and found it was indeed *Pyrocles* thus disguis'd: The Joy of finding him was overballanc'd by the Manner; and he look'd at him with as amazed a Countenance, as *Apollo* is represented by a skilful Painter, when he saw *Daphne* transform'd into a Lawrel; he stood astonish'd, not able to get out a Word; so that *Pyrocles*, whom Shame had as much possess'd, as Sorrow had the other, rose and went to him; and fain would he have form'd some reasonable Excuse, but conscious Shame and Blushes interfer'd and stop'd his Speech: But by this Time *Musidorus* had a little recollected his scatter'd Spirits, and looking at him with a dejected Countenance; And is it possible cry'd he? Is this the fam'd *Pyrocles*? By Nature and by Education fram'd the most aptly for the true Exercise of Virtue of any Prince the World can boast, or is it indeed some Amazon that hath counterfeited the outward Likeness of my Friend? For sure I should have thought it much easier for any Face to assume another's

another's Likeness, than for a Mind so truly excellent, as yours once was, to receive so great a Blemish: O! my most dear *Pyrocles*, be separated, if possible, a little from yourself, and let your Mind impartially observe your own Proceedings, then will my Words be needless, and you prove your own Instructor; be Judge impartially how fit it will be for you, thus in your Bloom of Youth, born to a Kingdom, your People's Hope, and the only Support of your aged Parent, now near your Native Country, which hourly laments your Absence, thus to divert your Thoughts from Vertue's Paths, and not only waste, but misemploy your Time; and which is worst of all, ballance the many gallant Actions you already have perform'd, and which have fill'd the World with Admiration. So the imprudent Master of a Vessel, when near the wish'd-for Port, trusts to the Management of an unskilful Pilot, and is lost in Sight of the desir'd Haven. Remember, for I am certain the Reflection is not new to you, that the reasonable Part of our Soul ought to have absolute Command; against which, if any sensual Weaknesses rebel, we are in Honour oblig'd to summon all our Resolution to conquer them; and how can we want Courage to resist that, which in itself is so poor an Adversary, that it proceeds from the utmost Weakness? The Dictates of right Reason require it, and we must obey; to say we can't, is a Child's Excuse; and that we wont, fit only for a Woman: And do but reflect, how every way in taking this unmanly Garb upon you, you risque the Ruin of your Mind; for without you let your Behaviour answer your Appearance, 'tis wholly vain; and you can never imitate that Behaviour, without your Mind is answerable to it; so that you must resolve (if at least you would appear what you affect) to let your Heart receive whatever Follies and Imperfections that unreasonable Sex is prone to: Do not deceive yourself, my dearest Cousin, no Man was ever initiated on a sudden in Good or Evil, but reaches by Degrees to the Summit of the one or other; either as he supports himself up the rugged Paths of Virtue, or suffers himself to tread the slippery Ways of Vice. And let us now consider what mighty Power is the Author of this Transformation, nothing but Love; which, blinded with its false Rays, you term Almighty; but in its self 'tis nothing but a Passion, and the most sordid and unprofitable one the Soul's possess'd of: Fear employs the Wit; Anger is the very Nurse of Courage; Joy opens and dilates the Heart; and though Sorrow closes it, yet it draws it inwards, and inclines it to correct and purge its self. So all the rest of them, by Reason's Guidance, may be directed to some Advantage; but the Bastard Passion Love, (for it deserves no better Title) as 'tis engender'd betwixt Lust and Idleness, so its inseparable Companions are Unquietudes, empty Longings, fond Comforts, Hopes, Jealousies and Fears, ungrounded Rages, and as mean Submissions; and the highest End that it aspires to, is a fancied Pleasure, introduced with real Pain, and follow'd with severe Repentance. The endless Evils it runs the Possessor into, would be fit Reflections

lections for the Subject I am upon; but would be an unnecessary Caution to you, in whom I must allow there is so thorough a Disposition to Virtue, as is able to baffle all its Wiles; yet thus much of its ruinous Effects is to be seen even in you, that besides the Breach of all hospitable Laws with the generous *Kalander*, and avow'd Friendship with me, it subverts the very Course of Nature, making Reason submit to Passion, and Man to Woman; and from that 'tis likely it first took the Name of Love: For this I must allow, that true Love hath that Excellency in its Nature, that it transforms the very Essence of the Lover into the Thing belov'd, and perfectly incorporates and unites their Being. And herein it imitates a more commendable Sort; for as the Love of Heaven makes us grow heavenly; the Love of Virtue, virtuous; so the Love of the World inclines us to be covetous and worldly; and the effeminate Love of Woman does so soften and unman the Heart, that if 'tis yielded to, it makes us not only degenerate into an Amazon, but a Knitter, a Distaff-Spinner, or whatsoever trifling or mean Employment their empty Brains invent, or their weak Hands perform. Therefore, my dear *Pyrocles*, to trouble you no longer with my tedious, but most affectionate Advice; if you have not quite buried in Oblivion the Thoughts of what you are, what you have been, and what of Necessity you must be; if you consider what causes this Effect, and what kind of Creature 'tis moves you to it; you will find the Cause so trivial, and the Effect so dangerous, and so unworthy of you, to run into the one, or be driven by the other, that I don't doubt but I shall quickly have rather an Opportunity to commend your Resolution, for having conquer'd this ungovernable Evil, than to advise you how to do it.

If *Pyrocles* was at the first Sight of *Musidorus* struck with Fear and Shame, he was now no less fill'd with Anger; but the extream Love he had ever held for him, struggling with it, he at last conquer'd it, enough to make him this Reply, in some Degree to satisfy him, but more to vent the Fullness of his own Heart: You complement me, *Musidorus*, says he, with many Perfections, which I fear I have no Title to; but whatever good Qualities Nature has bestow'd upon me, or how much soever they have been improv'd by Education, it has not, I confess, brought me to that Pitch of Wisdom as to despise that Sex which gave me Life; since, if I am possess'd of ought that is desirable, 'tis to them I owe it; 'twas by a Woman I came into the World, and by their tender Care was provided for 'till I was able to help myself; and it seems strange to me to see Mankind so far degenerate from those godlike Attributes, which they at least pretend a Right to, as not to be content with making them (contrary to the Ordinance of Nature) Slaves to their Tyrannous Ambition, but like Children or Fools in Power, think they can ne'er enough exert their Authority, unless they load with Injuries the patient

ent Sufferers; whereas, indeed, the Female Kind are as capable of Government as we, and certainly have Minds as much form'd for the Exercise of Virtue, of which this State of *Amazons* (that I have the Honour to represent) is a sure Proof; for if the Sweetness of their Disposition, and the Depths of their Penetration, did not convince them, that those Actions which we inconsiderately esteem glorious are vain and fruitless; 'tis plain they neither want Courage nor Power to perform them: And sure, I think, we Men, that set so high a Value on ourselves, ought to consider from whence we proceed; and if we are these glorious Creatures we pretend, they that produc'd us must necessarily have some Excellence: A Kite ne'er yet brought forth a soaring Hawk. But I fear the Poorness of my Oratory will rather injure than exalt the Cause I would defend; and besides, the Merits of that Sex are so conspicuous, they speak themselves, and need not my weak Defence. Let this suffice, they sure are capable of Virtue, and that Idol you yourself allow is worthy Adoration where-e'er 'tis found; but this I must confess, I had rather meet it in a fair Habitation, than in a loathsome lazer House. As to the Incivility which I shew'd to *Kalander*; if you could but feel what a disturb'd and froward Guest I nurse within my Bosom, you certainly would think I stood excuseable for rather playing the Part of a receiving Host, than considering the Ceremonies of an entertain'd Guest. As to the heavy Charge you lay against me, of Breach of that avow'd Friendship I have ever had for you, and which I'd sooner die than be effectually guilty of; I certainly should submit to beg your Pardon for it, but that the Usage you have now given me, finds me Reason to confirm my late Behaviour. Here he stopt a little to recover himself, he being transported with almost an unbecoming Warmth against *Musidorus*, for those bitter Invectives he had used against Womankind; but quieting his Countenance, as well as the Disturbance of his Mind would admit of, he proceeded: And, I think, continued he, my dearest Cousin, that Love may reasonably charge you with Injustice; since you are not content to dethrone it from that high Station in the Mind, which most of our great and discerning Men have assign'd it, but you degrade it below all other Passions, which undoubtedly is an illegal Charge; for whatever Disgrace it justly can receive, is from the Company of those Passions which you rashly prefer before it. As to those kind of biting Objections, as that Lust, Idleness, and a weak Heart engenders it, they glance more at me than Love; and I stand convinc'd, from your Words, that I am a Mass of Imperfections, and therefore will not attempt to vindicate myself: But this much give me leave to say, that in the Charge you contradict your own Arguments; for if I really am so weak as you insinuate, you could not reasonably hope to move me (as you attempted) with the Remembrance that I once was virtuous; or if I have any Share of those Vertues and Perfections, which in some Parts of your Speech you complement me with, then must you own that

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Love and Virtue is not wholly inconsistent; and certainly it is not: Whether I deserve the Character or no, if Virtue is to be admir'd, it must be in a deserving Mind, unless by it you mean no more than the bare Word. Those troublesome Effects, you say, it breeds, is not the Faults of Love, but of him that loves: Like a Vessel that is close stopt, when the Liquor grows spirituous it bursts: Weak Eyes are not able to behold the Sun, but that would be an absurd Reason why we never should admire its Beauties; even that heavenly Love which you approve, is attended oftentimes with Hopes and Fears, Grievs, Longings and Despair. Love is composed of two Parts; the one, the Love itself; the other, the Excellency of the Thing loved; and I being too weak at first to compass both, have, like a skilful Artist, made ready the chief Instrument and first Part of that great Work, which is Love itself; and when I have that perfectly in my Power, 'tis possible I may direct it to the most worthy Objects: And this favourable Turn I think your Friendship may allow me. And don't imagine, my dear *Musidorus*, that because I wear the Appearance of a Woman, that I will be at all the more effeminate; for be assur'd, that notwithstanding this Disguise, there is nothing I have more at Heart in this Enterprize, than to fully prove myself of that Kind which you esteem the noblest. Much I could urge in Favour of myself, and more in the Defence of that Passion which inspires me; innumerable Arguments might also be maintain'd for that divine Creature which first made me Love's Advocate: But Disputation is fitter for the Amusement of undisturb'd Schoolmen, than my distracted and flutter'd Brain; which is endeavouring to gratify with Actions that noble Desire which possesseth me, rather than by Words to prove it laudable. How sharp and poignant is your Wit, cry'd *Musidorus*, in your own Destruction? Rather, reply'd *Pyrocles*, how much does That, which you wrongly term Destruction, enliven and inspire my Wit? I grant it, return'd *Musidorus*, just so far as any mean and base Occupation makes a Man sharp in that Practice, but spoils him for well-performing any other Thing. Pardon me, answer'd *Pyrocles*; 'tis rather like any excellent Art once thoroughly understood, it serves as a Measure for every other Knowledge. How, cry'd *Musidorus*, can that be a Measure for other Things, that never would admit any in it self? It is believ'd to be without Measure, reply'd *Pyrocles*, because the Effects of it are so; but in its own Nature it certainly has a stated View. If its first Rise, reply'd *Musidorus*, scornfully, be so excellent, as you would insinuate, I would gladly be inform'd what is the End? Enjoyment, answer'd *Pyrocles*, with a deep Sigh. O! says *Musidorus*, hastily, now your own Words prove the Baseness of it; since you allow it to end there, where it ought only to begin. You perfectly mistake my Meaning, answer'd *Pyrocles*, I speak of the End to which it is directed; the Pleasure is not bounded but with Life. Oh my *Pyrocles*! cry'd *Musidorus*, rouse up your Resolution, and root out this Monster before it grow too powerful

erful for you. That would be a vain Attempt, reply'd *Pyrocles*, since it is so incorporated within my Heart, that my vital Blood must follow the Removal.

Musidorus was so exceedingly touch'd to see his Friend so obstinately bent (as he thought) to his own Destruction, that it put him into a violent Agitation; and with an eager Warmth, which was very unusual with him, Well, cry'd he, *Pyrocles*, I find 'tis vain to argue with you; you are I see resolv'd to abuse your Judgment, or else I am sure you'd think it a very superficial Virtue that center'd in a Complexion; if you would be sincere and own the Cause of your Inchantment, I know 'tis Beauty; a Thing, which though you possess in as great Perfection as is possible, yet I am certain, in yourself, you esteem it no more than a fading Benefit Nature has bestow'd on you, without real Value; and yet so wildly do you determine, and so inconsistent are you with true Reason, that what you wisely esteem a Trifle in yourself, you foolishly submit to be a Slave to in another: For my Part, I have left no Arguments unessay'd, which my Judgment could maintain, or my unbounded Tenderness for you furnish me with; once more, let me conjure you by the tender Love we bear each other, if your new received Passion will suffer you to have any left for me; by the Duty you owe your tender Parent, if the Forgetfulness of yourself will suffer you to remember him; and lastly, in pity to yourself, who are now upon the very Brink of Ruin; to try at least to shake of this poisonous Infection, that has seiz'd your Blood, and dispossest your Soul of every manlike Virtue. If you are obstinately bent to hug the fatal Mischief, we two must part, I cannot bear to be a Witness of the Ruin that is falling on you; and besides, where Virtue is abolish'd, Friendship can ne'er subsist. *Pyrocles* had been very impatient all the Time of this long Harangue; but when it came to the Determination, and he found he was to lose his Friend, whom more than Life he valued, it pierc'd his very Soul; and looking at him, with Eyes that spoke the Anguish he indur'd, Alas, cry'd he, Prince *Musidorus*, how cruelly, and how inhumanely you deal with me! If you contend for a Superiority in Virtue, I own your happy Power, and submit to stand your Triumph: I will allow you all the Reason, and own myself the very Mark of Imperfections; yet so deeply are they imprinted in my Nature, that even your Example can't be of Power sufficient to remove them, no more than the Crow can be perswaded by the white-plum'd Swan, to alter his sable Feathers to her more desireable Likeness: What would you think, my *Musidorus*, of that Physician, that visiting his Patient in a malignant Fever, should, instead of prescribing healing Medicines, chide him for keeping the Distemper; and peremptorily order him to be sick no more, without applying the least Remedy to remove the Malady; would not you account him barbarous and inhuman? Or suppose one Friend visiting another, condemn'd to perpetual Bondage,

Bondage, and loaden with grievous Chains, should insist upon his throwing them off, or else threaten to abandon him; would not the poor Wretch have Reason to account him an insulting Tyrant, rather than a Friend? This is the Parallel of my unhappy Case; I am sick past Hope; a Prisoner without the least Possibility of Freedom, but from her to whom I am a Slave: Consider these melancholy Circumstances; and if Humanity will suffer it, leave him in this Distress who loves you more than Life; but let this Truth rest in your Memory, that you desert your Friend in his greatest Exigency.

He was not able to utter more, but quite oppress'd with the killing Grief his Friend's Unkindness had work'd up in him, he sunk speechless on the Ground. *Musidorus* was so moved with Tenderness, when he saw him so deeply affected, that running to him, and kneeling, he took him in his Arms, and a thousand times kissing his weeping Eyes, begg'd of him to forget what he had said, or at least forgive it; since how harsh so'er his Words appear'd, they proceeded from the sincerest Friendship that any Heart was e'er possess'd of; that he could never have believ'd it possible the Impressions of Fancy could have taken so deep Root; but since he had found so fatal a Proof of it, he never more would attempt to dispute its Power, but employ all his Art to help and gratify it. This Return of Kindness made his former Harshness more affect *Pyrocles*, so that he had not the Power to answer; but look'd at him with such a speaking Countenance, as more affected *Musidorus*, than the most cutting Words. He catch'd the infectious Grief; and both of them stood for a considerable Time silent, with their Eyes fix'd upon each other, in such a moving Manner, as plainly shew'd that the Agonies of Resentment are never so deeply felt, as by those who truly love. They continued for some Time in this Posture; at length, *Musidorus* strenuously embracing *Pyrocles*; And will you, cry'd he, my dearest Friend; and can you be so cruel thus to fling me from you? No, answer'd *Pyrocles*, 'tis you that abandon me, as being too imperfect for your Regards. You now give the greatest Proof of it, reply'd *Musidorus*, in refusing to receive your Friend when he submits; but, continued he, smiling, since you own yourself so imperfect, 'tis but reasonable you should submit to be govern'd by us wise and prudent People; you must then give me leave to take up the Authority of a Master, and to commence one, I shall impose three absolute Commands: The first is, That you do not add to the Measure of your Woes, with unnecessary Grievs: The second, That you continue to adore this Idol of your Heart with all the Fervency you are able: The last, That you command the utmost of my Power, without reserve, to help you in attaining the End (as you yourself term it) of your Desires. *Pyrocles*' Heart was not so wholly taken up with the two mighty Passions of Love and Grief, but that it submitted to some little Mirth at this unexpected Imposition of *Musidorus*; and a little clearing his Countenance, Well, said he,

he, my dear Cousin, I find by the Matter of your Commands, that you are much fitter for a Prince than a Privy-Counsellor, and therefore I shall from this Time study to obey you; but with this Condition, that you give me leave to alter the Nature of the Command I am order'd to lay upon you, and instead of what you propose, insist upon a Continuance of your Love; and that you will for the future, survey my Faults and Imperfections more with the Eyes of Pity and Affection, than true Judgment. To love you, reply'd *Musidorus*, is out of my Power to help; nor can my Heart be separated from that Affection, unless it burst by being too full of it: But I beg of you let's give over these Ceremonies of early Friendship, and satisfy my Curiosity with relating the Particulars of your Love, from the Beginning to this present Moment; and be assur'd that there is nothing so great or difficult, but I will undertake to further it; nor any thing so small or trifling, that I will disdain to be employ'd in: And in order to my being serviceable, give me then, I entreat you, a perfect Knowledge of the Affair, which often we miss, when any thing which generally is accounted trifling is omitted, as a Look, or Word; so the Congruity of a whole Sentence may be spoil'd by the want of one Particle; and between Friends the minutest Circumstance ought not to be conceal'd, since nothing belonging to each other can by them be esteem'd tedious or superfluous. I will obey you, return'd *Pyrocles*, and here we are conveniently situated for that Purpose; this Arbour being assign'd for my particular Use, I often retire into it to indulge my melancholly Hours; I have that Honour shewn me, that 'tis kept sacred to my Pleasure, none daring to approach it without my Leave: But if by Accident any one should see and question you, say that you are an Attendant belonging to the Queen of the *Amazons*, and come to treat with me upon a Matter of Importance; and leave the rest to me. And having seated themselves, he thus proceeded:

The first Beginning of the fatal Overthrow of my, 'till then, much valued Liberty, was, when walking with you among the Pictures in *Kalander's* Banqueting-House, you repeated to me the Story of the Divine *Philoclea*, who much resembled (though, I must own, far her Superior) the fair *Zelma*, whom once I lov'd with Tenderness; gazing on her, my Eyes caught the Infection, and from your Words did I greedily suck in the destructive Poison: Yet, Oh! so sweet it seem'd to me, I could not withstand intreating *Kalander* to give us a more particular Account of that fair unhappy Creature's Fate. The more he inform'd my Curiosity, the more I pity'd her; and my Heart once made tender with that introducing Passion, it was soon susceptible of another; which no Language can define, because no Words can e'er reach to describe its Power; they only understand it, that feel the Effects of it: Though I was fully possess'd of it, I was not at first sensible of my Disease, thinking that the Desire I had to see that beau-

teous Creature, only proceeded from my Curiosity to see something wonderful; and that the Pity I had for her, was only the Effects of a general Softness in my Nature: But when I came to argue with myself, I found my Thoughts went farther, and I soon grew suspicious that I had other Views. I could not rest for the Desire I had to see the Outside of the Place happy in her Possession, as if the Architecture of the Lodge could have afforded me Relief; but more eager were my Wishes to be gratified with a Sight of her angelick Self, that I might judge how well the Artist had perform'd that took her Likeness. I fain would have thought That the only Motive; but when I found myself grow full of uncertain Wishes, impatient Longings, and that my Thoughts, let them begin with what they would, still center'd in *Philoclea*; when each Thing I saw serv'd but to remind me of some Part or other of my Passion; when even the Beauty of the fair *Parthenia* only heightned my Imagination of *Philoclea*; and that every Sound I heard ecchoed her Name; then indeed I yielded to Love's fatal Power, being assur'd I was made a Captive before I had Leisure to arm myself for the Assault, and that I might by struggling more hurt myself than further my Escape: As the fierce Spaniel confin'd in Chains, by knawing them, may sooner spoil his Teeth than procure Liberty. Yet I call to witness the eternal Source of Virtue, that there was not any Thing that I had either read, heard, or seen, nor what Philosophy my tender Years had suffer'd me to be Master of, nor any inward Resolution I was possess'd of, but that for some Time I summoned to my Aid; but, Oh! what weak Resistance could all these make, when my very Reason made Head against its Master, and assur'd me that all Eyes degenerated from the Purposes of their Creation, that did not pay their Adoration to so much Excellence: Nothing, in my Opinion, could support the least Argument justly against it, but the sacred Friendship I bore for you; but though the Struggle of leaving you was vastly insupportable, yet the Thought of acquainting you with my Purposes was still more so, being but too well convinc'd, that to a Heart resolv'd, even Advice is redious, but Reproach intollerable; and that nothing could be more afflicting to a self-convicted Mind, than the nice Observation of a Friend's Eye. This Reflection it was that determin'd me to follow this secret Method, believing it more pardonable in Friendship, to act against your Knowledge than your fix'd Will: What confirm'd this Resolution, was the Conversation I had with you the last time of our Interview; for when I but begun to hint at my fatal Passion, I observ'd both your Voice and Countenance so alter'd, that I was quite assur'd if I had fully own'd it, I should have unavoidably enhanc'd your Grief, and consequently augmented my own Misery; for which Reason I was determin'd to steal away, and prevent the severe Reproaches of my *Mysidorus*; and having wrote a Note, which I know not whether you ever found, and taking the most valuable of my Jewels, when you were all eagerly pursuing of your Game, unobserv'd,

as

as I believe, of any, I took a By-path, not being anxious which Way it led, so it would but convey me from your much-dreaded Presence. At length I reach'd *Ithonia*, in the Province of *Messenia*, where waiting some Time *incognito* for fear of a Pursuit, I put in Practice what I had before projected. For having found both by *Kalander's* Account, and *Philanax's* Letter, that *Basilus* was obstinately determin'd not to marry either of his Daughters, I was apprehensive that a publick Application would rather increase my *Philoclea's* hard Confinement, than forward my presumptuous Passion: Love, that Refiner of Invention, put it into my Thoughts thus to disguise myself, thinking that the most likely Means to get Access to my Life's Happiness; and having done that, wait patiently for what Time and Fortune would produce: Therefore as secretly as possible I order'd this Garment to be made, and bringing it near the King's Lodges, which are just by this Place, by Night, I dress'd myself, waiting 'till an Opportunity might offer of my being accidentally observ'd, which happen'd soon as my Wishes; for the very Morning after, being weary of conjecturing how to effect and compass my Designs, to amuse the heavy Hours, I began to sing, which you know is a Diversion I much delighted in, but now especially; whether this Clime inspires poetical Performances I know not, but I am apt to think 'tis more owing to Love, whose every Aim tending to Pleasure, it disdains to utter even its Grief, but in some Form that inclines that way.

But I had scarce rais'd my Voice, (when angry, as I imagine, at the Indifference of my Performance) comes hastily out *Dametas*, with a hedging Bill in his Hand, swearing in a great Pet by the Pantable of *Pallas*, and what other rustick Oaths his Rudeness could invent: When he came in Sight of me, my Person pleas'd no better than my Harmony; for leaning his rough Hands upon his Bill, and his rougher Chin upon them, with the exalted Voice of one that represents a *Hercules* in a Company of Strolers, he cry'd out to me aloud, Am not I *Dametas*? Why, am not I *Dametas*? The Repetition of his Name was not necessary to make me know the Wretch; for *Kalander's* Description was so just, that I guess'd it to be him the first Moment he approach'd; and therefore greatly disdaining to condescend to answer him, I pursued my Song, which he (perhaps something conscious how little Respect he merited, and therefore more apt to think himself affronted) heinously resent'd; and standing a Tiptoe, and staring with his Eyes as if he was half strangled, Why, cry'd he, thou silly Woman, or Boy, or both, or whatsoe'er thou be'st, know this is no Place to harbour such as thee, therefore be gone, thy Presence will displease the Prince; nay, it does now displease *Dametas*. Full as I was of painful Melancholly, I could not forbear smiling at the Clown's Manner of expressing himself, and the Consequence he seem'd to think he was of: But in a Moment I reprov'd myself for the unseasonable Pleasure;

ture; O! how, cry'd I, is it possible my overburthen'd Spirit should admit a Moment's Mirth? And how dares a Thought of Gaiety enter into a Mind possess'd of Agonies, and grown its mortal Foe? Spirit, answer'd the Clown, dost take me for a Spirit? I tell the once more I am *Dametas*, *Basilus'* Officer, and have the Care of him and his Daughters. Oh! return'd I, sighing, thou inestimable Pearl, that so vile an Oyster should inclose thy Brightness. By the Comb-case of *Diana*, cry'd *Dametas*, in a great Passion, the Woman is certainly mad; what dost tell me of Oysters and Pearls, I don't want to buy Oysters; therefore, I say, once more be gone: With that he lift up his Bill, endeavouring to hit me with the blunt End of it, which had like to have put me quite out of my Lesson, and made me forget I was to represent a Lady; for drawing my Sword in a Fury, I was going to put an End to his ill-manner'd Bawling, but that the Meanness of the Villain made me stay my Hand; and he, who, as *Kalander* had before told me, had from his Childhood a fix'd Antipathy to a naked Sword, ran back, retreating with his Hands over his Head at least twenty Paces, gaping and staring with the very Look of the Clowns that by *Latona's* Prayers were metamorphoz'd into Frogs. At length, finding himself got beyond the Compass of my Blows, he fell afresh to railing in the most rude and savage Terms his barbarous Nature could invent; but seeing me walk up and down, without observing or caring what he said, he decently walked off, as I after found, to complain of me to *Basilus*; for in a few Minutes he came himself unto me, bearing the Appearance of an honest and deserving Mind; and saluting me with as much Civility and good Manners, as *Dametas* had before with Rudeness. I am not surpriz'd, said he, fair Creature, that this solitary Place should be found out by you to retire in, whose Looks bespeak a solitary Mind; but it much astonishes me, that so uncommon a Beauty as you possess, should be suffer'd to be a Moment thus alone. It was now Time for me to play my Part; therefore looking at him with a grave majestick Aire, as if I would command Respect; They never are alone, reply'd I, that are possess'd of virtuous Thoughts. But those invisible Companions, return'd *Basilus*, will neither protect you from Suspicion in others, nor defend you from the black Attacks of corroding Melancholly in yourself. I desire no other Vindication, reply'd I, (with a serious Look, as if I had been displeased he press'd upon my Privacy) than the Witness of my own Conscience; nor no better Conversation than my own Reflections. Yet Virtue should endeavour to satisfy others, answer'd *Basilus*. The Good, said I, will ne'er suspect, where there is no Appearance of a Crime; and for the rest, they are not worth convincing. But give me leave, reply'd *Basilus*, to tell you, fair Lady, that in our Country the most worthy would be apt to suspect so fine a Creature as you, in such a Place, without the least Protection. Suppose I were possess'd of that Share of Beauty, answer'd I, that you are pleas'd to complement me with; can Beauty have

have a better Guard than Virtue? As for the Suspitions, which you say I shall raise in the People of your Country, they will not give me much Uneasiness; for I perfectly believe that no one e'er suspects another without just Reason, but what is conscious of an inward Guilt; and in our Country, (the Manners of which Place I would maintain and justify where-e'er I go) the general Goodness which is ingrafted in our Hearts, makes every one conclude there is the same Strength of Virtue in another, which they are conscious is grounded in themselves. Most admir'd Lady, reply'd he, with a Look of Pleasure, the Praises you bestow, with so becoming and assur'd a Grace, upon your Nation, make me exceedingly impatient to know what Region boasts the Produce of so excellent a Creature. That you may easily be satisfied in, reply'd I, provided you will first merit it. O! Teach me quickly, answer'd he, by what Means I may deserve so great a Favour. Only, said I, by first gratifying my Curiosity in informing me who you are. You command Obedience in every Thing, reply'd he, Madam, and therefore I will begin; or else I should insist upon your speaking first, as being your Place in every Thing to be prefer'd: Know then, most divine Creature, my Name is *Basilus*, unworthy Governour of this Realm: I don't dispute but Fame has already brought my Story to your Knowledge; but if it has not, 'tis but to make this Place happy with your Presence, and I myself will have the Honour of relating it to you. Though I before more than guess'd who he was, yet I appear'd exceedingly surpriz'd when he inform'd me; and making my Obeisance to him, Most mighty Prince, said I, my want of knowing you may excuse the Liberty I've taken; and if I now am short in the Respect is due to you, impute it to the Manner of my Country, which is the most invincible Land of the *Amazons*: Myself, Niece to *Senicia*, the lawful Queen of that famous Place, who claims that Title by a Lineal Descent from the fam'd *Penthesilea*, who lost her Being by the cruel bloody Hand of the insatiate *Pyrrhus*: The Reason of my being here, was a Resolution I have taken in the Heat and Vigour of my Youth, to proclaim throughout the World the Excellency and Valour of the *Amazonian* State; and for that Purpose, have encounter'd and happily overcome many dangerous Enterprizes in divers Countries; 'till at length the inexorable Seas shipwreck'd our Vessel, and cast me (depriv'd of my Retinue) a-shore not far from this Place, whether uncertain Wandering has brought me. *Basilus*, who already began to taste of what (as I shall hereafter inform you) he has since so eagerly devour'd, began to intreat my Stay, with as much Oratory as the most artful Counsellor would use to work his Prince to his Desires. This was a Piece of Luck beyond my most sanguine Hopes; but so much of the Woman's Cunning I had put on, with the Appearance, that I refus'd what more than Life I wish'd, and in a civil Manner withstood the Overture; but he, impatient to facilitate my Stay, whisper'd *Dametas* to fetch his Wife and Daughters, hoping they would

prevail upon me. The Clown immediately return'd with the Ladies. The Queen was habited in a Matron Dress, but her Looks spoke her in the Prime of Life; her Mien and Aire were full of Majesty; and had not her Daughters Prefence something eclips'd her Beauty, she greatly would have rais'd my Admiration; but as it was, the most impartial Eye could only think her worthy to bear the Name of Parent to such Children. The fair *Pamela*, whose great Soul highly disdains to have her Virtue guarded by such rude Hands, yet as a Mark of her Obedience to the King's Commands, graces a Shepherdess's Dress: The Habit she then was in, was made of russet Cloath; the Body fitted straight to her Shape; the Breast a little open, which expos'd to View the Beauties of her alabaster Neck; the lower Part was full and pleated, and the Sleeves long and wide. Plain as that Habit would have appear'd on any other Form, yet hers enrich'd it, and made it seem most glorious; her Hair hung down her Shoulders at the full length, which was loosely breaded with a Silver Ribon, and shew'd by the Comparison it much excell'd in Brightness; upon her snowy Breast was hung a sparkling Brilliant, but only set in Horn, a Motto transcrib'd round it with these Words, *Yet still myself*. I have been thus particular in describing these two Ladies, that you might not tax my Eyes with so much Partiality as to escape observing them: But, Oh! what Words will be sufficient to describe the Goddess of my Heart; the Ornament of Earth, and Mark of Heaven; the Boast of Nature; the Essence and Perfection of all Beauty, the youthful *Philo-clea*: She was attir'd like a Nymph; her Hair (how poor and short that Word is to express the enchanting Beauties of it, for it appear'd more bright than the Sun's Beams) was drawn up in a Net, sufficient to have caught even *Jupiter*; her Body (the only Model of all Beauty) was cover'd with a light Taffate Garment, but left so open, that the snowy Linnen appear'd in many Places, and so set off the Whiteness of the Skin, as would have tempted even your restrain'd Imagination to wander past its Bounds; her Eyes were black, which surely Nature order'd in pity to Mankind, to shade a little the Brightness of them, or otherwise the Rays they darted would strike the Gazers blind; the Lillies as she passed grew pale with Envy; and the Roses faded and droop'd their Heads to see themselves out-rivall'd by the Blushes of her Cheeks; the Apples dropp'd before her, as if they meant to pay their Homage to those two perfect ones which adorn'd her beauteous Neck; the very Clouds dispers'd to give the Heavens a freer Power of gazing on her: As for me, my every Sense was fix'd, and I stood quite Motionless; as you have seen a Statue done by a Master-Hand, have fully the Show of Life, but not the Power of Action. I certainly should have been rooted to the Place, but that *Genicia* stepping between my Sight and the only Object of it, made me a little recover my Extasy; so that with some Precipitation I receiv'd the Complements of her and the Princess *Pamela*, but with no further Ceremony than is usual for one Princess to pay another;

another; but when I came to the inimitable Fair, the Master-piece of Beauty, and to sum up all Perfections, the only *Philoclea*, I insensibly fell on my Knees before her, and reaching her Hand, I printed my Lips on it with such an eager Warmth, as had it been observ'd, would soon have spoke me something more than Woman; and looking at her with humble Adoration, Most heavenly Maid, said I, let not the World, nor these great Princesses, wonder to see me, contrary to the Manner I profess, pay this peculiar Homage to your Perfections; since all of either Sex that have their Eyes bless'd with beholding you, must pay it to such uncommon Beauty. But she, with Blushes more blooming than the first opening Morn in *May*, rais'd me up, and told me she was not much surpriz'd to find my Judgment so mistaken in her Face, since it had first been guilty of so great an Error, as to pay more Respect to her than those to whom she owed Obedience. I answer'd, with a respectful Bow, that that Error, if it was one, she ought rather to impute to the Power of her Beauty, than to a wrong Determination in my Judgment. You are so us'd, reply'd she, (with an easy enchanting Smile) to be entertain'd with your own Beauty, that I believe you insensibly fall into that Subject. I ne'er before, reply'd I, sighing, had the least Share of that Perfection to boast; and if I am possess'd of any now, my Eyes have caught it by Reflection from your bright Form.

I have heard, says she, and am now convinc'd, that 'tis an infinite Satisfaction to receive Commendations from them who are most worthy of it; and I find, continu'd she, you are determin'd to prove yourself the most Invincible of your Profession, since you can conquer even in a wrong Cause; but if you would prove my Beauty has the Power your Complaisance or Partiality would attribute to it, let it so far prevail upon you to honour our Abode a little with your Company, to ease the Labour and Fatigue of your own Travel, and mitigate the Melancholly of our Retirement. I'd sooner die, reply'd I, most excellent Fair, than oppose the least Command that beauteous Mouth can utter; and so with some few Complements from *Basilus* and the other Ladies, which have past my Memory, my Stay was concluded, and they led me between them to the Lodge. The Situation of it was perfectly form'd to flatter Melancholly, and sooth Retirement; it stood upon a rising Ground, but the Assent was so gradual, you could scarce perceive it 'till you had reach'd the Summit; at the Top it gave the Eye Command over a very large Circuit, which, according to the Nature of the Country, was divided between Hills and Vallies, Woods and Plains; one Part of it quite open to the View, another shaded with all kind of Trees; which made the Landskip appear completely beautiful: The Lodge is built of yellow Stone, in the Form of a Star, having round it a Garden planted, with Walks answerable to every Point; at the End of one of them is the other Lodge, much smaller,

smaller, but the Architect the same, wherein inhabits the fair *Pamela*; which proves a narrow Compass may confine Perfection.

The Queen herself brought me to an Apartment assign'd for me, and which was the most commodious the Lodge afforded. After I had view'd it, and sat a little revolving on this unexpected Turn of Fortune, I was sent for down to sup with them in the Garden; a Place so elegantly form'd, 'tis hard to say whether Art or Nature has most excell'd in the Composure. In the Midst stands a fine Banqueting-House, where the Collation was set, compass'd with stately Trees, whose lofty Heads were curl'd around with the amorous Twinnings of the fruitful Vine; the Table was spread near a curious Water-work, which by the Casting of it in a surprizing Manner, with the shining of the Sun upon it, represents a perfect Rainbow, and appears as natural as the heavenly *Iris*; there were several Birds of different Kinds engraven round it, and the Water-works so artificially convey'd into their Throats, that eccho'd the different Notes of every Bird, that both the Ear and Eye might well have been deceiv'd and taken them for natural Performances; the Table where we were placed was round, and fasten'd to that Part of the Floor whereon it stood, which was divided from the rest of the Building; and the Water was so disposed under it, that by pulling out a little Plug, which *Basilus* did to divert me, the Table and all of us whirl'd round like a Mill: I was very well-pleased with the Trick; for though my *Philoclea* seem'd to move from me, yet still she kept an equal Distance, and my Eyes could every Moment overtake her. But when the Table rested, and we began to eat, how much more eagerly did I devour her Charms than any other Nourishment; and so much was my every Sense wrapt up in her, that as I drank the Wine, and stole a Look of Passion at her, I fancied that I greedily suck'd in her Beauties. But, Oh! too plain I found that my Thirst of Love was more inflam'd, not quench'd, as I falsely imagined; sometimes my Eyes would almost stretch their Bounds to receive every pointed Dart her powerful ones could throw; but then again would close themselves up with Admiration, as if they would preserve the Riches of the Views they had already taken, and cast a Curtain over the Image of Perfection which her Glances had painted in them. My Reason, though grown a Slave to my Desires, would often remind its Master, that he ought with more Moderation to make use of his Delights; but he that from a Rebel had usurp'd his Master's Place, as is the Nature of false Power to tyrannize, would not allow his Counsels; so that finding my Senses grow too powerful for any Opposition, I loos'd the Reins to them, flattering myself, that as I bore the Appearance of a Woman, my Behaviour would pass unobserv'd, or at least unsuspected.

And

And now I thought I had play'd a Master-piece of Cunning; not in the least doubting, but under that Disguise, I should soon find an Opportunity to reveal myself to the Disposer of my Fate: But though it seems incredible, too true it is, that in almost eight Weeks Time, which I have spent here, I could never compass one Moment's private Conversation with her; and yet she has no Eyes upon her but her Parents, and I as watchful as e'er was *Argos*, and treated as a Woman with all the Freedom I could wish. But the Cause of my continual Disappointment is as strange, as the Effects are to me unhappy: For you must know, that the first Moment *Basilus* met my Eyes, (*Cupid*, I think, being determin'd to head his Arrows with my Misfortunes) they fir'd his Heart; and not in the least suspecting but that I was what I appear'd, he conceiv'd the most violent Affection for me; which is since grown to such a doting Love, that 'till I obtain'd this Place some Times to retire in, I was almost tired to Death with the Repetition of his nauseous Passion: You never saw fourscore Years play more lively the Part of a young Lover; now dress'd as fine, as if he thought my Affections would surrender to an embroider'd Coat; and then repeating his Complaint in Rhime, and answering in Couplets to the most Love-inspired Youth in his *Arcadia*. You may believe 'tis very irksome, thus to be pursued by his offending Love, when I would be pursuing my heavenly *Philoclea*: But were that all the Evil I had to suffer, I could dispense with it; for he, good Man, might easily be manag'd; but surely Love and Mischief have enter'd in a League to try which shall more powerfully oppress me, they having kindled so great a Flame towards me in *Gynecia*'s Heart, as I fear will ne'er be quench'd but with my Ruin. Whether, she being a Woman of a piercing Wit, sharp Observation, and high working Passions, hath found by my continual Assiduity and Marks of Passion to *Philoclea*, which I unwarily have shew'd, presumptuous of my Disguise, that I am not what I appear; or whether my evil Genius has maliciously reveal'd it to her, I know not; but this I am too sure of, that every Action, every Look, and every Word she utters, are Symbols of a most desperate Affection; which is a Proof, that Retirement, and avoiding what the World calls Temptation, does but make the Passions fly out more violent, if by Chance they meet with a fit Object to employ them on. Surely it seems the Master-piece of *Cupid*'s Mischief, to see my Eyes, languishing with fierce Desire, make *Philoclea* the only Object of their Sight, and *Basilus* as eagerly pursuing me; who, if I had the Will, have not the Power to relieve his ill-timed Love: Mean while, *Gynecia*'s sharp Wit and pointed Cunning disappoints us all; for so vigilant and watchful is she over me, and so jealous of her Daughter, that if at any Time I steal a Moment to speak to the Center of my Life's Joy, before I have scarce begun my Tale, her hated Presence puts a Period to it: And if presumptuous Hope does not greatly flatter me, I see

some Marks of a Regard for me; nay, and even of a growing Love towards me in the almighty *Philoclea*; and sure I ought to be well acquainted with the Symptoms of an unfeign'd Passion: So that if I could but find an Opportunity, I am more than half assured she would not be displeased with the Discovery. As for the good *Basilus*, he was earnest to have us lodg'd in the same Apartment, but that the eternal Malice of my evil Destiny mov'd *Gynecia*'s Jealousy to prevent that, and every other Blessing of my Life: But as generally the most dreaded Evil brings some Conveniency along with it; so since my ill Stars directed her to find out the Deceit, her Love prevents the discovering the Counterfeit to *Basilus*, which otherways she certainly would have done, and at one Blow dash'd all my coming Hopes. And thus, my *Musidorus*, I have myself rehears'd unto you the Prologue to my fatal Tragedy; pray Heaven the End prove not truly so. With that he stopp'd, and finish'd his Narration with a Heart-rending Sigh.

Musidorus had attentively recommended to his best Judgment all that *Pyrocles* had related, but found the Case so intricate, that he could meet with no Determination that seem'd likely to lead him through the Maze; and finding his Affection so deeply rooted, that Resistance did rather inflame than smother it, and that whate'er Advice he offer'd, was rather resented than approv'd, he resolv'd no farther to oppose him; but looking at him with an Aire of Tendernefs, Well, said he, my dear *Pyrocles*, one Happiness you have amidst the Load of Evils you labour under, that though the Gods have thrown the Allay of Love among your numberless Perfections, yet they have directed it to an Object worthy of it; for certainly the Afflictions of a noble Cause, are easier to be born than those of an unworthy one: But I am greatly griev'd to find, that as your Affairs now stand, I can in no Way be serviceable to you. I have no greater Favour to ask of you, reply'd *Pyrocles*, but that you would privately remain for some Time in this Country, and now and then meet me in this Place, coming either late at Night, or early in the Morning, that you may pass unobserv'd; and for that Purpose I will give you a Key of it; and then, which ever Way Fate disposes of me, I shall have the Satisfaction of communicating it to you: And besides, I will contrive to draw this Way, her, who is both the Glory and Reproach of Woman-kind; being assur'd that the Sight of her will more approve my Judgment, than any Arguments I can use, how inclin'd so e'er you are to credit them; and every Opportunity that I can snatch, you may depend upon my seeing you; for though the Trees of yonder Wood, which shade the Lodge, prevent the Sight of it, 'tis but a very little Distance from this Place. And now it will be proper for me to leave you, lest my Stay should occasion some Enquiry; but towards the Evening, I will endeavour to prevail upon the Ladies to walk this Way; therefore be sure you keep yourself conceal'd. But *Musidorus*, reflecting that his Horse might possibly

possibly betray him, thought it properer to return that Day to a Neighbouring Village, and dispose of his Horse in some Inn, and return thither again early next Morning on Foot. *Pyrocles* approv'd of the Proposal, and looking out to be ascertain'd that the Coast was clear, Adieu, says he, my *Musidorus*, remember I am now no longer your *Pyrocles* nor *Daiphantus*, but *Zelmane*; and in that Title, Heaven knows, I place more Glory, than I should do in Monarch of the World; since that dear Name must be my Introducer to all I wish on Earth. With that some Tears of Tenderness gush'd in his Eyes, and taking *Musidorus* by the Hand, he led him out; who, went away now as full of anxious Thoughts which Way to forward his *Pyrocles*' Love, as before he was how to depress and draw him from it.

Zelmane return'd to the Lodge, attended with all the Troubles and Perplexities the little Imp of soft Desires could impose; his Passion was every Moment heighten'd and inflam'd by the Sight of the Love-inspiring *Philoclea*, but aw'd and check'd by the continual Watchfulness of *Gynecia*'s Jealousy; while *Basilus* was no less assiduous in his tiresome Suit: So that his Case might, not unaptly, be compar'd to a high mettled Courser, who being eager in himself for the Career, and fiercely spurr'd, is yet so streightly rein'd that he can hardly advance a Step: So *Zelmane* was eagerly waiting an Opportunity to address *Philoclea*; *Basilus* her; and *Gynecia* still prevented each of them. If *Philoclea* chanced to sigh, (as oft of late she did, though perhaps herself unknowing from what Cause) a deep one from *Zelmane* still waited on it; and both *Basilus* and *Gynecia* soon join'd the Chorus. The intricate Affection they all possess'd, increas'd the Pleasure they took in each others Conversation, and that Conversation perpetually heighten'd the Affection; so that the Hours appear'd to them both swiftly to advance, and slowly lag; swiftly they seem'd to fly, when they consider'd the Pleasures of each others Company; but slowly linger'd, in the Delay of their Desires.

Zelmane would now admit no Opportunity to lure them near the Place where *Musidorus* was conceal'd, being impatient to give him a perfect View of them: Sometimes she would draw them to angle in a little Rivulet near the Arbour, which for the Moisture it bestowed upon the Roots of some Neighbouring Elms, was well rewarded with their friendly Shade: There would they sit and beguile the Hours with betraying the little simple Fish, *Pamela* and *Philoclea* laughingly contending which should soonest strike their slimy Jaws; while *Zelmane* told them, she thought the Hearts of Princes fit only for their Sport: She also held an Angle in her Hand, but was herself so much a Prisoner, she had but little Power to betray others. *Basilus* would needs be honour'd with the Office of dressing what was taken, thinking he could not have a greater than that of waiting upon *Zelmane*;
while

while *Gynecia* sat sad and pensive by, revolving on the Oddness of her Fate, and contriving how to gratify her Love.

But these trifling Recreations were interrupted by a more gallant Entertainment; for one Evening as *Basilus* return'd from a forc'd unbending of his Thoughts, to some of these little Diversions, a Shepherd brought him Word, that there was a Gentleman waited, who begg'd Permission to deliver a Message from his Lord to his own hearing. *Basilus* order'd him to be brought in; and after he had perform'd the proper Ceremonies in his Master's Name, he told him he was come from the renown'd *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to beg the Liberty, that as he had already done in many other Courts, so he might there have the Honour, in his Presence, to defy all *Arcadian* Knights in Defence of his Lady's Beauty, who also would herself appear in Person to justify what with his Life he would maintain. The Conditions of his Challenge were, That any Knight accepting it, should bring the Picture of the Lady he most admired; which being placed by that of the Fair *Artesia*, for so was the Mistress of *Phalantus* named, which ever of them should get the Advantage in six Courses in the Judgment of *Basilus*, with him the Honours and the Pictures should remain. Though *Basilus* had retir'd to that solitary Place with an Intention to avoid seeing Company, yet hoping the Matter would entertain *Zelmane*, and make her think that Time not wholly lost which gave him so much Pleasure, he granted Leave to *Phalantus* to pitch his Tent for three Days not far off the Lodge, and to proclaim his Challenge; That what *Arcadian* Knight (for none else, upon his Peril, was licens'd to appear) would venture to maintain the Beauty of the Fair he lov'd against *Phalantus*, should have the same Freedom of Access.

This Notice publish'd, *Zelmane* was desirous to be inform'd what this *Phalantus* was, having never heard any farther of him than the Report of his Justness in Tilts and Tournaments; for which he was so fam'd, that he was generally stiled, *The Honourable Knight of Arms*. *Basilus* told her he could give her an Account of his Life, which he had from one of his nearest Intimates: And first, that he was an illegitimate Brother to the beauteous *Helen*, Queen of *Corinth*, and greatly valued by her for the uncommon Merit he was Master of; being polite and affable in Conversation, most justly valiant, considerably chearful in his Temper; and a true Courtier, without the Taint of Ambition or Unfaithfulness. This noble Youth, finding his Sister's Melancholly, occasion'd by her Passion for *Amphialus*, not by any Methods to be reliev'd, determin'd for a Time to leave her Court, and go into *Laconia*; where, in the War against the *Helots*, he purchas'd the Reputation of one who both dared and knew how to act; but as it was rather the Act of Choice than Nature, that inclin'd him to follow Arms, so as the Spirit of Honour ceased, he willingly gave himself up to the Delights
of

of Peace, being so gay and taking in his Conversation, that none was more agreeable both to the Prince and Nobles of the *Lacedæmonian* State. He being not greatly inclin'd to cross his Disposition; and having a Fortune sufficient to enable him to chuse his Way of Life, was resolv'd to quit the rugged Paths of War, and spend some Time in the more soft and elegant Amusements of the Court, where he came acquainted with this *Artesia*, (whose Charms he now defends) profess'd himself her Lover, and perhaps really thought himself so: But certainly it often happens, that these young People, wanton in Ease, and prone to credit the least Prepossession when they converse together, fancy themselves in Love upon the first Impression Beauty makes, tho' they are all the while a Stranger to that reasonable Passion which superior Merit raises in the Heart; and 'tis often owing to this Mistake, that they are so fickle and inconstant, changing their Inclination with the Moon, and paying Homage to every new Beauty Chance acquaints them with. He being possess'd, as I believe, of this Sort of Love, paid his Addresses to this Lady, who was as fit as possible to deal with him in his own kind: For she imagining she did Injustice to her own Charms, if she did not value herself upon them, and calling her Disdain of him (who was then more than worthy of her) a Proof of Virtue, she plac'd her Honour in despising that, he paid to her; determining never to marry any, but who, in her own Esteem, was worthy of her; who she thought could be only one possess'd of every Merit. To this Pride and Self-Opinion she was by Nature prone; but to strengthen and confirm it, she had the Precepts of my Sister-in-Law, the haughty, proud *Cecropia*; who, in her Widow-hood, took upon her the Charge and Education of the young *Artesia*, her Father having been a profess'd Friend of her deceas'd Husband: She taught her to believe that Wisdom was center'd in the promoting the Welfare of one's Self; and that Love, Friendship, Gratitude, and all other Virtues, ought only to be taken up as they were conducive to that End: And so apt a Scholar she found of her, that growing fond of the Produce of what she herself had planted, she would gladly (if her Son would have consented) have given her in Marriage to my Nephew the brave *Amphialus*; but, I think, that Desire has something slacken'd, since she has been inform'd that so great a Queen as *Helen* offers a Kingdom to purchase his Affection: For if I am not deceiv'd in my good Sister, she thinks no Face can be so beautiful as one that has a Diadem to adorn it; nor any Mind so meritorious as that which has a Scepter at Command. *Artesia* greatly liked my Nephew; for I can never call that Love, which in a haughty Heart proceeds only from a Desire to please, and with a View to advance and raise a Fortune; but yet she, I think, has shew'd a passionate Inclination that Way, though indeed her Desires of every Kind are violent: But this Proof she has given of a Regard for him, that she has plac'd her only Brother, a fine Youth, (call'd *Ismenus*) to be his Squire; and was content to wait herself upon my Sister 'till she could

see what Time might work in favour of her with *Amphialus*, who, being of a retir'd and melancholly (tho' I must say a truly noble) Disposition, seems at present to have nothing less at Heart than Love's Delights; and lately, either through some secret Adventure, or inward Discontent, has withdrawn himself from Court and the Knowledge of his Friends. *Artesia* upon this condescended to go to the *Laconian* Court, whether before she had been sent for by the King's Wife, to whom she was something ally'd.

And there, as I before told you, this Knight *Phalantus*, at least for an Amusement, profess'd himself her Lover; and though she had but little Regard for him, yet she gave him Encouragement enough to let the World take Notice she had so worthy an Admirer. One in my Court, that nearly is acquainted with him, and lately came from thence, gave me a diverting Relation of their Love. *Phalantus*, with Looks so chearful, that plainly prov'd his Heart was not much affected, would speak such Words of Sorrow, and plead his Passion in so high a Stile, that *Mercury* could not have wooed the *Cyprian* Goddess in a more exalted one; yet neither in Person nor Behaviour shew'd any Marks of inward Apprehension or Dread of not succeeding. She, on the other Side, was sensible how deceitfully he dealt with her; and though she did not greatly value it, yet her Pride taught her to make him know, that she had too sharp an Edge to be jested with, and that Repentance oft follows deceitful Words; for pretending she thought him in earnest, she put him daily upon giving such Proofs of his Affection, as were both troublesome and expensive to him, while he still thought his Cunning went beyond her, because his Heart did not commit the Idolatry he fancied she imagined: At last, she, I believe, thinking the Fame of her Perfections would be a powerful Orator for her with *Amphialus*, possibly believing that it might happen with him, as it often does with Men who are possess'd of some great Good, yet never are sensible of the Value 'till they find others envy them the Enjoyment of it, was resolv'd to make *Phalantus* the Instrument of raising an Opinion of her in *Amphialus*; and one Day, when he was talking in feign'd Raptures to her, and plighting Vows, which without her reminding he would ne'er more have thought of, professing that there was nothing so difficult or dangerous which he would not undertake to prove his Passion for her, she took the Advantage of his Words, and told him she would employ him and prove his Truth; and insisted upon his going with her through all the Courts of *Greece*, and with the Challenge now made, give her Beauty the Precedence of all others. *Phalantus* was now trapp'd in a Snare of his own spreading, and could not see any likely Way, with Honour, to get out; he was exceedingly perplex'd, (as he after confess'd to him who told me the Story) not for any Doubt he had of his own Performances, being with Justice reckon'd to excel (with his Launce especially, and that is the Weapon with which the

the Challenge is to be tryed) all of our *Græcian* Youths; but for fear the Undertaking should offend his Sister *Helen*; and besides, he own'd he was not so blinded, but that his Heart believ'd (whate'er his Mouth affirm'd) that both she, my Daughters, and the fair *Parthenia*, were infinitely more worthy to claim that Prerogative: But his false Oaths and Vows had bound him; and therefore he thought it better willingly to perform the Imposition, and have the Reward of Thanks, than by a discontented Behaviour, have all the Trouble without the Praise; and therefore he has gone on, led rather by his Faith than Love, and has already pass'd the Courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, and *Corinth*; and as it often happens, that a good Pleader gets a bad Cause, so has the Power of his Launce brought many Captives to grace the Triumphs of *Artesia's* Beauty; many of them of such Excellence, that though *Artesia* could justly have been esteem'd among the fairest, yet in that Company they might well have claim'd the Preference. In the Courts he pass'd through, were many Knights that had been Abroad in divers Nations, and they defended such as in their Travels they had seen and liked; but their Defence has either been so poor, or so unlucky, that they have forfeited their Ladies Pictures, to give a forced, and indeed a false Testimony of *Artesia's* Beauty: And now he has made this his last Stage, where I have given him leave to try his Skill; but assure yourself, fairest *Zelmane*, if I thought it not an injurious Piece of Service to put so noble a Title to the Decision of so trifling a Combat, I would make the young *Phalantus* know, that your bright Eyes can sharpen the Point of an old Man's Launce, and let him see that these gray Hairs (which the Care of others have anticipated) has not diminish'd in me the Power of protecting an indelible Truth. With that the old Man bustled up, and his Heart beat against his Breast as if it fain would have broke its Prison, to assure her of the Sincerity of what he had spoken. *Zelmane*, smiling to herself, return'd him Thanks for his Compliment, but begg'd him to reserve his Force for a more worthy Cause; and so passing their Time as usual, they waited the Coming of *Phalantus*, who the next Morning (having already order'd his Tent to be pitch'd under the Covert of a fair Tree hard by the Lodge) hung upon it a Shield, whereon the Defendant was to strike, that would call upon him to maintain his Challenge. The *Impressa* in the Shield, was a Heaven full of Stars, with a Motto signifying, *that Beauty won the Day*.

Next came the Hero, following a triumphant Chariot, which was cover'd with Crimson Velvet, and richly adorn'd with Pearls and Diamonds, wherein was placed *Artesia*; it was drawn by four winged Horses, with artificial flaming Mouths and fiery Wings, which made them look as she had newly borrowed them from *Phæbus's* Train: Before her march'd her Footmen, two and two in order, habited in green Liveries frosted o'er with Silver; between each two of them they held
a Pic-

a Picture, which by *Phalantus*' Valour had lost the Prize of Beauty; every half dozen Paces they stopp'd, and leisurely turn'd the Pictures to each Side, that they might with perfect Judgment be discern'd by the Beholders. The foremost, following the Order of their being won, was the Portraiture of *Andromana*, Queen of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconian* Knight having lov'd sometime with a particular Encouragement, though many Years since return'd Home, yet possess'd of more Gratitude than Skill, he would needs defend her Charms, but lost the Prize; and indeed Fortune therein could not be term'd unjust, her Beauty being far below *Artesia*'s, not from the Injury Age had done her, though she was a good deal older, for Time had not yet made himself Master of her Charms; but her Hair being exceeding red, and her Eyes too small, gave a Blemish to her other most admirable Beauties.

Next, after her, was born the Likeness of the Princess of *Elis*; a Lady who only taught this Lesson to the Beholders, that as Admiration is not always the Effect of Beauty, so on the contrary whatever is admir'd, is by that Person esteem'd beautiful; for in her Form there was neither any Thing majestick, fair, beautiful, nor even agreeable, and yet she wanted not a Lover that would have prov'd her fairer than the allow'd fair *Artesia*; but he had the Fortune, or rather the Justice, to write her Praises only with his Helmit in the Dust, and leave her Picture to be a juster Witness of his Overthrow, than his Running had been of his Mistress's Beauty.

Following her, was the fine *Artaxia*, great Mistress of *Armenia*; a Lady upon whom Nature had bestow'd some of her best Performances, and had proportion'd her without any Fault easy to be discover'd by the Senses; yet altogether she was not possess'd of that Harmony which *Cupid*'s Votaries most delight in; the Reason of which Defect was a masculine Look and Aire, that overthrew that gentle Softness which is the most peculiar Charm of Womankind, and which speaks them fitter to conquer by Parley than Defiance.

Of a quite contrary Character was the next that follow'd, which was *Erona*, Queen of *Lycia*; who, though of so brown a Complexion, that one should not injure her Hair to call it black, and her Cheeks of almost a languid Pale; besides that her Face was more inclin'd to long than the exact Symmetry of Beauty would allow; yet notwithstanding these Objections, Love had so diffus'd his Charms throughout the whole, that the first Appearance of her bribed the Judgment in her Favour, before it had Time to distinguish each particular Part. The Delicacy of her Aire and Mien, and the soft yielding in her Countenance, mov'd the Observers more than the most finish'd Beauty, without those Attractions, could pretend to.

After

After her were borne two Ladies of noble, though they could not boast a royal Birth: The foremost was nam'd *Baccha*; who though very fair, and of a Plumpness to invite more than disgust, yet her large Neck being laid almost indecent to the View, and an affected Smile playing about her Mouth, her Head lean'd languishingly down as she were grown wanton with too much Ease, arm'd the Beholders against the Snares she laid; and her Eyes forbid with too eager a Persuading, while an Assurance of Success prevented the heightning of Desire.

The other, whose Name was *Leucippa*, had an exact Symmetry of Beauty, having a modest Sweetness in her Face, and an enchanting Mildness in her Countenance, as spoke her by Nature form'd to pity rather than destroy; her Eyes had in them such a Cheerfulness, as would insensibly inspire every Beholder with Delight; and such a sweet Simplicity appear'd about her Mouth, that seem'd as she would judge others by her own Truth, and easy believe the Appearance of Sincerity; so that it would be more than inhumane to deceive so sweet an Innocence.

Next came in View the Queen of *Laconia*, who justly might be said to belong to Beauty's Confines; for all her Features were neither subject to his Dominion, nor yet commanded by the opposite Government; but as she was a Queen, she wanted not a Champion to assert her Charms, and set them in Competition with the most perfect.

But she that follow'd next, though conquer'd, even triumph'd in that Captivity, and commanded every Eye to wait upon her in it; it was the inimitable fair Queen *Helen*, whose flowing Tresses curl'd by Nature, but help'd by Art, which might well have spar'd the Pains, was braded with a String of Orient Pearl, which in some Places hiding, and in another being cover'd with the Hair, mutually set off and adorn'd each other: In her Face was painted such a Master-piece of Beauty, that had not the real *Helen* been greatly known, one should have thought it rather the Invention of the Painter to shew the utmost of what his Art could fancy, than taken from any original Pattern; nor the nicest Eye could find out the least Flaw in the whole Composure, unless it were that the Face was rather too small proportionably to the Body; but in that little Compass was inclos'd a Spark of Beauty sufficient to inflame the World; the Shape, the Look, and every Feature was regularly charming; and if it wanted something of Majesty, that Want was more than answer'd by a superiour Pleasure it struck the Gazers with; and if the first Appearance did not so highly raise our Admiration, yet it ravish'd with Delight, so that no indifferent Eye could behold her without a Rapture of Desire. Her Dress was gay and costly; but her Look (which had more of Melancholly in it than

one should have expected from one of her high Fortune) plainly shew'd that as she dress'd only to engage and please another, so she fear'd that all her Arts would prove vain and unsuccessful.

Of a quite different, though equally esteem'd Beauty, was the bright *Parthenia*, who next with her divine Pourtraiture graced *Artesia's* Triumph, though stronger far were her Pretensions to fill the Throne; her every Look was stately and majestick, yet the Appearance of a lofty Mind, temper'd with a becoming Meekness; her large blue Eyes seem'd as they had stole their Lustre from the Reflection of her other Charms; her white slick Forehead, and every other Part of her Face and Body, seem'd cast in Nature's most perfect Mold; her Dress was such, as shew'd she either thought her Person did not want the Help of Art, or not deserv'd it, having nothing to set it off but Meekness; yet, careless as she was, spight of herself, even Neglect in her appear'd beyond another's Art. *Basilus* could not resist making an Encomium on *Parthenia's* Picture as it pass'd them, saying, she was a perfect Pattern of every Female Virtue; telling *Zelmane*, that he had heard that when in the Court of *Laconia* her Picture (maintain'd by a certain *Sycionian* Knight) was lost through want of Valour in the Possessor, her Husband, the famous *Argalus*, would in a Passion have gone and endeavour'd to redeem it in a new Trial; but she being more diverted than angry at the Unskilfulness of her Champion, told her Husband, that the Limits of her Ambition were only to be thought beauteous in his Eyes, and that she would rather agree to have her Face deform'd as it before had been, than have it a Cause to make him put on Armour. *Basilus* was then going to relate the remarkable Occurrences which had happen'd to this young Couple, which *Zelmane* was already acquainted with; but the Appearance of the next Picture reliev'd her from the Tautology, and commanded their Observation.

It was the Figure of a fair young Maid, which sat pulling a Thorn out of the Foot of a little Lamb that was painted by her; her Looks were so attentive, as if that little Circle wholly confin'd her Thoughts; her Dress was mean, but took a Lustre from her Person; her Sheep-hook lay by her, and at the End hung a Leathern Bottle; but in the Appearance of all that Poverty, her Beauty play'd a Prince's Part, and commanded the Submission of as many Hearts as the greatest Queen could boast; her Beauty, and the Manner she was drawn in, quickly discover'd her to be the famous Shepherdess *Urania*, whom a Knight of no mean Fortune, call'd *Lacemon*, being deeply in Love with, had unluckily defended.

The last in Place, because the last resign'd, was the Picture of *Zelmane*, Daughter to King *Plexertis*, who at first Sight appear'd to have
a great

a great Resemblance of *Philoclea*, but nearer one might see it was such a false Likeness as is represented by an imperfect Glass, answering in some Particulars, but erring in the Whole. *Zelmane* sighing, turn'd to *Basilus*, Alas, Sir, said she, here are some Pictures which are fitter to adorn the Tombs of their dead Mistresses, than grace *Artesia's* Triumphs. 'Tis true, most beauteous Creature, reply'd *Basilus*, some of them are no more; but that Loss has happen'd so lately, that possibly the Knights that appear'd in their Defence were not acquainted with the Misfortune; without we allow, as in some Hearts I know it might be prov'd, that even Death itself could not blot out the Image Love had once implanted in them. Several Ladies besides these, continued *Basilus*, has *Phalantus's* Valour made stoop to *Artesia's* Power; but their Pictures he has thrown by, causing only such to be carried in Procession, who for their Birth or Beauty may truly grace *Artesia's* Triumph.

Basilus kept talking in this Manner to *Zelmane*, being proud of every Opportunity to entertain and converse with her, while *Phalantus*, in the pompous Manner before describ'd, brought *Artesia* with her Attendants into a gorgeous Tent adjoining to his own, where they waited 'till some one should strike the Shield. *Basilus*, who was the appointed Judge, gave Orders for Sticklers and Trumpets, to whom the others should obey; but no Opposers that Day appear'd, nor the next, 'till almost half the Proportion of Light allotted to it was wasted; but then there arriv'd a Knight, who avow'd himself as contrary to *Phalantus* in Opinion as he was in Apparell. *Phalantus* was all in white, having his Bases and Caparison imbroider'd with a waving Water, and on each Side a seeming Net cast over, in which were several Kinds of Fish, so naturally done, that as the Horse mov'd, you would have sworn the Fish leap'd and strove for Liberty.

The other Knight, whose Name was *Nestor*, born an *Arcadian*, and profess'd Admirer of the fair Shepherdess, came all in black; with a burning Fire represented both upon his Horse and Armour; the *Impressa* in the Shield was a lighted Fire of Juniper, with this Motto, *More easy, and more sweet*: But this hot Knight's Courage was soon allay'd with a Fall, which at the third Course he receiv'd from *Phalantus*, leaving his Picture as a Monument of his hard Fortune and worse Skill. The next that ventur'd was *Polycetes*, a noble Knight, greatly esteem'd throughout *Arcadia* for Deeds of Arms, and much noted for the honourable Passion he had long born to the fair *Gynecia*; which *Basilus* himself not only knew, but allow'd and was pleas'd with it, since his humble Love aspir'd to no other End than in every Thing to be of Service to her; but neither his bright Passion, nor her brighter Eyes, could secure him the Advantage, nor prevent her Picture from becoming the Close of *Artesia's* Victories; which *Gynecia's* Strength of Mind

Mind would at another Time have set her far above regarding, but *Zelma* being a Witness of her Overthrow, a little ruffled even her resolv'd Temper; and her Champion went away as much disorder'd as overcome. Then *Thelamon* appear'd for *Pelexeon*; *Emilion* for *Elpine*; and *Leon* for *Loana*; all renown'd Knights, and reputed Beauties; but with their Fall they soon rais'd the Ballance of Praise so justly due to *Phalantus*, and consequently advanc'd the Fame of *Artesia's* Charms.

As the Beholders were commenting upon their Loss, some pitying, others condemning, there came hastily into the Circle a stripling Shepherd, his Height showing him more than Boy, and yet the Youthfulness of his Countenance refusing to stile him Man: His Complexion was brown, but whether proceeding from Nature, or the too powerful Influence of the Sun, could not easily be discern'd; but notwithstanding that, his Person was very pleasing, and his whole Form so perfectly proportioned, it prov'd that Nature is not (like Men) regardless of meaner Objects; and plainly might the Symmetry of his Form be seen, for he had nothing on to hide it but a Pair of Slops upon his Feet, and a Goat's Skin over his Body, which he cast about his Shoulders; every Action being attended with such a peculiar Grace, that even Ignorance had not the Power to spoil the agreeable Manner Nature had bestow'd on him: In his Right-Hand he held a Staff; and coming near the King, making a Reverence, which in him appear'd beyond Politeness, My Liege, said he, may I crave your Goodness to hear me a few Words; for surely if I am not permitted to you to break my Mind, my Heart will burst: I see here the Likeness of *Urania*, which (I know not why it should be so) these Men, when they are overcome, say is not so fair as yon gay Woman; but may the Gods never suffer me to see alive again my poor old Mother, if I think she is any more to be compared to our *Urania*, than a Goat may be equall'd to a beauteous Lamb; or the Dog that keeps our Flock at Home, to your Grace's white Greyhound that pull'd down the Stag the other Day: Therefore I beseech your Highness to let me be dress'd as they are, and my Mind gives me I shall certainly lay his Pride upon the Ground; for he might as well say, that a Couflip is as white as a Lilly; or, I don't care, let him come with his great Staff, and see if with only this in my Hand I don't manage him. *Basilus* soon knew him to be the fine Shepherd *Lalus*, whom once he had had before him in pastoral Entertainments, and had taken great Notice of for his sprightly Wit and innocent Simplicity; and laughing to see the little Rogue so earnest, he bid him be satisfied, since he saw the Pictures of so great Queens were oblig'd to follow the same Fate. But *Lalus* little contented with this Answer, retir'd weeping-ripe into the Crowd; eagerly longing that some Body would come and revenge *Urania's* Injury; heartily wishing Success to every one that run against *Phalantus*, and almost cursing his own Poverty that prevented him from setting to the

the Tryal. A little after, when the Sun (like a noble Mind) began more fully to show himself in his lowest State, came in a Knight, called *Philibus*, a Gentleman of that Country, whose ill Fate had borrowed a Shaft of Love, and headed it from *Philoclea's* Eyes to render him compleatly miserable; even from her Infancy he had loved her, and receiv'd the Wound e'er she was sensible of the Power to give it: Despair had all along attended his hopeless Passion; but the more that increased, the more he loved; and the Sense he held of his own Unworthiness heighten'd so much her Excellency, that not daring to reveal his presumptuous Passion, he had never spoke of it to any Creature living; but his Heart was so full of it, and gave such silent Vent within its self, to which Complaint his Senses were so attentive, that a discerning Eye might easily discover his Inclination; and though he always denied his Love, that Tryal to deceive but the more prov'd it. His Furniture and Armour was of a Sea Colour; his Device the Fish call'd *Sepia*; which being taken, casts a black Water like Ink about the Net, that the Darknes may favour his Escape: The Motto, *Not so would I*. *Philoclea's* Picture was borne in by him with almost a superstitious Reverence: But at this Sight, Jealousy was in a Moment the Messenger for Disdain in *Zelmane's* Bosom, impatient that any but herself should be the avow'd Champion of *Philoclea*; but she had hardly Time to wish him vanquish'd, e'er he was so; for at the second Course *Phalantus* struck him quite out of the Saddle: for which he was so full of Grief and Rage, that he would fain with his Sword have revenged it; but that being contrary to the Orders, *Basilus* would not suffer it, but oblig'd him to go away, who every Moment wish'd the Earth would open, and at once cover him and his Shame. *Zelmane* was as full of Resentment at his Loss, as she would have been at his Victory; for though before she had great Disdain at the Thought of a Rival's Praises, yet the Disgrace the Queen of her Desires had sustain'd, made her renounce what she before had wish'd; and her Passion was much more heighten'd, as she saw a little resenting Blush rise in *Philoclea's* Cheeks. But the sable colour'd Goddess, with her silent Train, commanded a Truce from their Sports; yet *Phalantus*, though urg'd exceedingly, would not leave *Artesia*, with whom no Arguments could prevail to come into the Lodge, having through the Insinuations of *Cecropia* conceiv'd a strong Aversion to *Basilus*. But the Night, lull'd with the soft Repose of balmy Sleep, pass'd soon (or seem'd to do so) over; and the Morning having dispers'd the watchful Stars, a Trumpet summon'd *Basilus* to play the Judge's Part; which he obey'd, taking his Wife and Daughters with him: But *Zelmane* having lock'd her Door, they were fearful of disturbing her, and therefore went without her to the Field; where already there appear'd a Knight, desirous to prove that *Helen*, Queen of *Corinth*, had receiv'd great Wrong, both from the erroneous Judgment of the Challenger, and the unlucky Weakness of the Defender. The new-come Knight was quickly known to be

Clitiphon, *Basilus*' Sister's Son by *Kalander*; his Armour was guilt with Gold, but had been so much us'd that it resembled a Mixture of glittering Sand and Gravel lying under a clear purling Rivulet; his Device he had put in the Picture he defended, and was an Ermelin; the Motto, *Clear though spotted*. In that Armour (since he parted from Queen *Helen*, who would not longer suffer his Presence, when she found him begin to entertain her with Words of Passion) he had perform'd such Wonders, as he went in search of his two Friends *Palladius* and *Dai-phantus*, that though his Beaver had been down, the Hack in his Helmet would have plainly show'd who he was. But *Basilus*, though he had brought him up in his Court, would not seem to know him; but pleased to be a Witness of his Actions, of whom he had heard such Wonders, he commanded the Trumpets to sound; and the two Knights obeying the Summons, they perform'd their Courses, breaking their six Staves with so much Skill in the Hitting, and Gracefulness in the Manner, that it was a Difficulty to determine which overcame; but at length *Basilus* gave Sentence against *Clitiphon*, because *Phalantus* had broke more Staves upon the Head, and that once *Clitiphon* had receiv'd such a Blow, that he dropp'd the Reins of his Horse, and his Head well-nigh touch'd the Crupper: But *Clitiphon* was so enrag'd at the Determination, wherein he thought he had been wronged, that omitting his Duty to his Prince and Uncle, he suddenly left the Field, and went in search of them, whom he had just unknowingly avoided; and left the Contention to the next Comer:

Who appear'd in about two Hours after, and was more observ'd than all the rest, because he had nothing about him worth Observation; he had neither Picture or Device; his Armour of so old a Fashion, besides cover'd o'er with Rust, that it might very well pass for a Monument of his Ancestors Courage; about his Waste he wore, instead of Bases, a long Silk Cloak, which became him as ill as the Rest of his Armour: In short, all that look'd on bespoke his Doom to be thrown the first Course, since he had to deal with one who had overcome so many more promising Appearances: He walk'd on, seemingly negligent what Verdict they pass'd on him, towards the Shield, and with a sober Air struck at it; but as his Sword fell upon it, another Knight all in black came bustling in, and struck the Shield almost as soon as he; and with so violent a Force, that it gave way and broke in two: The Ill-accouter'd Knight, (for that Name the Spectators had given to him) that came first, was so angry at this rude Piece of Violence, which he thought the other had offer'd to him, that he hit him such a Blow, as every one said did well become so rude an Arm; which the other answering in the same Manner, the Launces were oblig'd to give Place to the Swords.

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But *Phalantus*, enrag'd at the defacing of his Shield, fell upon the black Knight; and with the Pomel of his Sword, made his Eyes give Proof they had some Fire; which Insult immediately was return'd, not only by the black, but the ill-accouter'd Knight; who disdaining another should enter into his Quarrel, they all three began to fight, each of them having two Adversaries, one striking him who struck the Third, and revenging that Blow on him, which perhaps he had receiv'd of the other: But *Basilus* himself came to part them, the Herald not having Authority sufficient to stay their Passion.

But e'er he could determine between them, came in another halting on Foot, crying aloud for Justice to *Basilus*, against the fable Knight, for violently wresting from him the Picture of *Pamela*, which he had gotten in a little Tablet cover'd with Silk, and fasten'd to his Helmit, designing (not being in Possession of a bigger) to oppose that Miniature of Beauty against *Artesia's*, not doubting but the Excellency of it would soon outshine the other large one, as the smallest Star will sometimes appear much brighter than any in the Firmament; and that by the Way he was overtaken by the black Knight, who had, as he said, robb'd him of it: This by his Account seem'd a grievous Injury; but when the Matter came to be examin'd, it was prov'd, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asked the Cause of his taking that Way, who answer'd, he was going to defend *Pamela's* diviner Beauty against *Artesia's*; upon this, the halting Knight, haughtily commanded him to leave that Cause to him, who was only worthy of it; the other, not understanding such arrogant Language, struck him, and in the Fray he had got a Halting and lost his Picture. *Basilus* having this Information, told the limping Knight, he thought it much properer for him to retrieve his own Hurt than *Pamela's* Picture, and sent him to receive Redress at the Hands of *Æsculapius*: When he was gone, the Question rose which should run the first of the other Two against *Phalantus*? The fable Knight urg'd, that he ought to have the Preference, as being possess'd of a Picture; and the other, who by his well-defending himself, had gotten the Reputation of being a sturdy Lout, pleaded his first striking of the Shield: So at length they concluded he should have the Preference, if he could deliver the Representation of his Mistress to *Phalantus*, who demanding it of him: Certainly, answer'd he, the most lively Figure of her is in my Heart; but as the View of that is inaccessible, the most keen Comparison I can make of her, is the Sun's Glory attended with all the lesser heavenly Beauties; but because every vulgar Eye may not be Judge enough of Beauty to find her out by this Similitude, know, that I defend the same Lady, whose glorious Image *Phibilus*, feebly indeed! ingloriously lost Yesternight: These shall be the Terms; if you overcome, (which if Experience had not prov'd, I should have thought

thought impossible in such a Cause) I will become your Slave to wait upon *Artesia's* Triumph, and be Bearer of that heavenly Pourtraiture. *Phalantus* very willingly agreed to these Terms; and the Trumpets founding, they address'd themselves to the Tryal.

The ill-accouter'd Knight chose out the largest Staves the Store afforded; and at the first Course, gave *Phalantus* so brisk a Stroke a-crofs the Head, as almost put him past the Sense of it, himself receiving the Encounter without the least extraordinary Emotion; and at the second Course, he push'd so hardly at him, that *Phalantus* being too perfect a Horseman to quit the Saddle, the Girts broke, and both him and the Saddle were driven from the Horse's Back. *Phalantus*, besides the Fall, was stunn'd with Anger and Amazement, that having arriv'd victorious to the last of his promis'd Enterprizes, a Disgrace should then befall him which he had never prov'd before.

The Victory being by the Judges given, and the Trumpets witnessing to the ill-accouter'd Knight; *Phalantus*, instead of receiving Comfort at the Hands of *Artesia*, met a fresh Aggravation; for she with a scornful Air told him, that this was what she at first expected from him, and was disappointed when it happen'd otherways: But he excusing himself, would have turn'd the Defeat upon his ill Fortune; why then, said she, turning from him, Let the Loss of me compleat it:

No, Madam, briskly reply'd *Phalantus*, that ne'er can be; for surely the Loss of a Lady so indifferent to me, may justly be esteem'd a Gain. She made him no Reply to this sharp Answer; but hasted from him with Eyes full of Scorn. *Basilus* was highly diverted to see the Passion of these two young Folks, which was introduc'd with so much Pomp, return with such real Proofs of Indifference: But *Phalantus* (after paying his Acknowledgments to *Basilus* for the Favour he had done him, in intermitting for some Time, upon his Account, his Purpose of Retirement) did yet so far command himself, as to conduct *Artesia* to *Cecropia's* Castle, whither she desir'd to go; but vowing in his Heart, that he would ne'er more be subject, either to a real or counterfeited Passion. They being all dismiss'd, the black Knight also went in the Train, heavily repining that he had not an Opportunity of winning the Honour for *Pamela*, as he firmly flatter'd himself he should have done: But *Basilus*, calling to him the ill-accouter'd Knight, begg'd him to favour him a little with his Stay, having inwardly a Desire to shew him to *Zelmane*; which he immediately comply'd with; and pulling off his Helmit, surpriz'd them with knowing it was her in that Disguise; telling them, that in the Morning, locking her Door to prevent Enquiry, while they were busy at the Sport, she had stolen a Horse out of the Prince's Stable, which was about a Mile from the Lodge; and borrowing that scrub Armour, not knowing where

where to be accommodated with a better, had come upon the Spur to redeem *Philoclea's* Picture; which belonging to the Company of their little Wilderness, she could not bear should remain in Captivity, if the Art she had learn'd in her Country of the noble *Amazons* could any way deliver it: This Declaration at one Instant rais'd the Blood in *Philoclea's* Cheeks, and sent it from *Gynecia's*; but the rest of the Company was so taken up with Wonder and Admiration at the Courage of *Zelmane*, that their different Agitations pass'd unobserv'd, every one thinking themselves honour'd in paying their Complements to so wondrous a Creature, whom hourly they strove to entertain with some new Diversion; for which Purpose, *Basilus* had order'd, in a House not far off, all Sorts of Servants to attend their Call.

Many Days pass'd, amus'd in the usual Manner, while *Zelmane* was still upon the Watch, like one that had gain'd a Tree, waiting an Opportunity to shoot; and *Gynecia*, like an unfair Blancher, keeping from him the most valuable Deer. But the Time drawing near, wherein, according to an appointed Course, the Shepherds were to assemble and perform their Pastoral Sports before *Basilus*, *Zelmane* fearing least the Concourse of People coming several Ways, some over-curious Eye might discover *Musidorus*, went out to seek him and caution him against it.

But e'er she could reach the Arbour, she saw walking before her a Man in Shepherd's Weeds; who, being in Sight of the Lodge, seem'd as he was allow'd the Freedom of the Place: He had on him a long Cloak, cast under his Right Arm, wherein he held a Sheep-hook, so finely wrought, that it gave a Beauty to that Badge of Poverty; his Attire, though mean, receiv'd a Value from the graceful Deportment of the Wearer; he walk'd slowly on, with an Air of Languishment, his Eyes sometimes cast up to Heaven, as if he meant to borrow Fortitude from thence; and then suddenly thrown down again to Earth, as if he thought it too weak to bear the Burthen of his Sorrows: At length, claiming the Protection of it, he laid him down, and in a mournful moving Strain, address'd himself to sing; and having ended a few Couplets, striking himself earnestly upon the Breast, O! miserable Wretch, cry'd he, into what Intricacies will fatal Love and thy evil Destinies hurry thee! *Zelmane* was now come within hearing, and the Voice made her hasten to come up to him; which she had no sooner done, but she found it was her *Musidorus* laid in that complaining Manner: Greatly surpriz'd, she ask'd him whether the Goddess of those Woods had a Power of transforming every one that enter'd therein; or whether (as in all other Undertakings he was wont to do) he meant only to equal her by this new Metamorphosis? Alas, cry'd *Musidorus*, what shall I answer you; or how deny, what fainer than my Life I would reveal? Take then, O take the mighty Secret before I swell to bursting: Know then, I love,

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even to Madness, Despair, and Death: O my *Zelmane*! I now have too fatal an Assurance, that whoe'er resists its almighty Power, must either never be possess'd, or loose the Power of distinguishing: How can a Man withstand the very Purpose of Creation? By Love we are form'd, and for that only made: The Beasts alone are insensible of Beauty's Influence; and sure they justly may be inroll'd among that Number, who pay not Homage to it. Not the sincere Friendship *Zelmane* held for *Musidorus*, nor the Pity her Experience of the same Case rais'd in her, could make her resist a little triumphing over him, and punishing of him for those wise Invectives he had lately made against the Folly of that Passion: Therefore smiling at him, Heighday, says she, my dearest Cousin, whence proceeds this unaccountable Change, that you, who but a few Days ago were so high in your Orations against Love and its Votaries, should now descend to be one of its Advocates? You must too remember, that Love is a Passion, and a base and sordid one; and that a worthy Man's Reason ought always to bear Authority over it. I recant, hastily interrupted *Musidorus*, all I then said; and falling prostrate on the Earth, O thou celestial or infernal Spirit of Love, cry'd he, or what other heavenly or hellish Title is thy proper Due, (for thou diffuseth the Effects of both in me) have Mercy on me; and let thy Glory be as great in pardoning those who submit to thy almighty Power, as in conquering them who rebel against it. Well, said *Zelmane*, I understand you; you are making an Interlude of my Misfortunes, and take this Method of counterfeiting those Passions I am unhappily possess'd of, or rather that are possess'd of me, more effectually to shew me the Deformity of them; but take good heed, and remember that these Kind of severe Jests are very often repaid with earnest. Let me conjure you, cry'd *Musidorus*, clasping his Hand, by the Truth of our past Friendship, which if I am not confirm'd miserable, you yet remember, and by those secret Fires which also hourly consume your Heart, make not a Jest of these fatal Agonies, which rend my Heart and pierce my very Soul. *Musidorus* deliver'd these Words with such an Earnestness and Sound of Passion, that *Zelmane* was soon convinc'd he had conceiv'd a real one; and now his Jealousy was fir'd, being more than half assur'd that *Philoclea* was the Author of this sudden Alteration, naturally judging, that the same Power which subdued his Heart, could only conquer others; and being unable to bear the cruel Uncertainty, he begg'd of *Musidorus* to inform him what excelling Fair it was that could boast the mighty Power of making him a Convert? *Musidorus* soon guess'd the Reason of his earnest Enquiry; and therefore to ease the Labour of his Friend's Doubts, with as much Precipitation as the Perplexity of his Passion would permit, he thus proceeded:

The Day, said he, I parted with you, I went determin'd to return to a little Town from whence I wandred hither; but my Horse was
before

before so tir'd, that I found it would scarce bear me that little Mile; and growing very dark, I pursu'd the Light of a Candle, which I saw the Glimmering of at a Distance, and which brought me to the House of the young Shepherd *Menalcas*. He seeing a Stranger, and thinking me in some Distress, possess'd with the right honest Hospitality, which seems to inhabit in every *Arcadian* Breast, gave me a hearty Entertainment; and talking with him, I learn'd more particularly the Manner of his Country, than I had before known from *Kalander's* Account; and being pleas'd with the sprightly Conversation of *Menalcas*, I agreed with him to stay for a-while in private at his House; first binding him to a Promise of Secrecy, which he assur'd me of: And from thence I often repair'd to your Arbour; where one Night, O that it had been blotted from the Year, or else for ever lasted! you presented to my View that heavenly Creature, who in a finite Compass can inclose an Infinity of Charms. *Zelmane* was all this Time upon the severest Rack of Jealousy; but *Musidorus* proceeded, As I was lying, continu'd he, close for fear of a Discovery, thinking of your unhappy Case, and bewailing it to myself; how, said I, most noble *Pyrocles*, art thou enchanted? How are thy Virtues lull'd, and the Use of thy once bright Reason rusted? I am sensible that I once was much inferior to thee in every Thing; and yet, I think, the Combination of Earth and Heaven could not make me submit to such a mean Captivity. I had scarce finish'd my wise Sentence, when you with the Ladies approach'd, and came near enough the Bower for me to take a distinct View of them; at which Sight the Words I had just spoken seem'd to rebound and strike against my very Soul, at least I felt the smarting Sting of Remorse for having utter'd them. That Sight, hastily interrupted *Pyrocles*, unable to hear him longer, confirms you a—— Hold, cry'd *Musidorus*, I know your Fears, banish them all; it was, it is, and could be only the divine *Pamela's* Charms that in a Moment could frustrate all my boasted Resolutions. Then all is well, reply'd *Zelmane*; proceed my dearest *Musidorus*, I am impatient to hear you out. I will not, continued he, impute my Overthrow to the late retir'd Life I have led, which ever prepares the Mind for soft Impressions; nor to the often reflecting on your Case, though that first brought the Thought of Love into my Mind, which before I esteem'd below my Consideration; nor to the Power of *Venus*, or *Cupid's* just Revenge; but attribute it all to her, who is the Goddess against whose Power the Grave can be my only Refuge: The first Moment my Eyes beheld her, they receiv'd a fatal Wound; but like the helpless Innocent, who struck by a sharp Instrument, forwards the Blow by pitching himself further upon its Point, so I adventur'd to take a second View, endeavouring to persuade my Eyes they were deceiv'd; but too plain I found, that even a yielding Heart confesses Love its Monarch, but a resisting one finds him a cruel Tyrant: The more with Arguments I strove to move the Stake, the more firmly I rooted it in
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the Ground of my Affections. But how absurd is it in me to attempt describing the Causes of my Love, which is as vain an Undertaking justly to perform, as it would be to measure the Expanse of Heaven; let this expressive Word alone suffice, I Love.

And for one Proof of it, know it was I that came in black Armour, intending to defend *Pamela's* Picture; but as you already know, was by you prevented: So I that only waited to be an Instrument of Help to you, do now myself most need Assistance. But for what Reason, said *Zelmane*, have you put on this Dress? That, reply'd *Musidorus*, was one of the chief Things I was going to tell you, but again forgot it, so little am I Master of my own Thoughts: But this is the Occasion of it; Being return'd to *Menelcas's* House, raging with Love, and burning with Desire; after a little fainting under the mighty Weight, I rous'd up my Courage, resolving to employ my Wit to try at least to find some Remedy e'er I yielded myself a Victim; at last this Stratagem offer'd its self to my Invention: I went to *Menelcas*, and told him, that the honest Courtesy I had receiv'd from him, and the Opinion I had conceiv'd of his faithful Integrity, inclin'd me to trust him with my Story, and implore his Assistance; that I was born a Gentleman of *Theffalia*, but having unfortunately in a Duel kill'd a Favourite of the Prince of that Country, his Rage against me was so insatiable, and he pursu'd me so cruelly, that there was no Place in his Dominions I dare trust my self in, least either through Favour or Corruptions, they should be prevail'd upon to deliver me up; and therefore I was determin'd, at least 'till the Fury of my Persecutors had in some Measure spent its Force, to disguise myself among the Shepherds of *Arcadia*, and if it were possible, contrive to be of the Number that were allow'd the Prince's Presence, that if the worst should happen, and my Enemies should discover me, the Prince's Knowledge of me might incline him to grant me his Protection: The honest Shepherd was greatly mov'd at my sad Tale, which my Face, grown languid with Heart-wounding Torments, help'd to make him credit; so that (giving him a Gratitude) he let me have his Raiment, instructing me in every Particular how I should behave. But notwithstanding the Appearance he bore of Honesty, I was unwilling to trust him with my Life, and the Source of it; and therefore hired him to go into *Theffalia* to deliver a Letter to a near Friend of mine, conjuring him to be as speedy as possible in returning with the Answer; for that it stood me in great stead, to be inform'd whether some of my particular Friends had any remaining Interest at Court; that if they had, I might sue to them to bring about my Reconcilement. *Menelcas* very willingly took my Letter; which being securely seal'd, contain'd indeed far other Matter than he imagin'd; for I had wrote to my trusty Servant *Calodoulus*, (whom you well know) that as soon as he receiv'd that Letter, he should confine the Bearer of it close Prisoner, not suffering him to converse

verse with any one 'till he should have my further Orders; but bating his Confinement, he should in every other Respect use him as my most valued Friend.

On this Errand is *Menalcas* gone, and I remaining here transform'd to a poor Shepherd; but prouder of this Estate, than being Master of a Kingdom: So true it is that the highest Aim of humane Things is to further the Mind's Content, with which the meanest Life is valuable, and without it the most exalted one intolerable. I have chosen this Day to appear in, because, as *Menalcas* has inform'd me, it is the Time when the other Shepherds are call'd to perform their Pastorals before *Basilus*, hoping that your Interest will get me allow'd amongst them. You may depend, answer'd *Zelmane*, on all my Power; but I think the best way would be to gain *Dametas*, whose blunt Brain has at last found that the Prince pays me some particular Regards; and as is the Nature of a gross Capacity to sink into the most servile Flattery where they once have their Interest in View; so the sturdy Clown begins to pay me more awkward Civilities than I can well dispense with; and I despair not of working him to your Purposes. O Heavens, cry'd *Musidorus*, to what are we reserv'd! and how are we degenerated! that from the straight and open Path of Virtue's Ways, we writhe along these crooked Windings; but, O! almighty Love, 'tis thy Command, and thee, thee only, we obey; thou canst with arbitrary Sway impose upon us whate'er thou pleasest, changing our Names, disguising our Appearance, and disfiguring our very Minds: But surely thou hast some Reason on thy Side; for though the Ways thou makest us pass be e'er so foul and tiresome, yet the Journey's End is most fair and honourable.

No more, my dearest *Musidorus* (cry'd *Zelmane*) of these ill-timed Reflections, for here comes *Dametas*; who immediately appear'd, with a Sword by his Side, a Forest Bill on his Neck, and a Chopping Knife under his Girdle; in which defensive Manner he had gone ever since the Fright *Zelmane* had put him in: But he no sooner saw her, but in a slovenly Manner, with his Hands and Arms he made her such a Reverence, as would have made a Man almost forswear Good-manners; and told her that *Basilus* desir'd her Company to walk down to the Place, where that Day the Shepherds were to perform their Pastorals.

But when he spy'd *Musidorus*, and saw he was none of the Shepherds who had Privilege to be in that Place, he had a good Will to mutter out some Threats, but that his Fear curb'd him; yet staring at him and champing, as he would chew the Cud, he gave *Musidorus* an Opportunity to approach him, and inform him the feign'd Story of his Life: Telling him that he was a younger Brother to the Shepherd *Menalcas*; his Name *Dorus*; sent by his Father in his tender Age to *Athens*, that

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he might be instructed in something particular to render his Performances more pleasing to the Prince; and that his Father dying, his Brother *Menalcas* coming thither to fetch him Home, died also; but in his Sickness he had given him strict Charge to go and seek the Service of *Dametas*, and in every Thing to be wholly govern'd by him, as one in whose Judgment and Integrity the Prince placed a more particular Confidence. To enforce the Truth of what he had spoken, he presented *Dametas* with a good round Sum in new coin'd Gold, which he said *Menalcas* had bequeath'd to him, upon Condition that he would receive into his Care his poor friendless Brother, that he might daily improve by his Example both his Mind and Manners: These, says he, (wiping his Eyes) were some of his last Words. *Dametas*, who of all Sorts of Stile, best understood the golden Eloquence, and being highly pleas'd with those Praises *Musidorus* had bestow'd on him, was much inclin'd to a compliance; but in Consideration of the Authority he bore, and the great Charge he had of the Princess *Pamela*, he thought it proper seemingly to stand off; but the shining Oratory of the Gold, added to the Perswasion of *Zelmane*, who said she thought it great Pity so likely a young Man should not be placed with so good a Master, so worked upon him, that in the End he agreed to entertain him, provided he could that Day behave himself enough to the Liking of *Basilus*, to gain his Leave to receive him into his Service.

Upon this they went altogether to the Lodge, where *Gynecia* and her Daughters waited *Zelmane's* Coming to conduct her to the Field. As they went, *Dametas* spoke of *Dorus*, and desir'd he might be accepted that Day in the Room of his Brother *Menalcas*. *Basilus* stay'd behind to bring the Shepherds, encouraging them all the Way, that they might the more exert themselves and please *Zelmane*, for whom alone his Care was all employ'd. In the mean Time, the other beautiful Judges reach'd the Field appointed for the Rural Pastimes, which in itself was one continued Scene of Pleasure and Delight; through the Midst of it ran a clear murmuring Brook, which with its Azure Streams tempted the Eyes to gaze upon it; and yet the purling Noise it made upon the pretty Pebbles it ran over, inclin'd them to repose: The Field was blown in some Places with blooming Roses, while the other Parts preserv'd a lively Green; the Roses cast such a Reflection o'er it, as it had blush'd at the Discovery of its Beauties; round it (as if design'd to inclose a Theatre) were planted all Sorts of Trees, remarkable either for Excellence of Fruit, superior Height, continual Greenness, or in short whatever the Inventions of the Poets have made famous: In most of them there had been fram'd by the nicest Art most pleasant Arbours, which answering to one another, became a lofty Gallery from Tree to Tree, almost quite round the Place, and gave below it an agreeable Shade, which was then a timely Refuge from the fiery Looks *Sol* darted on them.

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In this Place, while *Gynecia* walk'd pensive a little Distance from them, *Zelmane* and the two Princesses sat them down, asking a Thousand little Questions of the Shepherd *Dorus*; who (keeping his Eye still fix'd upon *Pamela*) answer'd with such a trembling Voice and confus'd Countenance, and sometimes so wide of the Question, that it occasion'd much Mirth for the young Ladies, who thought his want of Education occasion'd his uncommon Timidity in Company: But *Zelmane* saw in him the Reflection of her own Misery; and taking the fair Hand of *Philoclea*, and printing it with burning Kisses, O Love, says she, how comes it, that since thou art so variable in Mens Estates, thou art so constant in their Torments. She had scarce finish'd these Words, when suddenly there rush'd out of the Wood a monstrous Lion, with a She Bear, hardly less fierce, just by him; which as they guess'd, having been hunted in some distant Forest, had by Accident stray'd thither; for before, those kind of Beasts had ne'er been seen in any of those Parts: Upon this Accident the Countenance of the two Lovers greatly chang'd, though it was easy to see it was not the Care of themselves occasion'd it; and it rather rous'd than dismay'd their Courage: The Moment *Philoclea* saw the Lion, obeying the Dictates of Fear, she leapt nimbly up, and flew towards the Lodge as swift as her slender Legs could carry her; while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a Tree, where she stood trembling like the fearful Partridge, just ready to be seiz'd on by the bloody Hawk: But the Lion seeing *Philoclea* run away, pursued her with all his Might; and was just ready to make his Prey on the helpless Innocent, when *Zelmane* wing'd with her Danger, and negligent of his own Safety, all the Elements in him being turn'd to Fire, flew upon the Lion, and gave him such a Blow upon the Chine, that it open'd all his Body; at the Smart, the violent Beast left his Pursuit, and turning upon *Zelmane* with open Jaws, she gave him such a Thrust through the Breast, that all the Lion could do in return, was with his Paw to give him a little Scratch upon his Arm, and tear off his Sleeve and Mantle, his last Gasp preventing him from doing further Mischief; and forcing him to lay his Life a Sacrifice at *Zelmane's* Feet, who kneeling down cut off his Head to carry it a Present to his *Philoclea*; who all this while not knowing what was done behind, and not daring to look back, kept on her Course with as much Swiftnes as *Arethusa* when she fled from *Alpheus*; her loose Robes as she ran, were fanned up and down by the Wind, and unknowingly to her discover'd some of those killing Beauties which willingly she would have conceal'd, and which made *Zelmane* not follow her over hastily, for fear of being depriv'd of that enchanting Sight; but carrying the Lion's Head in her Hand, did not overtake her 'till they reach'd the Presence of *Basilus*; and in a Moment follow'd *Gynecia*, who had been wrap'd up in such a profound Maze of Thought, that *Zelmane* was engag'd and had overcome the Lion before

fore she knew of its being there: But when its Head was off, as *Zelmane* follow'd *Philoclea*, so she could not resist following him; so that it was a pretty Chase to see *Philoclea* run with such Fear as if she felt the Lion's insatiate Jaws, *Zelmane* pursue her with the most eager and unbounded Pleasure, and *Gynecia* with Wings of Love pursuing him: But now being all come before *Basilus*, who was amaz'd at the Sight, Fear having taken such deep Possession in *Philoclea*, that her frighted Blood had not yet remounted to her alabaster Cheeks, *Zelmane* kneeling down, presented her the Lion's Head; Behold Madam, said she, the Punishment of that unnatural Beast, who contrary to his royal Kind, would have injur'd a Princess's Blood, and with traiterous Eyes durst rebel against that Heaven of Beauty. Happy was it for me, answer'd she blushing, for Fear had by this Time given way to its Representative, Bashfulness; that such an invincible *Amazon* as you was there to correct his Violence. The good Fortune, reply'd she, Madam is owing to your own Charms, which has Power to strengthen the weakest Arm. *Philoclea* then told her Father all that had happen'd; but as in her Story she directed her Eyes, as oft she did, towards *Zelmane*, she perceiv'd some Drops of Blood upon his Shoulder; at which starting, her own again resign'd her beauteous Cheeks to Paleness, and went to tell her Heart the unwelcome Message; and shewing it to her Father and Mother, who like a fondling Nurse, that with kissing and blandishing her darling Infant, beguiles the Time, and forgets to give it its needful Food; so they with the Delight they took in beholding and praising their as much lov'd *Zelmane*, had forgot to enquire whether she wanted Help: But the Moment they found she did, they both run to her as eagerly as two fond Parents to an only Child, whom they had given for lost and found again. Though *Zelmane* assur'd them the Wound was so trifling, it could hardly be call'd one, yet *Gynecia* would see it, having great Skill in Chirurgery; an Art in those Days which even the Ladies much delighted in, because it harden'd them to a virtuous Courage; and Cowardice was what they most abhor'd: But their looking upon the Wound, more increas'd *Zelmane's* inward Smart, than heal'd the outward; for sometimes he could feel the Thrills of *Philoclea's* Touches, as she help'd her Mother, pierce through every Vein, and even reach'd his Soul: Though *Gynecia* found the Scratch was but slight, yet she would needs apply a precious Balm to it, that had Power to heal a far more dangerous Wound.

When they had taken this Care of *Zelmane*, they began to enquire what was become of *Pamela*; and *Zelmane* remembering her Friend *Dorus*, was running back to look after them; when they saw *Pamela* coming between *Dorus* and *Dametas*, having in her Hand the Paw of a Bear, which the Shepherd *Dorus* had presented to her, begging her to accept it as belonging to a Beast, who, though it merited and receiv'd Death for a Punishment of its Presumption, yet could not but be admir'd

mir'd for its Cunning in making such a Choice. *Dametas* for his Part came piping and dancing for Joy, to find himself in a whole Skin; and when he came within hearing of *Basilus*, could not forbear howling out a Song of their Success. Being all come together, and desirous to know the Means of each other's Safety, *Pamela's* noble Heart, loaden with Gratitude, was impatient to make known the Valour of her Deliverer; and addressing herself to her Mother, As soon, says she, as you all had left me, and the Lion ran that Way, I thought myself in Safety, and was employing my whole Concern for you, when on a sudden there came out of the same Wood a horrible foul Bear; which, I suppose, fearing to shew itself while the Lion was present, the Moment he was gone ran furiously towards the Place where I went for Refuge, having none left with me but this young Shepherd. I immediately, not thro' Wisdom, which they since attribute to me, but thro' Fear, fell down flat on my Face, that being, they say, the only Refuge against these Kind of Creatures; and indeed I had no Occasion to counterfeit, for with the extreme Fright I was very near embracing the cold God; but this young Shepherd (with, I think, a more than humane Courage) putting himself before the Place where I lay, so manfully behav'd, with no other Weapon but what you now see in his Hand, that when my Senses had almost reach'd *Charon's* Ferry, he presented me his bloody Knife in Sign of Victory. Pray, said *Zelmane*, speaking to *Dorus*, whose Courage she was willing should be manifested, in what Manner could you achieve this wonderous Enterprize with so small a Weapon? Most noble Lady, reply'd *Dorus*, the Manner of these Beasts fighting with humane Creatures, is standing up upon their hinder Feet, and that Posture did this Creature take; and being ready to give me my last Embrace, I believe the God *Pan* (ever mindful to preserve *Arcadia's* Blessing) guided my Hand directly to the Heart of the Beast, and at one Blow destroy'd her Power of touching me; and what is esteem'd the only Blessing in her Defeat, prevented her from further fighting or injuring the Princess: For myself, I am rather with all submissive Humbleness to pay my Acknowledgments to that Excellence, which inspir'd my Hand to guard my Life, than to receive Thanks for a Deed which was wholly owing to that Duty her Presence alone could have rais'd in me: As he spoke these Words, he had some Difficulty to keep the Affection within Bounds, that spight of himself flow'd into his Eyes and govern'd all his Actions. *Zelmane*, who had the same Characters writ in her Heart, could easily decipher them; and therefore to help him turn it off, she desir'd him to pursue his Story, and let them know how the honest *Dametas* 'scap'd. Nay, said *Pamela*, that Office will best become me, who being so much oblig'd to him for the Care and Instructions he bestows upon me, should be the most rejoiced at his Safety; with that she gave a scornful Smile, and lighting her fair Cheeks with a disdainful Blush, When, continu'd she, *Dorus* had assur'd me that all Danger was past, I was, to own the Truth,

abash'd to find myself alone with the young Swain; and therefore looking round me to see if I could find any one out, both he and I soon spy'd *Dametas*, lying with his Head and Breast as far as he could thrust himself under a Bush, drawing up his Legs as close as possible; for like a tender-hearted Creature he took great Pity on himself, and was fully determin'd not to be a Witness of his own Death: When *Dorus* gave him a Pull and bid him pluck up his Courage, we were so long e'er we could perswade him he was not the Bear, that he was fain to pull him out by the Heels, and shew him the Beast as dead as his own Fear could wish it, which you may believe was the most joyful Sight he had seen a great while; but then his Courage reviving, he took no Compassion, but fell upon the poor Beast, giving it many a manful Wound, and swearing by the God *Pan* it was not fit such Beasts should be suffer'd in a well-order'd Nation; and then my wife Governor was as full of Joy as before of Fear, and skipping and singing as you now see him. Well, well, reply'd *Basilus*, I have not chose *Dametas* for his Valour or his Wit, but for his blunt honest Truth, and in that I am sure he wont deceive me; and then he would needs repeat to *Pamela* the wonderful Performances of *Zelmane*, not so much to please her Ears with hearing it, as to give himself the Pleasure of relating. *Gynecia* often interrupted him with her Account, and both of them ascrib'd her such unlimited Praises, that it was easy to observe that their Words were spoke by the perfect Grammar Rules of Love. *Basilus* told with what a gallant Air she ran, holding the Lion's Head in her Hand, like a second *Pallas* with the Spoils of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* swore she wore the very Face of the young *Hercules*, when he destroy'd the *Nemean* Lion. The whole Company with a grateful Assent confirm'd the Praises they had bestow'd, whilst poor *Dorus*' Performances, though equal, lay forgotten. But *Zelmane* began with fresh Admiration to speak of him, asking whether it were common in *Arcadia* for Shepherds to perform such notable Exploits?

Basilus (having the Quickness of a Lover's Apprehension) soon took the Hint, believing his Mistress meant to give him a secret Reproof for not shewing more Gratitude to *Dorus*; and therefore precipitantly as possible he enquir'd of his Estate, giving him Promises of great Rewards, and amongst the rest, offering him, if he had a Mind to exercise his late prov'd Courage in the Wars, a Post of great Trust under his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus*, whose Ambition prompted him quite another way, after informing the Prince that he was Brother to the Shepherd *Menalcas*, who sometimes had the Honour of appearing before him; and with his Thanks excusing himself for going as a Soldier, by Reason of the little Inclination he found that Way, he told him that his Brother in his last Will, desir'd him to serve *Dametas*; and therefore in Obedience to that Command, he should think his mean Service over-rated if by that he might obtain the Favour of
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living under his Prince's Eye, and yet follow his own chosen Calling. *Basilus*, pleased with the Request, and his handsome Manner of delivering it, charg'd *Dametas* to receive him into his House, and use him as his Child, saying that his Valour, join'd with *Dametas*' Truth, would be a sure Defence against those Mischiefs, which he scrupled not to say were threatned to his Daughter *Pamela*. *Dametas*, not one Jot out of Countenance for all that had been said, perhaps because it could not alter for the worse, accepted *Dorus* as his Servant, telling *Basilus* that some of the Shepherds desir'd to know in what Place he would see their Sports. *Basilus*, with an officious Care, enquired whether it would not be more needful for *Zelmane* to take some Rest after her Fatigue, than sit to hear the Pastimes; but she, whose inward Wound prevented her from feeling any outward Pain, begg'd they might be forwarded: Upon which *Basilus* commanded they should begin at the Gate of the Lodge, where the Throne being placed as was the ancient Manner, he seated *Zelmane* between him and his Wife, who fancied herself fix'd between a burning Fire and melting Ice; the two young Princesses being placed on either Side of them, they all address'd their Senses to attend the Shepherds; but e'er all of them were assembled, there came running a Fellow, panting with breathless Haste, and falling prostrate before *Basilus*, told him that his Mistress, the Lady *Cecropia*, had sent him to excuse the Accident of her Beasts ranging in that dangerous Manner, it happening through the Carelessness of the Keeper, who if he pleased she would deliver to a just Punishment. *Basilus* made no Answer, but that if she had any more such Beasts, he hop'd she would destroy them; and telling his Wife and *Zelmane* the Message, that they might not be fearful that those Woods harbour'd such Kind of Creatures. *Gynecia* revolved the Accident in her Mind, greatly suspecting *Cecropia* had a View in it, having often heard how ill a Woman she was; and that particularly she was ever endeavouring to work up her Son *Amphialus* to aspire to *Basilus*' Crown, as the next Heir Male; and therefore she thought it not improbable that there was something in the Beasts getting loose more than Accident: However, she did not reveal her Doubts to any but her Daughters, fearing the common Prepossession between Sisters-in-Law might be thought to produce them, though they all seem'd to wonder *Basilus* did not enquire further into the Matter; but he, good Man, was so taken up with his little Commonwealth, that all Matters relating to any Thing else seem'd a tiresome Digression. But the Shepherds being all in readiness, they once more address'd themselves to attend the Sports.

The End of the first BOOK.



Sir *P H I L I P S I D N E Y*'s
A R C A D I A,

M O D E R N I Z ' D

By Mrs. *S T A N L E Y*.

B O O K I I.

IN the Pastoral Diversions were many Days employ'd, and sent with Pleasure on their Wings to greet their flying Predecessors; while the poisonous Draught of Love, so eagerly swallow'd by the royal Company, had search'd through every Vein, and mortally pierced even their Hearts vital Warmth. The Venom wrankled in their infected Bosoms, and robb'd the drousy *Morpheus* of his once happy Talent to relieve. The Night, resenting its lost Power of bestowing the balmy Sweets of Sleep upon the restless Lovers, had but just given Place to the breaking Morn, and the Sun saluted the Mountain Tops with his returning Beams, when the sad *Gynecia*, to whose distracted Mind Rest had been long a Stranger, rose from her useless Couch, and leaving her thorny Lodging, sought the barren Wilds and wasteful Mountains; whose craggy Rocks unevenly rising up and down, did aptly represent the unquiet Motions of a despairing Heart; where, sitting down upon a mossy Stump, her Thoughts began to represent to her late byass'd Judgment the Evils she was running headlong into, attended with gnawing Guilt and everlasting Infamy; the piercing Stings and sharp Reproaches of her convicted Conscience, hourly tormented her. Before this canker'd Evil seiz'd her Heart, she had been conscious of many circling Years spent in the Exercise of an uninterrupted Virtue, which made the growing Vice

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She had lately harbour'd, appear more horrid and deform'd; she had too fatal an Assurance, that the Good which she aspir'd to, could only end in Horror and Despair; and to compleat the Sum of her Misfortunes, her Senses were as quick to know, as tardy to redress the Miseries she labour'd under: Her ghastly Looks bespoke the Terrors of her troubled Mind, which she continually cast round, as if she meant to summon every Power of Heaven and Earth to witness to her sad Complaining. At length, casting her watry Eyes up to the Clouds, O Sun! said she, whose pure unspotted Light directs the Steps of erring Mortals, why art thou not asham'd to impart thy Brightness to such a foul unworthy Wretch as me? And O ye Heavens! who constantly keep your allotted Course, why cannot any of your kindly Influences prevail upon the lost *Gynecia*, to pursue that virtuous One in which she has hitherto happily guided her wandering Steps! Ye desert Mountains, how fit a Guest ye entertain in me, since out of my own Heart proceed Monsters and ravening Beasts, sufficient to fill your unfrequented Shades! O Virtue, Virtue, where art thou fled; and where hast thou remov'd thy much wished Presence? What hideous Form is this that interferes and quite eclipses thy once dazzling Brightness? Or is it true (as thy Prophaners have long maintain'd) that thou art but a fancied Name, and no essential Thing, which hast thus at her greatest Need abandon'd thy profess'd Votary, and withdrawn thy valuable Presence when most she wanted thy powerful Influence? How imperfect is our boasted Reason, and of how little use the Lights which it affords; since it is ever too hasty in discovering Evils, and too slow in the Prevention? Alas, continu'd she, it would be some Alleviation, had I but one Hope to soften my wracking Pains, or one Excuse to lighten my Load of Guilt: But so finish'd are my Woes, that their Nature is not capable of Redress; and so compleatly wretched am I grown, that I more than merit the most cruel Scourges Fate can impose upon me. Why did my Husband take this fatal Resolution of Retirement; or why the Winds conspire to waft this Stranger to my Shores? Why have the Destinies spun out my Thread of Life to reach this fatal Time, unless I was reserv'd to be my own Destroyer, and pointed out an everlasting Mark of Infamy to my unhappy Sex? But yet vile as my Wishes are, and sensible as I am of their Baseness, could I but compass them, though ten thousand Deaths lay in the Consequence, and every Death attended with as many Shames, so strong are my Desires, I'd be content to bear and front them all, rather than die ungratified. But O! though I am certain *Zelmane* could well relieve my Anguish, yet am I full as sure that his Disguise was taken to forward as fierce a Passion for another, as I sustain for him; and then thou poor undone *Gynecia*, where canst thou find the least Foundation to bear the Weight of Hope? O no; 'tis *Philoclea* that must enjoy my Hero, to her alone he pays his Vows; it is my Daughter that rends her Mother's Breast, and gives me greater, far greater Pangs than

than those which I endur'd at her unlucky Birth : But be it so, ungrateful Girl, the Life I gave, these Hands shall sooner cancel, than e'er the Produce of my Womb should boast she has supplanted my Desires : In Vice there's no Relief, but plunging headlong into the vast Abyss, and suffering no Lets to bar the furious Torrent.

At this last Reflection she grew outrageous, and was going with desperate Ravage to tear her flowing Hair ; when not far off she heard the Sound of a soft complaining Voice, though utter'd in so low a Tone she could not distinguish the particular Words : But as the mournfullest Musick seems sweetest to a distemper'd Mind, so she was drawn to follow the soothing Sounds, in hopes that she might meet some fit Companion for her Sorrows : She went a little Way, but was soon stopp'd by a Thicket, whose Trees were so closely planted, she feared the Rustling she must unavoidably make in passing through, would silence the Complainer, and prevent the Desire she had of knowing who it was ; therefore being come perfectly within hearing, she softly laid her down : She had not listen'd long here she heard a Lute play'd upon with the most finish'd Art, attended with a Song that utter'd the most deep Complaining ; the End of it seem'd but the beginning of fresh Lamentings, as the Performer's Mind oppress'd and overcharg'd with Cares would fain take every Method to vent its Griefs. She plainly heard the Voice address the Instrument in the following Manner : Begone, my Lute, it cry'd, throwing it on the Ground, Alas, how much art thou deceiv'd to fancy thy once pleasing Sounds can now be grateful to me, or thy soft Airs have Power to heal my Woes, as they were wont to sooth my calmer Spirits ; the Time is now no more, that with a rapturous Joy thy Notes infused a secret Pleasure in me ; then my Mind was apt and fitted to receive Delight, but now its whole Composure is imbitter'd, and every Attempt to please, turns to corroding Care ; the Evil is rooted inwardly, and all thy Art serves but to increase the Thought of it. Alas, my Lute, what then is all thy Harmony, but the Food and Nourishment of Grief ; the Discord of my jarring Thoughts does but ill suit the Agreement of thy Strings ; cease then to apply thy healing Notes to thy unhappy Master, but keep them for some less miserable Creature, who being but enter'd on the Brink of Woe, their wondrous Power may sooth or draw him from it. Here he stopp'd ; but so deep a Groan succeeded the Conclusion, that *Gynecia* hastened to shew herself, thinking the Appearance of such Sorrows could only equal hers. But as she enter'd the little Arbour, the Receptacle of this melancholly Musick, whom should her Eyes encounter but *Zelmane* : They both stood for some Time amaz'd and speechless, *Zelmane* being in the utmost Confusion, fearing *Gynecia* had heard Part of those Complaints which she had risen early that Morning on purpose to breathe out in secret to herself, not being apprehensive that any listning Spy would at
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that Hour invade the Quiet of those lonely Woods. *Gynecia* stood for some Time with her Eyes earnestly fix'd on *Zelmane*; at length a little recovering herself, she just had Power to ask what mighty Cause had tempted her to leave her scarce press'd Bed, and wander so soon Abroad? But the Moment she had utter'd these Words, as if at the bare speaking to *Zelmane* her Heart had overflow'd with Tenderness and overpower'd her Senses, she sunk down to the Earth, and with her alabaster Hands, hiding the Shame her Face was conscious of, she in an Agony of Passion cry'd, Help me *Zelmane*, or I am lost for ever! Help, and have Pity on me, O *Zelmane*! *Zelmane* wondering what sudden Illness had thus violently possess'd her, hastily ran to her, and asking the Cause of it, offer'd her utmost Service to relieve her; the Voice of *Zelmane* brought her a little to herself, so that opening her Eyes and wildly staring at her, urg'd on by burning Love and the Extremities of a reproaching Conscience, O *Zelmane*! *Zelmane*! cry'd she, how can thy more than savage Nature insult my Miseries and offer me Relief, when thou alone withhold'st it from me; thou art my Bane, in pity then be thou my Antidote; or at least make not a Mock of me, by offering thyself to be my Servant, when already thou hast bound me in eternal Slavery. *Zelmane* but too well understood her Meaning; but unwilling to appear as if she did, Madam, says she, I wish your Majesty would retire into your Lodging, and with a little Rest try to disperse the Fumes that discompose your Health. Retire! hastily interrupted *Gynecia*, O! that I had for ever done it when thou inhospitable Guest first came to draw me from myself, then had I been most happy, and should not have stood in need of thy cold Advice; but now alas, I am oblig'd to sue to thee for Help, who art the Source of all my growing Mischiefs; and make thee judge my Cause, who art most willing to be my Executioner. *Zelmane*, the more she understood was the more astonish'd, unknowing what to answer; but composing her Looks as well as she was able, Madam, says she, of what do you accuse me; or how have I behav'd that you should doubt of my Desire to serve you? Do but instruct me how to do it, for be assur'd the Power is only wanting. Alas, reply'd *Gynecia*, softning her Countenance, what shall I say, or how assume a Power to speak my Wishes; let this suffice, have Mercy on me O *Zelmane*! and no longer disguise thy Conversation as thou hast done thy Person; remember a Lover's Eye can pierce through every Art, and is not to be impos'd on like a vulgar one. *Zelmane* stood like one Thunder-struck at this last Charge of *Gynecia*'s; but while she was considering how to evade it, *Basilus* luckily pass'd almost close by them, but not at all observing them, being perfectly taken up with complaining of the destructive Power of Love, and ending his Invective with a Song, the youthful Passion having a-fresh inspir'd his Wit and rais'd his trembling Voice. Having ended the Performance, he review'd himself very curiously, sometimes fetching a little Skip, as if he meant to prove his

Strength

Strength had not quite forsaken him. This Accident gave *Zelmane* Leisure to study for an Answer; and looking at *Gynecia* with some Resentment, Madam, says she, I am wholly at a Loss to know your Meaning; Deceit, I think, was ne'er yet harbour'd in the Breast of any that profess'd themselves an *Amazon*; but were I capable of so mean a Vice, sure you are not a Person fit to employ it on. Alas, reply'd *Gynecia*, you must be unacquainted with the Penetration which Love inspires, to think I can be thus imposed upon; there is no one Beam of the Thoughts you have inspired me with, but is able to pierce through a greater Cloud than you appear in: Seek then no longer to conceal what I have too fatal an Assurance of, nor force the Violence of my Passion to burst into Extremes. *Zelmane* was now brought to the greatest Exigency, when, happily for her, the King turn'd himself that Way, and, putting on the softest Countenance he was able, hastily made up to them; and, thanking his Wife for entertaining *Zelmane*, (who, poor Soul, would willingly have spared her the Civility,) begg'd of her to return to her Apartment, he having some Matters of Importance relating to Affairs of State, on which, he said, he would willingly consult *Zelmane*. The Queen, not jealous of his Pretensions, obey'd him, and went towards the Lodge, possess'd of raging Agonies and deep Despair; but determining in her self, that though she would first try all fair and winning Means to compass *Zelmane's* Affection; yet if that failed, there was nothing so horrid she would not act, rather than be prevented in her Purposes. This Combat in her Thoughts, and the dreadful Overthrow of all her boasted Resolution, shook so much the Fabrick of her Mind, that a languishing Sickness, with its meagre Train, attended the Triumph of her Passion; and the more violent That grew, the more her Jealousy of her Daughter and *Zelmane* increased; so that she never fail'd to guard one of them with her own Eyes.

But the Moment *Basilus* was freed from the tiresome Presence of his Wife, he fell down on his Knees before *Zelmane*; Most excelling Fair, cry'd he, whose only Influence cou'd revive those Flames which have so long lain smother'd in my Bosom; behold in me the wondrous Effect of your All-powerful Charms, that can oblige the Experience of my Age to sue to Youth for Counsel, and a Prince, ever till now unconquer'd, to become a willing Bondsman to a Stranger: When, I say, you see that wondrous Power of yours thus extend to me, love That in me for being yours, tho' in my self I know I am unworthy of your least Regards. Most worthy Prince, reply'd *Zelmane*, raising him from his Knees, your Words and Manner of them, are both so strange to me, that I know not how to answer them more properly than by Silence. Then be it so, reply'd the King, if that is most agreeable to you; I dare not once oppose it, since my Heart is entirely disposed to obey your Pleasure: But if you would vouchsafe

to bless my Ears with the only Sound that can afford them the least Delight, know they are all Attention to convey your Words to the most humble Mind that e'er was honour'd with them. I don't disdain, most mighty Prince, reply'd *Zelmane*, to answer you in any reasonable Question; but when my Honour is concern'd, I ever shall resent the Overture; and with a well counterfeited Look of Scorn, she gave him a haughty Frown, and hasted from him, leaving him not half so much displeased with her short Answer, as proud that he had let her into the Knowledge of his Passion.

But poor *Zelmane* having, with much Difficulty, withdrawn herself from her too loving and too little loved Companions, began to lament the Troubles she found herself involved in: Alas, cry'd she, *Pyrocles*, what Intricacies art thou surrounded with? Did ever any one but I receive a Wrong, yet know not where to fix the Injury; that, being possess'd of more than I desire, am still in want? But this Justice I must do the inexorable God, he has directed my Passion where all Love is merited; and in Return has bestowed more upon me than I e'er desired or wished for. What can become of thee, *Pyrocles*? And in what Path will all thy Mazes end? What Method canst thou find to rid thee of thy Troubles, or how dispose thy self amidst these numberless Perplexities? To her whom fairer than my Life I would reveal my self, I live unknown; and stand reveal'd to her from whom I have strove, with utmost Care, to keep my self conceal'd. What then shall I make use of to evade the watchful Love of old *Basilus*, or how shield against the Dangers *Gynecia's* violent and disappointed Passion may produce? And could I conquer both these Difficulties, I should be ne'er the nearer to allay those Flames, which hourly prey upon, and near consume my Heart. But in my *Philoclea* I must end these etuel Doubts; my Confidence I must wholly place in her Diviner Goodness, which can't be ignorant of the fatal Streights her Power has led me into.

But as sick People, when they are alone, think Company would relieve their Pain, yet being gratified, find them troublesome; being ever desirous of Change of outward Objects, when indeed their Malady proceeds from inward Causes, and by inward Medicines can only be relieved: So poor *Pyrocles* was not more tired with *Basilus's* Company, than of her own when she had left him. Being weary of revolving those Difficulties in his Mind, from which he could meditate no Deliverance, he sought to find out *Dorus*, that the Help of Friendship might lessen the Weight of Sorrow; and to that Purpose went towards the other Lodge, where, among some Beeches, he found him dress'd in Flannel, with a Goat Skin cast about him, and his Head adorn'd with a Garland of Laurel and Cypress Leaves. In this manner he was waiting upon his Master *Dametas*, who was
teaching

teaching him how with his Sheep-Hook he should catch a wanton Lamb, and how with the same Instrument cast a little Clod at any one that stray'd out of the Flock, without hurting its tender Sides. As he was practising, *Dametas* stood behind him, holding his Hands under his Girdle, winking and nodding from the Waste upwards; and swearing he never saw a Lad go more awkwardly to work in his Life; and that they might cry up Book-Learning as long as they would, but for his Part he never saw more awkward Fellows than those that bragg'd so much of their Reading.

But *Zelmane's* Appearance sav'd *Dorus* that Bout from a further Chiding, who begining to question him concerning the Number of his Master's Sheep, and which Province in *Arcadia* could boast the Produce of the finest Wool, he, with such Discourses as belong'd to rural Business, by Degrees drew him beyond the Hearing of *Dametas*; and then, with such a Burst of Passion, as if his Heart was rising to usurp the Office of his Tongue, he told him upon how dangerous a Precipice he was obliged to climb, and yet not sure of reaching the Centre of his Desires; sadly complaining, how injuriously Time dealt with him, that had not, in all that Space, bestow'd one Hour of Comfort on him; but that he was still in the same State of Misery, only enhanced by the Continuance; the Lastingness of an Evil ever increasing it. Alas, continu'd he, my *Dorus*, thou must be but too sensible how long and languishingly the Weeks have past since our last Conversation; yet am I still the Wretch I was, and every Moment my Wishes grow more powerful, and my Hopes more faint. *Dorus* was greatly moved with this earnest and passionate Account his Friend had given him of his Woes; and his Ears not being capable to show the Concern they had conceived, he borrowed the Assistance of his Eyes, and with Tears proved the Sympathy he felt for every Grief *Pyrocles* labour'd under; whose Passion having received some Vent, began to calm; and he desired *Dorus*, in Return, with the like Freedom, to give him a Prospect of the Map of his little Kingdom, that he might know whether that was possess'd of such inhabitable Climes of shivering cold Despairs, and raging Heats, as his was troubled with; and walking under some Palm-Trees, which being in their own Natures loving, seem'd the more willingly to afford them their friendly Shade, *Dorus* thus enter'd on the Description of his Fortune: Alas, cry'd he, my dearest Cousin, how hard is our Condition, that it hath pleas'd the Almighty Power to allot us such a Fate, that the Sincereness of our Friendships cannot be better shown than in Exchange of Miseries! For my own Part, I must indeed allow, that from almost a Chaos of Misfortunes, I can discern a little Dawn of Hope; but so vastly distant from the Good I would aspire to, that I think it may justly be compared to such a glimmering Light, as thro' the Crevice of a Dungeon strikes the Eyes of an imprisoned

prisoned Malefactor, and only serves to make the miserable Wretch more sensible how great a Good he is deprived of: Or as a Scholar, who would industriously climb the Ascent of Learning, but is incapable to reach the Summit, and yet goes far enough to find his Want of Power. So I——But you shall judge the Sadness of my unhappy Case, as I relate my Story: After I was by your Assistance exalted to the Honour of serving in yonder happy Lodge, I had, for some time, a little Balm apply'd to my raging Smart; for after I had obliged the Princess, by protecting her, and my self standing the Violence of the furious Bear, she took more Notice of me, than otherwise the Greatness of her Soul (which shines through every Action) would have permitted her to bestow on one that bore the Appearance of a Slave: Sometimes she'd deign to grace my Exercises with her Presence, and at others condescend to hear my Songs. For me, you may be well assured, my Heart was on the Watch, to snatch at every Occasion to make the Sovereign of my Soul be sensible with what Excess of Pleasure I performed her Service; but, Oh! too soon I found, that while I bore the Appearance of a Shepherd, let my Behaviour be never so peculiar, it would meet with no greater Encouragement than that low State of Life required; and that my most studied and officious Services were only limited within the due Proportion of a faithful Servant: But when, tired with this cold and hard Restraint, my Looks began to speak the Tenderness that had lain conceal'd under the constant Assiduity I had shewn, Millions of Ages would not be able to efface in me the Memory of that just Disdain the Majesty of her bright Eyes shot through my Soul; it half dissolved my Form, and for some Time I stood motionless, like a poor Wretch that's stricken by the Thunder, and is not able to behold the Power that gave the Blow: To find an Opportunity to convince her my real Fortune was not below her Notice, seem'd impossible; for *Dametas* (as is the Nature of all Fools in Office) thinks he can never better exert his Power, or shew his Wisdom, than by the most gross Suspicions; which *Miso*, being of a hoggish and shrewish Disposition, and *Mopsa*, from an insolent Envy she has conceived against *Pamela's* inimitable Beauties, are always ready to execute. So that finding my most unwearied Services disregarded, my Love disdained, and almost an Impossibility of discovering the Ground of my Pretensions to *Pamela*, my Desires were scarce more heighten'd, than my Despair encreas'd; which, if these Shades had the Capacity, they could all witness. How often have I, borrowing the Assistance of yonder Palm to support my Weight of Sorrow, lean'd under it, and envy'd its superior Happiness, that it was capable of Love, without a Sense of its Inquietudes? How often have I, when my Master's Cattle sought this refreshing Glade, observed the lusty Bull at Pleasure single his Choice out of the lowing Herd, and boast his Love with Looks of conscious Pride, and swelling Happiness? O wretched Species of Mankind, cry'd I,
whose

whose boasted Understanding, which ought to be the Standard of his Happiness, becomes a Bar to every Pleasure he can propose! The Beasts, like Nature's boasted Offspring, inherit without Disturbance all her Blessings, while we, like spurious Breeds, are exposed and laid as Foundlings, to be trained up and nursed by Grief and Care. Their happy Minds grudge not the Enjoyment of their Bodies; without Remorse they follow the Dictates of their Senses, and never surfeit on the Joys they yield; while we are curs'd with the Reflection of Virtue, Honour, and the Strings of Conscience, those lasting Bars to earthly Happiness. Lost and bewilder'd in this Maze of Thought, I have oft stood so long, that I have fancy'd my Feet were rooted to the Ground; and such a Heaviness of Mind has grown upon me, that I cou'd almost have been prevail'd upon to resign my very Essence: But Love, which at one Time loads us with Lead, and at another lends us Wings, when he had sunk me with his greatest Weight, and depress'd my Thoughts below the Earth, even in a Moment turn'd the Scale, and rais'd my Heart to the Consideration, that no great Enterprize was ever yet attained, till it was first through Zeal attempted; and therefore it was Time, and now the only Opportunity I e'er shou'd have, to sharpen my Invention, and pierce it through the Difficulties that oppos'd me; and after revolving a thousand Methods in my Mind, how to reveal my self and my Desires, I resolv'd on this Stratagem, which possibly you may think will render them more obscure: I began to counterfeit the most raging Love for *Mopsa*; the Passion was so lively in my Heart, though pointed to another Object, that I could easily give undoubted Proofs of the most violent one: But changing the outward Object; for while my Mind was intent upon *Pamela's* Charms, my Eyes were directed to the Deformity of *Mopsa*; but the Reflection of her Foulness made my *Pamela's* Beauties seem, if possible, more bright, as does the shining Brilliant appear more sparkling when near a counterfeited Stone. Nothing but *Mopsa* was in my Voice, and my Attendance was all to her directed: To her I dedicated the choicest of my Fruits; and when I rais'd my Song, she was my constant Theme: Her alone I term'd the Loadstone of my Life, the Pleasure of my Sight, the Causer of my Ruin, and yet the Recompence of all my Pains; the Sweetner and Imbitterer of my Life; and, to sum up all, every Thought *Pamela* inspired in my Mind, to her I uttered; and by this Means I not only gain'd the Friendship of *Dametas*, (who before was envious of my Performances, fearing lest I should be preferr'd in the Princess's Esteem,) but was suffer'd with more Freedom to approach her Presence. Whether it was that she disdain'd that such a worthless Creature should possess ought that once was hers, how trifling soever she esteem'd it; or possibly, and what I most believe, by my high-flown and passionate Expressions, and by my aiming so far beyond the Mark of *Mopsa's* Merit, she had found out how high they were directed; and being under such a Coverture, was pleas'd to amuse her Wit,

110 Sir Philip Sidney's ARCADIA,

and sometimes sport away an Hour at my Cost: But being determin'd to make her understand my Story, by relating it as of a third Person, I one Day aptly, for my Purpose, found her sitting with only *Mopsa* by her, like a greedy Kite watching a harmless Dove; and approaching them with a disorder'd Air, and Looks which sure, I think, discover'd the Perturbation of my Mind, I reached a Harp, which was, too happily for its Insensibility, placed at *Pamela's* Feet; I attempted to sing to it, but my trembling Fingers, and more faltering Voice, made but ill Musick: Therefore returning it to its late happy Situation, and casting my unwilling Eyes sometimes towards *Mopsa*, but principally fixing them upon *Pamela*; And must, cry'd I, (O beautiful *Mopsa*) the wretched *Dorus* submit to have the Meanness of his Appearance be the Measure of his Mind? And is it of Necessity the Miseries I labour under should be the Occasion of a greater Weight? Must that which in itself should raise Compassion, become an Argument of Cruelty against me? Consider, most insulting Fair, a worthy Prince always desires to preserve the Life of his meanest Subject; and the Sun disdains not to afford his Light to the most groveling Worm. O *Mopsa*! *Mopsa*! were but my Heart as manifest to you as 'tis tormenting to my self, I should not despair; but that the towering Height my Thoughts aspire to, would in some Measure counter-vail the Lowness of my Condition. Who is there that is ignorant of your high Fortune, or knows not that it is far excell'd by that Harmony of Beauty, which equally adorns your Mind and Person? All these Perfections are owing to a random Spark of divine Fire, which having stray'd from Heaven, could no where find a fit Repository for its Brightness, but in your Angel Form. But would you deign to be inform'd what will cement and strengthen all these Perfections, I would presume to say, Mercy could only do it; that undeniably is the highest Attribute of Heaven. O then, most cruel Fair, let me conjure you to follow your great Original, and shew some Pity to a Wretch that almost equally adores you. *Mopsa*, who already began to conceive a sort of sneaking Kindness towards me, stood all this while with her Hands sometimes before her Face to hide the Blushes, or rather the Inflammations in her Cheeks, for the Colour was a good deal more of that Cast; at length, with a Grace peculiar to her self, wagging her Lips, and stretching her wide Mouth to the Compass of her Ears, thrusting out her Chin, and strutting her Body: Lord, *Dorus*, says she, how can you jeer a Body so? Well, sure you are the merriest Man; but I know you do but joke. The Princess, who saw the Comedy was likely to be at a Stand, unless she helped *Mopsa* in her Part, took up the Conversation, and with a Look that pierced the innermost Recesses of my Heart; *Dorus*, says she, methinks you wrongfully accuse your Fortune, since the Fault lies not on that, but in your Want of Resignation to submit to it: Neither can *Mopsa* be justly charged with Want of Merit, in refusing to be the Partner of her
Father's

Father's Servant, since she that has not some Consciousness of her own Worth, will never long support it. My every Sense was hush'd into Attention while she was uttering these Words; even my Heart was still, which never till that Time could boast a Moment's Rest since I had known her. I remain'd silent a good while, hoping she would again bless my Ears with the Musick of her Voice; but finding she remain'd silent, I with trembling Lips and fault'ring Tongue began to answer her: I am much surprized, replied I, most transcendent Princess, to hear you, who are the Centre of all Virtue, take the Part of Fortune, who generally is the fiercest of its Opposers, especially at a Time when you have before your Eyes, in me, a sad Example of her Tyranny; which must be esteem'd not what I really am, but what her Sport has made me, since she is allow'd the Balance of Merit or Unworthiness: But O if the Condemn'd have Licence at their approaching Hour of Death to speak, let the mortal Wound I have received from my fair Destroyer purchase me so much Favour, and obtain a Leave to argue with her, since the Perfections in her whom I adore (and ever must) are of so high a Nature, that an ignoble Mind cou'd ne'er be capable of knowing or admiring them: Can that Heart, I say, which is not only sensible of them, but whose very Essence is wrapt up in them, be justly accounted base? How can a Mind, exalted to such a Height of Aspiration, patiently bear the Cloathing of a vulgar Form? Let not her noble Spirit do itself so great an Injury, as to imagine, that where its Image is placed, adored, and worshipped, there can be any Want of Nobleness. I will not deny, answer'd *Pamela*, but that the Regards you have for *Mopsa*, may possibly have brought you more distinctly to consider her Perfections; and as 'tis natural to imitate and copy after what we love, so the Example of her Virtues may very probably have made you more worthy: But then you must allow it is to her you are obliged for that Part of your Merit; and therefore ought rather gratefully to own that Favour, and not press for more till you can plead a little of your own: And indeed, *Dorus*, continued she, Justice obliges me to say thus much in behalf of *Mopsa*, that if her Beauties have wounded you as you pretend, the best way to prove the Reality of your Affection, is to prefer her Interest before your own; and with the tender Nicety of a right honourable Lover, suffer not the infectious Breath of your unworthy Passion to endeavour to sully the Brightness of her Honour. Now, by my *Hallidame*, bawls out *Mopsa*, with a Horse Laugh, and casting a Sheep's Eye at me, you have hit my Mind to a tittle, forsooth. Finding that this Stratagem had gain'd me so much Happiness, as that I cou'd in the Presence of my Judge freely declare my Case, and that she with Patience wou'd hear my Reasons apply'd to *Mopsa*, tho' she wou'd have scorn'd them directed to her self, or at least without that Coverture, I follow'd my intended Purpose, and pursued this fit Occasion, to indulge *Pamela's* Wit, and puzzle *Mopsa's* Ignorance,
and

and throwing a piercing Look towards the Princess, though with Eyes full fraught with humble Love and flowing Tenderneſs, as I had rather receive Condemnation from her Mouth, than the moſt lavish Praises from the other, I reſum'd the Thread of my Diſcourſe: Fair *Mopſa*, cry'd I, (half turning my Body to her, tho' my Eyes had not the Power to diſengage themſelves from their darling Object,) I find by the Sharpneſs of your Wit, and the Sagacity of your well-directed Answers, that any Arguments I can uſe are as much too weak to avail, as in my ſelf I am unworthy of ſucceeding; and I find, continued I, fetching a Sigh, that the only Proof of my Affection muſt be the obliterating of it, being eſteem'd too poor a Receptacle to entertain ſuch high Deſires; yet ſince the Love I am inſpired with is ſo ingrafted and woven with my Life, that one cannot depart, but that the other will ſtrait follow; before I prove my Obedience in diſpatching both in one, permit me, O inhumane Fair, to know whether the Unworthineſs I am upbraided with lies in my Mind, or my Eſtate, or both. *Mopſa* was juſt going to blurt out, in neither; her Heart, as I believe, almoſt overflowing with Kindneſs towards me; when *Pamela*, with a more favourable Look than ſhe before had ſhewn, perhaps pitying the Deſpair ſhe found I was inclined to, told me, She thought I might my ſelf have answer'd that Queſtion; for, ſays ſhe, it before was granted, that the Influence of *Mopſa*'s Virtues diffuſed themſelves throughout your Mind; and indeed, continued ſhe, I think every one muſt own both That and your Perſon deſerves great Allowance: But, *Dorus*, you ſhou'd ſo far be Maſter of your Paſſions, as to conſider, that ſince the Judgment of the World ſtands chiefly upon the Point of Fortune, and that our Sex is tied to Rules, and bound to obſerve the general Opinion, it is not proper for us to turn Philoſophers, and pry into your hidden Virtues; ſince that which in a Man wou'd be eſteemed a Piece of Wiſdom, in us wou'd be thought the Produce of Levity and a light-grounded Paſſion; ſo true it is, that the ſame Action in different People meet with quite contrary Conſtructions. Never did any Wretch, languishing under the Scorplings of a Fever, receive more immediate Reſreſhment from a Draught of Water, than did my Soul from her ſweetly flowing Words; but as he, the Moment he has ſwallow'd the pleaſing Draught, finds his Fit renewed, and his Burnings grow more fierce; ſo I, the Moment ſhe had cloſed her Lips, with almoſt as becoming Silence, found my ſelf aſreſh, and and with more Violence again inflam'd: But recollecting that the Soldier that ſtands ſtill ſhares the ſame Fate with him that gives the braveſt Onſet, and finding that to the compaſſing my Aim there was nothing ſo much wanting as a Knowledge of what I was, I determin'd boldly to proceed; and with a Countenance that well cou'd witneſs the Anguiſh of my Soul, join'd with a Behaviour ſuiting the moſt timorous Lover, Excellent Princess, return'd I, has not your own Words ſufficiently teſtified, that not a Wretch on Earth has half the

Reason

Reason to quarrel with injurious Fortune as I justly have, since you are graciously pleas'd to allow that I have nothing wanting to compleat my Happiness but the Stumblings of her Favour? O that the heavenly Powers, in Pity to the racking Tortures I endure, would either direct the Favours of the partial Goddess, or put me past the Power of feeling the wounding Disappointments she occasions me; but yet, Madam, continued I, if your Goodness is not quite wearied with the Complaints of such a miserable Creature, and that your heavenly Eyes can longer bear to look on so great an Object of Distress, let me once more reply, in Opposition to my mortal Sentence, by repeating an Accident that happen'd long since (for Woes can make the shortest Time seem tedious) in this very Country, which will prove that my Estate is not so much to be contemned, since a mighty Prince has been content to take upon him the same Appearance, and under that Disguise attempt to gain a Princess; which if it did not almost come up to Blasphemy, I wou'd presume to say, cou'd only equal you. Without making a Reply, she seem'd to honour me with her Attention, and I proceeded.

In the Contry of *Theffalia*, a Place, I think, productive of nothing but Misfortunes, there was a Prince, (well might I say there was, since cruel Bondage takes away the Power of his now being so) call'd *Musidorus*; in his tender Years his worthy Father, in a most violent and sudden Manner, was called to render back to Nature the Life she lent; leaving the Infant Prince to his Friends Faith, and the Proof of Time. The Pangs of Death were little to him, in Comparison of the Cares he suffer'd in leaving his Kingdom to such a helpless Successor: But so merciful is the All-wise Providence, that it often secures its faithful Servants from approaching Evils, by timely taking them to a Place of uninterrupted Happiness; so that this good Prince, we may believe, was taken off from being a Witness of those Miseries his darling Son has since fallen into. The young *Musidorus*, having thus for the first Stroke of Fortune, lost the Director and chief Prop of his tottering Youth; yet, as if she meant only to breathe herself for further Mischiefs, for some Years he flourish'd in as much Happiness as the Care of an affectionate Mother, and the good Intentions of a flourishing People could render to him.

But the fatal Time being come, when he was ripe for Fortune's Malice, and of an Age to be most sensible of her sharp-pointed Cruelties, there seem'd to be a fatal League concluded between Heaven and Earth, that both of them should lay Occasions in his Way, to lead him to his Ruin. His People, who formerly abhor'd the Thoughts of any foreign Rudiments, now grew dissatisfied with their Prince's limited Education, and seem'd to think Experience wanting to compleat his Virtues; his tender Mother, whose widow'd Heart cou'd meet with no

Relief, but in his Presence, did yet dispense with the only Joy the Earth cou'd yield her, and join'd her Wishes to his Subjects, thinking that Travel wou'd blow and spread those Buds of Honour she saw were springing in him.

To forward this unhappy Proposition, did *Musidorus'* own great Soul conspire: Unhappy State of Man, that his greatest Virtues shou'd often be made the Instruments of his Ruin! for thus much Justice obliges me to own of the young Prince, (tho' the Resemblance of our Misfortunes makes me presume to compare myself to him) that Glory, Fame and Honour, at that time, were his only Aim, and neither the Allurements of Vice, nor the soft Blandishments of Pleasure, cou'd in the least draw him from that noble Purpose. Soon an Occasion offer'd for him to put in Execution what was before resolved; for his Uncle, the King of *Macedon*, having lately atchieved such Victories as wou'd appear incredible to a Prince less fortunate, to compleat his Satisfaction, and share his Joys, sent for his Son, and our young Prince, who had been bred together in our Court: But O! to what a Scene of Miseries did this unhappy Voyage lead them; even my Imagination sickens at the sharp Reflection, and I want Words sufficiently expressive to speak the moving Tale. Here, faint and tired with the killing Thought, I stop'd; but finding by the attentive Look, the fair *Pamela* gave, she waited the Conclusion; I pursu'd my melancholy Story: These two unhappy Princes, continued I, in Pursuance to their Uncle's Pleasure, embark'd by Sea, attended with a powerful Navy, making towards *Thrace*; the King, at that Time, lying before *Byzantium*, having just with a mighty Army besieg'd that Place. But when malignant Fortune had found these destin'd Victims of her Wrath within the Power of the combining Seas, and no less cruel Heavens, she powerfully began to open the Scene of their Destruction, by raising so boisterous a Storm as shatter'd and destroy'd the whole Navy, except Prince *Musidorus* and his Cousin, who being reserved for more and greater Miseries, were cast a-shoar far distant from the Place whereto their Wishes wou'd have guided them. O ye conspiring Winds and Waves! Why, in your inconsiderate Fury, did you begin this Outrage? or when begun, not satiate and glut it with the immediate Death of the unhappy Pair? But cruel Fate wou'd not permit it, but interfered and postponed their Deaths, that they might reach it with more exquisite and lingering Torments. It would be foreign to my Purpose to repeat the woeful Tragedy of the young Prince of *Macedon*; besides, a Tale of Horror can never be too brief. Let it suffice he had his Share of Woes, which in no small Degree heighten'd those of Prince *Musidorus*; whose growing Evils having combin'd together, and as a pestilent Disease draws to itself the several Infirmities with which the Body was before molested, so did the last Mischief that attended this unhappy Prince, swallow in its

Extremity

Extremity all the Evils he had before endur'd. *Arcadia* was the destin'd Place where the full Measure of his Misery was to be consummated, the enchanted Circle which was for ever to contract and draw him from himself, and put a Stop to his once promis'd Glories; for here, here in this fatal Place, did his infected Eyes convince his Mind that heavenly Beauty had the Power of oppressing it even with hellish Agonies; here did his cruel Stars contrive to blast his Sight with the too dazzling Beauties of the *Arcadian* King's eldest Hope: The Inrage pass'd so swiftly to his Mind, that in a Moment it took the fond Impression; and now its Hopes, its Fears, its Grievs and Joys in her were wholly center'd, and nothing left in himself but an intricate Maze of longing Wishes, which every Way he turn'd, led only to thorny Paths of black Despair: But O how vain is the Attempt by Words to make that Passion known, when even the Action of it can't persuade! the Pains of Love must first be felt e'er they can be rightly understood; there is no speculative Knowledge in that Science; let it suffice, that as Affairs then stood, the King could have no Hope to gain his Wishes by any direct and open Means, and yet so violent were his Desires, that they hurried him beyond all moderate Degrees of Patience.

At length a Stratagem offer'd to his Thought, which he hop'd in Time would lead him through the intangled Snare he had fallen into, or at least help with more Ease to support him in it: He disguis'd himself in Shepherds Weeds, that by the Help of that mean Appearance he might sometimes have Access to her much-wish'd Presence, and unsuspected feed his Eyes, though his Heart paid the Ordinary.

Thus, Madam, have I prov'd that we are not always to trust Appearances, nor wholly to reject a mean Estate, since under that Disguise Merit may often lie conceal'd; as in the Case of our unhappy Prince, who did not disdain to cloath his Nobleness in so poor a Dress, that he might snatch an Opportunity of gazing on the most finish'd Piece of Beauty Nature e'er form'd. O! Why may not the same Ambition be justified in me? But I have done; if I am understood I have said enough to clear the Allegations your Highness laid against me: As for the Heap of Miseries in which the wretch'd Prince was afterwards involv'd, my Heart is too deeply affected to bear the Repetition; and therefore, O most gracious Princess, excuse me the ungrateful Task, which is too monstrous for any but his cruel Destinies to declare.

Having finish'd my Narration in so perplex'd a Manner, that the Princess might easily imagine I was myself concern'd in the Account, I waited her Answer; which much surpriz'd me, and in some Degree dispell'd those Clouds which hover'd round my Heart; for do you know that heretofore she hath heard of both of us, having the Ac-
count

count from Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of the Storm which we were cast away in; for casting her Eyes on me, with more Favour in her Looks than usual, *Dorus*, says she, you have repeated a moving Story, but I believe you are much deceiv'd in the latter Part of it, for Prince *Musidorus*, and his Cousin the brave *Pyrocles*, did both perish in that Storm you mention'd, as a noble Gentleman, call'd *Plangus*, who was particularly acquainted with their Story, assur'd my Father. O! how this last Sentence did overflow my Heart with Joy; happy, happy art thou *Musidorus*, cry'd I to myself, whose Name has been so bless'd as to be pronounc'd by that dear Tongue, and pass'd those Lips, which, I fear, thy Owner must ne'er approach, not even in presumptuous Hope. But recollecting myself out of these inward Raptures, Madam, return'd I, I won't deny but that Prince *Pyrocles* then met his Fate; which Falshood I let pass for fear a Suspicion of your being here should arise before you were willing to the Discovery; but as to *Musidorus*, continu'd I, I see you have had a wrong Information, though a Report of his being lost was rumour'd; which Objection that inimitable Princess made, who could alone dispose his Fate, when he first attempted to discover himself unto her. The Ship he came in was indeed by Treason lost, which easily might occasion *Plangus*' Mistake; but he was cast himself upon *Laconia*'s Coast, where he was taken up, and his Life preserv'd by those two Shepherds, so famous in their Time for owning the Influence of one beautiful Maid, and yet preserving the sincerest Friendship: An Account of their wondrous Love, was lately sung before your Highness by *Lamon*: By these Men the Prince was brought to a Nobleman's House near *Mantineia*, whose Son has lately been taken Prisoner, and by the Help of *Musidorus*, though he disguis'd his real Name and Quality, was happily deliver'd. I took this dark Method of Delivery, because I was well assured the Princess's Penetration would easily discover whom I meant; and I fear'd that if I should have nam'd *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander*, and *Clitiphon*, it might have rouz'd some Conjectures in the dull Brain of *Mopsa*.

The Arguments, continued I, that *Musidorus* us'd to satisfy the Princess he was no Impostor, were as follows, That she might easily enquire of those People he had named, whether they had not known such a Stranger, though tied by former Vows he had conceal'd his real Name and went under a feign'd Character; that the Shepherds could satisfy her that such a one was taken up after the Rack, but that possibly *Plangus* might be a Stranger to that Incident, and so conclude they both were lost: Besides all this, she must be certain that nothing beneath the Quality he pretended durst undertake so great an Enterprize; for though he should by it be so exquisitely happy as to gain the Princess's Esteem, yet if once his presumptuous Passion should be known, as undoubtedly it some Time or other must, it would require

quire all a Prince's Power to justify so bold an Action against the *Arcadian* State. Lastly, for more sure and certain Demonstration of his being what he pretended, he shew'd her a very peculiar Mark he had upon his Face, as I, cry'd I, may shew this upon my Neck to the fair *Mopsa*, (upon that I shew'd the Spot that is on my Neck to them both, which you know I am told resembles a Lion's Paw) as an Assurance that I am Brother to *Menalcas* and no Impostor; the same Method our Prince took, withall humbly imploring the Princess for to send some one she could confide in to *Theffalia*, that they might there be inform'd whether his Age, Complexion, his Time of being absent, and particularly that Mark, did not agree with their Prince *Musidorus*. Pray, *Dorus*, said the Princess, looking at me with the most settled Countenance, don't you know the End of this whimsical Undertaking? For at this Period the Historiographer stopp'd, saying the rest requir'd a Foreknowledge, in which he was unskill'd. Seeing the Princess upon this appear something thoughtful, I remain'd silent, that her Imagination might have Time to work upon what I had said; but at length, fearing *Mopsa* might take Notice of my Behaviour, but more with a View to draw some Answer from the Princess that would a little relieve my Tortures, I humbly kneel'd down before her, and catching hold of her Garment, with as much Eagerness as the most superstitious Bigot would that of his darling Saint, I begg'd of her to intercede with *Mopsa* in my unhappy Case, that she would not with such Cruelty steel her Heart against the soft and gentle Blows of Love; that as her every Part was endow'd with some peculiar heavenly Quality, she would, to compleat and perfect all, make her Heart the Throne of Pity, which was the darling Attribute of the all-powerful Being; who certainly would ne'er have trusted her with so great a Power of destroying, but that he meant the Softness of her Nature should mitigate those Pains which she occasion'd. *Pamela*, without the least Appearance of either much observing or neglecting what I had said, turn'd in a careless Way to *Mopsa*, and in such a Manner as plainly shew'd she did not think the Matter of Moment to herself; *Mopsa*, says she, I'd have you be upon your Guard, your Shepherd has a perswading Tongue; not but if he can really prove himself to be, as he pretends, the only Heir and Brother to the honest *Menalcas*, I see no Reason why you should disregard his Passion. Ay, but forsooth, reply'd *Mopsa*, for all his quaint Speeches, I warrant I'll keep my Honesty safe enough out of his Clutches; and as to Matrimony, I won't stir a Step in it without my Father speaks the Word, so I won't: But every now and then she would eye me with such loving Looks, as if she had a Mind they should contradict what she had said; and with her forbidding Countenance present me such a Prospect, as could well have given a Surfeit to any weaker Lover's Appetite.

But seeing the Princess was going to retire, I took a Jewel out of a little Case, made in the Figure of a Crab; which, because it looks one Way and goes another, I thought was a fit Representative of my Love: The Motto was, *By Force, not Choice*: And still kneeling, I begg'd the Princess to give that Toy to *Mopsa*, and by her Intercession make it accepted; and to secure Suspicion, I told them that lately as I was following an Acquaintance of mine at the Plow, it stopp'd against a Stone, which removing, we found under it that and a few other pretty Trifles, which we divided.

Mopsa was half out of those little Wits she had when the Princess gave her the Jewel; but in herself, though I observ'd her with the nicest Eye, I could not find the least Apprehension of what I had taken so much Pains to reveal to her; but with a calm and settled Countenance, she let every Thing I said or did carelessly pass her Notice, as we are won't to do by those whom we think are by no Means of concern to us: This cold unmov'd Temper is of all others the most terrible; for if she use me with Contempt, I might in Time, by the Help of a zealous and indefatigable Pursuit of Virtue, overcome it; if she was only dubious of the Truth of my Pretensions, I were most happy, having it in my Power full soon to bring undoubted Proofs of the Reality of what I had spoken; or if she even gave me Marks of hatred, it would be better than this Indifference; for then I should know what Passion I had to deal with, and either with laborious Merit and unwearied Diligence I might remove it, or with my Life put a Period to that and my own Miseries together: But this cruel Calmness almost distracts me; for neither will she condescend to shew me the least Encouragement, nor yet give me any Proofs of an Aversion; but like the inexorable Sun that keeps a constant Course, and neither will retract or spread its Beams to oblige beseeching Mortals, so all the Methods I have taken are ineffectual to alter her resolv'd Temper, but with an equal Mind she views my killing Torments; for sure she ne'er can be insensible that she occasions them. There is nothing I have left undone, hoping some way or other might move her to compassionate my Sufferings. One Day I appear'd before her like myself, having perswaded *Dametas* to let us two dress ourselves in gay Apparel, which I told him I had gotten as a Reward for once well-performing the Part of a King in a Tragedy, and so on Horseback perform some Exercises that would divert the Princess: My Horse was that I left at *Menalcas'* House, and *Dametas* got one out of the Prince's Stable: But howsoever I appear, whether as a Shepherd or a Prince, she views me with equal Eyes, and the Pains I take, she leaves for my Reward.

But

But as *Dorus* was pursuing his Complaints, he 'spy'd *Dametas*, who came whistling and counting upon his Fingers how many Load of Hay seventeen fat Oxen would eat in a Year : His Errand was to desire *Zelmane* to return to the Lodge, where the King and Queen stay'd for her : Alas! cry'd *Dorus*, softly, You must now return with a double Load of Sorrows, having the Addition of a Friend's Weight ; but *Zelmane* turning from him, and directing herself to *Dametas*, I shall grow wondrous wise, cries she, in Country Affairs, if I converse often with your Servant : Why ay, indeed, reply'd *Dametas*, with an insolent Scorn in his Countenance, the Lad may prove well enough in Time, if he grows not conceited of himself, and above the Instruction of his Elders ; and then all the Way they walked to the other Lodge, to make *Zelmane* sensible (as he thought) how much better she might have spent her Time with him, he began, in a wild Method, to run over all the Art of Husbandry, dwelling particularly upon the Necessity of well dunging a Field, (for which Purpose his foul Carcase would have serv'd notably) while poor *Zelmane* was obliged to bear his tiresome Discourse ; but not provoking a Continuance of it by any one Answer, till they came to *Basilus* and *Gynecia*, who attended in a Coach to carry *Zelmane* abroad to see some Diversions which were prepared for her. The King and Queen sate together in one End of it, and placed her in the other, close to *Philoclea* ; *Zelmane* cou'd almost have worshiped them for giving her that happy Situation, for the Straitness of the Coach oblig'd them to join almost close as her Wishes ; and tho' the envious Cloaths prevented the truer Touch, yet as a perfect Loadstone, tho' inclosed in an Ivory Box, will through the Case send forth its attractive Virtue to the beloved Needle : so did *Zelmane's* Soul dart itself forth into the Heart of *Philoclea*, spight of her outward Form, and the Bar of her insensible happy Cloathing : *Zelmane's* Blood and Spirits were all fomented in her, as a spiritous Wine will do, when Sugar is hastily put into it, eagerly endeavouring to suck the Sweetness of the much-loved Guest. Her Heart, like an imprisoned Lyon, at the Sight of him, against the Grates that restrains his Liberty, beat outrageously against her Breast, as if by Force it would have flown to *Philoclea*, and disdain'd to rest but in her Bosom. *Dametas* being exalted from being Master of a Cart, to Commander of the Coach, not a little proud in himself that his Whip at that time guided the Rule of all *Arcadia*, for that Day drove the royal Company : The Top of the Vehicle was made with Joints, so that they could, either to avoid the Inconveniencies of the Weather, close it up, or else let it down at each Side, and sit as discover'd as if on Horseback. When they had reached the Side of the Forest, they saw in Couples, attending their Coming, both Greyhounds, Spaniels and common Hounds ; whereof the first might be esteem'd the Nobility, the second the Gentry, and the third the Yomen of Dogs : There was besides, a Cast of Merlins, which

which flying a gallant Height over certain Bushes, wou'd beat the Birds that rose, down again under them; as Falcons are wont to do wild Fowl over a River; but the Sport that was that Day intended the principal Diversion, was the Mountie at a Heron, which getting up on his wagling Wings with Pain, till he had reached some Height, as tho' the Air nearer the Earth was too gross for his huge Body to fly through, had now diminish'd the Sight of himself; and wou'd well have served as an Example to great People, that the higher they are exalted, the humbler and the less they should appear; when immediately a Jerfalcon was cast off after her, who streight 'spying out the Prey, Desire guiding her Eyes, and those her Wings, eagerly pursu'd her, but not with more Haste than Cunning; for as a good Architect in building a lofty Tower, will not make his Stairs perpendicular, but winding, almost the full Compass, that the Steepness may be the less perceivable, so she observing the towering Height of her purpos'd Prey, went circling and compassing about, and yet finding that Method scarce to answer to her eager Haste, as an ambitious Person will wander far wide of the direct and even Way, to attain the Heighth of his Desires, so wou'd she, in Appearance, turn from the Heron, and fly out quite another Way, but only with intent to return a higher Pitch; which having compassed, she would with cruel Assaults attack the Heron, who now was driven, since Flight wou'd not avail, to make by Force the best Defence she could; sometimes with clasping they would come down together, and so be parted by the too great Partiality of the Beholders.

Several of these Flights *Basilus* shew'd *Zelmane*. Thus were the Hours beguil'd and the Day decreas'd e'er it was hardly reflected on, 'till the coming Night, like a degenerate Successor, made them more lament its Loss, and oblig'd them to give *Dametas* Orders to drive towards Home, who (half sleeping, half musing how to mend a Wine-press he had by Accident broke the Day before) guided the Horses so ill, that the Wheel coming forcibly against the Stump of a great Tree, overturn'd the Coach; which though it fell violently down upon that Side where *Gynecia* and *Zelmane* sat, yet could the latter have blest'd the Fall which made her sensible of the desirable Weight of *Philoclea*, but that she fear'd some Mischief might allay the Bliss; but as it happen'd none of them receiv'd the least Damage except *Gynecia*, and the Violence of the Bruise had put out her Shoulder; which, though it was immediately very well set again by one of the Falconers, who had some Skill that way, yet 'twas with great Pain they got her to the Lodge; and that, with its usual Attendant, a lingering Feaver, confin'd her to her Bed.

But

But not half so raging was the Fever of her Body, as the more powerful one that inflamed her Mind; nor the Pain, the Accident occasion'd, half so exquisite as those Pangs of Jealousy, which she labour'd under, for fear *Zelmane* shou'd, by her Confinement, have an Opportunity of entertaining *Philoclea*; and tho' the Night was far spent, yet wou'd she not compose herself to the needful Rest her Hurt required, till she had call'd her Daughter, and commanded her, late as it was, to hasten to the other Lodge, and lye there that Night with her Sister, and send *Miso* to attend on her: Mean while she kept *Zelmane* by her Bed-side, and would not suffer her to retire, till she was well assured *Philoclea* might have reached the other Lodge. The beauteous Maid, being so perfect in Obedience, went calmly down: The fulgent Moon, then in its full Magnitude of Glory, shone out with double Lustre, as proud to guide the Fair One's Steps, whose every Motion was answered by the Beating of her trembling Heart: And O! thou heavenly Creature, forgive this long Neglect my Pen has shewn thee, in not mentioning the Agonies thy labouring Breast so patiently endur'd, tho' to thy Memory this mournful Story is principally dedicated: Pardon the Tardiness I have shewn in coming to the Repetition of those Passions, which thou raisest in another, but which retorted with Severity their Force on thy own Bosom.

She hitherto had been among the Number of those Innocents, whose Foundation of Virtue is grounded upon an Insensibility of Evil, and who often preserve their Purity more unspotted than those who strive, with curious Eyes, to pry into the Difference of Good and Evil, and think it sufficient if they know, without following the most commendable Way: But on the other Hand, the pure and simple Mind is the easier to be, by an artful Dealer, wrought upon, because it has not proved the Ways of Wickedness, nor felt the Sting which evil Doing ever carries in it; so now our harmless *Philoclea*, whose Senses had ne'er before been moved beyond the common Course, and whose tender Youth had still with dutiful Obedience waited her Parents Will, without prescribing in any thing to herself; when she, I say, was arrived at a Difficulty wherein her Judgment should exert itself, and distinguish between Right and Wrong, she was wholly at a Loss, like a timorous Fawn, who at first coming within the Sound of her Pursuers knows not whether or no she is in Danger, so perhaps at length she buys her Knowledge with her Life: So the fair *Philoclea* now began dearly to purchase her Experience; for after *Zelmane* had for some time continued in the Lodge, and that her being a noble Stranger had raised a more particular Notice in *Philoclea*, the Loneliness of the Place, where she had no one to converse with but her Parents, made her take a double Pleasure in so agreeable a Companion: The Wit and sprightly Manner of *Zelmane*, excited the Admiration of all

who saw her; and the particular Address she paid to *Philoclea*, made her grow still more partial to her; till at length she found a more than common Pleasure in being near her, and an uneasy Wrestleſſneſs when abſent: She daily found out new Charms in every Action of *Zelmane*; and tho' at firſt ſhe admired *Zelmane* for the Perfections which adorn'd her, yet now ſhe thought the Merit of thoſe Perfections lay only in their belonging to *Zelmane*; and as it is natural for Imitation to follow what we moſt admire, ſo ſhe was never eaſy but when ſhe was affecting ſome Part or other of *Zelmane's* Behaviour, continually wiſhing her ſelf a perfect Pattern of her, and watching every Look and Motion that ſhe might copy after it; and when ſhe found her Reaſon, (not yet experienc'd in the dangerous Iſſues of ſuch Prepoſſeſſions,) painted out *Zelmane* as a worthy Example for her Youth to follow, ſhe uncontroul'd purſu'd the Pleaſure ſhe took in it. And now the grave and ſad Deportment of *Zelmane* was extended to *Philoclea*; the Grace of her Delivery, and every particular Motion; and as *Zelmane* would often, with Eyes of ſilent Rapture and fierce Deſire, gaze on *Philoclea*, ſhe wou'd return each Look with equal Eagerneſs, tho' inſenſible that they proceeded from the ſame Cauſe; every ſhort Moment which *Zelmane* could ſteal from *Gynecia's* Jealouſy, ſhe wou'd employ in being near *Philoclea*, while ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous to gain Opportunities of entertaining her much-loved Friend: If *Zelmane* ſtole her Hand, and gently ſtrain'd it, ſhe in tender Friendſhip would return the Pleaſure, which would almoſt diſſolve *Zelmane* with ſecret Rapture: If *Zelmane* ſigh'd, ſhe alſo wou'd with hers make up the Chorus: When *Zelmane* was ſad, ſhe thought it unpardonable to be cheerful: When *Zelmane*, with Looks of Languiſhing, and Arms a-croſs, would walk with down-caſt Eyes, neglectful of the Converſation; ſhe thought it proceeded from the Depth of Wiſdom, and therefore would immediately fall into the ſame musing Poſture; till at laſt, e'er ſhe herſelf was conſcious of the Infection, ſhe had caught the Malady that occaſion'd thoſe Marks of Paſſion: Whether it were that her ſtrict Obſervation of *Zelmane* had found her Friendſhip extend to more than common Limits, and ſo had ſtretch'd her own to answer it, tho' ſhe knew not where the Bounds were fix'd, or poſſibly how Love may carry an infectious Power with it. But howe'er it was, ſhe now began to liſten to thoſe Harbingers of Love, uncertain Wiſhes and unfix'd Deſires; ſometimes ſhe'd think how happy it would be if *Zelmane* and ſhe could ſpend their Lives together, like two harmleſs Veſtals of the chaſte *Diana's* Train; then in a Moment contradict that Thought, by conſidering there would be other Nymphs that poſſibly might ſhare that Friendſhip, which ſhe was covetous of alone enjoying: Then would ſhe wiſh *Zelmane* had been her Siſter, that the mutual Ties of Conſanguinity might confirm their Friendſhip, her Unexperience little imagining it was already faſten'd by a ſuperiour Claim; but then again, conſidering that were it ſo, a Husband might plead a better Right to her Affections, ſhe diſcarded that

Wiſh,

Wish, and grown bolder, and her Wishes heighten'd by unknown Desire, she would earnestly wish *Zelma* or she had been a Man, that by the lasting Ties of Marriage they might be insepar'd to one another. But when this Thought had once open'd itself in her Heart, what Millions of impatient Longings, cruel Repinings, and ardent Wishes, succeeded the new-born Hope! At length, informing Dreams began to instruct her more fully in her Desires, than her waking Thoughts had a Power of doing; but as some Distempers, when they are lightly grounded, would easily admit a Cure, could they be guess'd at, yet having reach'd a Height sufficient to be known, have taken too deep Root to be remov'd; so the lost *Philoclea*, when Love but play'd his Arrows round her Heart, and might with Ease have been remov'd, was wholly insensible what mighty Power thus artfully attack'd her; but when he had struck 'em Home, and by the racking Torments they occasion'd, taught her to know what Malady she labour'd under, she had not even the Desire to find a Cure; so true it is that the Disease of Love is infinitely more fatal than any other, because it carries a secret Pleasure in the Infection, which makes the Patient unwilling to seek a Remedy. And now the insulting God no longer conceal'd his mischievous Designs, but openly display'd his Purposes, and gloried in the Conquest; and to secure his Power, he placed a Garrison of Hopes and Fears, Disquiets and Despairs within the Fair One's Breast, who with alternate Government guarded the Place: One Moment Shame would usurp and mount her beauteous Cheeks in glowing Blushes; then Fear, with his timorous Train, would drive him back, and make the lively Red give Place to mortal Paleness; now her Blood was all inflamed, and then again seiz'd with a shivering Cold; her Desires hurried her furiously along, though she was ignorant to what they tended; her own Wishes taught her to observe her Mother's Actions; and as no Example is half so prevalent as what is cloath'd in the Authority of a Parent, so she thought her Desires must be laudable, since she found her Mother so deeply possess'd of the same, and therefore did not in the least endeavour to suppress them. Had not *Zelma*'s Perfection been too conspicuous to want a Confirmation, *Gynecia*'s watchful Jealousy would greatly have advanced the Admiration of *Philoclea*; but as it was, she wanted no Reasons to confirm the high Opinion she held of her; and that only serv'd, as it continually prevented her and *Zelma* from any private Conference, to make her sensible of the Pleasure a Lover takes in Retirement, when hinder'd from being entertain'd by the Object of their Wishes: This Pleasure *Philoclea* had for some Time experienc'd, and therefore was glad to take the Opportunity of her Mother's sending her to the other Lodge, to steal an Hour to lament her Fate, and give a little Vent to those Woes which swell'd her Heart almost to bursting; and the more aptly for that Purpose, she turn'd a little out of the Path into a Neighbouring Wood, which in her careless Days she
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much delighted in: At the Entrance there was a Tuft of Trees so closely set, that the Shade the Moon-light gave through it, might well in her young Fancy have rais'd some Apprehensions; but Love had banish'd all Superstition but what itself occasion'd: The Place she perfectly remember'd, having often claim'd the Protection of its Shade against the too piercing Eyes of *Phæbus*, and enjoy'd her own Reflections when she was happy in being Mistress of them.

But what most had fix'd it in her Imagination, was a fine white marble Stone that was set in the Midst of it, which in the ancient heathenish Times had been an Altar dedicated to the *Sylvian* Gods; and she having found it out a few Days before *Zelmane's* Coming, had stain'd its snowy Top with a few Verses, which contain'd a Vow she had then taken of perpetual Chastity: The Sight of it brought the Purpose to her Memory, and conscious of the Change, it shock'd her to find her own Hand-Writing a standing Witness of it; and approaching it, she would willingly have read the particular Words, but the Trees being closed at Top prevented the Moon from giving a sufficient Light, and besides the Ink was a good deal worn, and in many Places blotted; which she earnestly observing, Alas, cry'd she, thou Perfection of all Whiteness, that ne'er receiv'd a Spot but by my unlucky Hand, well do these Blots become a blotted Writer; but O impartial Stone pardon her Weakness, which did not then dissemble, but has since changed her happy Purposes; enjoy the Glory of thy Nature, and with thy boasted Constancy bare Witness of my Fickleness; 'tis what I well deserve; with that leaning upon the Corner of it, and fixing her melancholly Eyes, some Verses came into her Head, which if she had had Materials, she would have adjoyn'd to the other, as a Retraction of what she had before said: But not seeing any Means of fixing the Recantation, she laid her perfect Form down under one of the Trees, blessing the Earth with all her heavenly Print, and for some Time turn'd and toss'd about as she would try to throw from her the Evil that did so hard beset her; and often hiding the Beauties of her Face, as she were conscious they had conspir'd in her undoing. At length, weary with the unavailing Motion, she rais'd herself upon her Elbow, a Support fit only for such a heavenly Weight, and with a whispering Note, O miserable Wretch, cry'd she, what poisonous Heats are these that thus torment my Heart, and fire my Blood? How has this Stranger robb'd me of my Quiet, and invaded my once peaceful Soul? By what Method has this destructive Fire reach'd my Heart, and from what had it the fatal Power to make itself receiv'd? But O too well I know *Zelmane* alone could give it a Commission, or at least one that I should obey. As she was thus exclaiming, a little Cloud pass'd before the Moon, and intercepted her Sight of it: O *Diana*, cry'd she, how happy were I, could I as easily remove this Cloud that shades my Virtue, as thou canst dispose of that that dares to intercept thy Brightness;

or would it might for ever continue to shade thee from being a Witness of my Folly : Then turning her Eyes upon the Stars, which then appear'd in their full Lustre ; My Parents, said she, have often told me, that these heavenly Bodies conceal from our imperfect Senses certain Deities, whose Influences govern our variable Actions ; if it be so, then, O you Stars, be favourable to me, yet with impartial Justice judge my Case ; and O ! if with premeditated Wickedness I have made myself a Prey to vain Desires, or by wanton Lust and Idleness fitted my Heart to receive the foul Impression, then let the canker'd Evil increase in me 'till the bare Mention of my Name becomes odious to every honest Tongue, and myself a Scandal to all Woman-kind : But if the Extremity of Fate and your malicious Influence has with irresistible Violence oppress'd me, so that I had not the Power of withstanding it ; who, O ye Stars ! will e'er pay Homage to you, unless you assist your helpless Votary ? But I fear in vain I invoke your Aid, and you have not, cannot have the Power to afford me any Help. No, Sin must be the Parent, and Shame the Produce of my unheard-of Passion : Yet these Objections, great as they may appear in others Eyes, I should esteem but trifling ; 'tis the Impossibility of being ever gratified, that rends my Heart with more than mortal Agonies ; unlawful Wishes ever meet their Punishment, but then 'tis after the mighty Pleasure of deserving it ; but to be tortur'd with all the Racks of Guilt, and yet ne'er taste the ruinous Delights for which they are prepar'd, is an unparallel'd Piece of Misery. But why, O foolish Girl, dost thou exclaim on Fortune, when the Fault is only in thy unreasonable self ? What Man was e'er so madly covetous, as to repine because he could not gather Riches out of the barren Earth ? Or what aspiring Wretch was ever so ambitious, as to employ his Thoughts in contriving how he might scale the Heavens ? Why then, unhappy *Philoclea*, dost thou form thy Wishes to obtain as great Impossibilities ? And yet why should I rashly thus condemn myself and Fortune before I hear what she has to propose ? How do I know what Blessings Love may have hoarded for me ? Is it not visible that my Mother sees *Zelmane* with the same desiring Eyes that I do ; and should I pretend to greater Wisdom than her that bore me ? Either she fears not an Impossibility in attaining her Wishes ; or if she does, I need not sure be so over-cautious of receiving a Passion, which her Wisdom and Experience thinks fit to harbour. But what weighs more than any Arguments I can urge, Does not *Zelmane*, who will not perform the minutest Action without it first be ballanc'd by Reason and true Virtue, does not she, I say, return my Love with equal Tendernefs ? I know it, I am convinc'd she does by ten thousand Confirmations ; her Eyes, her every Sense confess it : And then if so much Excellence can condescend to honour me with her Esteem, why should not I be proud to receive, and as much as I am able return, the transporting Pleasure ? Then vanish all ye vain Enquiries of why and how ; it must,

it shall be so; *Zelma* loves me, and I will love *Zelma*, spight of the strange unhappy Opposition which presents itself. And in her Extasy almost embracing the Ground whereon she lay, she softly whisper'd, (fearing almost herself should hear the conscious Sounds) O my *Zelma*, direct thy wavering *Philoclea*; to thee without reserve I give myself, and by thy Wisdom wholly will be guided.

Lost and bewilder'd in this Maze of Thought, starting and raving to herself, she possibly would have spent the conscious Night, insensible how the Hours pass'd; but that *Miso* and *Dametas*, hearing she was to come to their Lodge that Night, had been all about to see for her, and at last came close by the Thicket. *Dametas* grumbling and saying, that he did not care to trouble himself about other Peoples Business; but for his Part he did not think it proper that young Girls should stir out of the Sight of their Rulers, unless it were to save a Lamb from a Wolf's Paw, or a Chicken from a Kite's Foot, or some such Matter of great Importance. *Miso*, mumping her Chops, said, If her Daughter *Mopsa* had serv'd them such a Trick, she would have given her such a Lesson as should have spoil'd her for rambling one while. Their Voices, and the wrangling Noise they made, rais'd *Philoclea* out of her musing Trance; and therefore rising and shewing herself, she pretended she only did it to banter and put them in a little Fright, and so went with them to the Lodge; and having order'd *Miso* to attend her Mother, she went (being bred to wait upon herself) alone up to *Pamela's* Chamber; where thinking a little to amuse her Cares with the desir'd Conversation of her much-lov'd Sister, she found her in a Posture that spoke her much fitter to receive Relief than give it; for though it was an Hour when the drowsy God most generally drops his leaden Mace upon the Eyes of Mortals, which for a while charms their most watchful Cares, yet the fair *Pamela* had not blest'd her Bed, but was sitting in a Chair, leaning with her Head almost over the Back of it, and her Eyes earnestly fix'd upon a small Wax Light which was burning before her; in one Hand she held a Letter, and in the other a Handkerchief, which had with so much Eagerness drunk up the happy Tears that lately flow'd from out the beauteous Fountains of her Eyes, that with its too boisterous Touch, it had left a crimson Circle round them; which looked like the red Streaks in the fair Element, when scorched by *Phæbus'* too powerful Rays. The tender *Philoclea* started to find her in this Posture, and being taught, by too dear Experience, to know the Badges and the Signs of Woe, she went up to her, and begg'd of her to tell her what occasion'd these Sparks of inward Sorrow, that she might either give her some Relief, or lighten the Burthen by partaking of it? But *Pamela*, looking as she was rather uneasy that she had seen so much, than willing to inform her further, rose up, and wou'd have turn'd the Conversation, asking how she came to stay so late? Which Shyness *Philoclea*

Philoclea soon observing; O my *Pamela*! cry'd she, with some Warmth, How comes it that you, who are to me a Sister by the tender Bond of Nature, a Mother in Affection, a Princess by the Nation's Laws, and what seems a far greater Tye than any of those Names, a Friend by Choice, which happy Title you have hitherto confirmed in every Action, what powerful Reasons can you have for thus banishing me your Counsels? Are your Grievs so dear to you, that you can grudge a Friend a Part? Or do you think I am not capable of keeping, or unworthy of being trusted with the mighty Secret? What is there that can, or ought to be conceal'd from a Sister; or what is more, from a Friend's Notice? But *Pamela*, fearful how to answer, only told her that they should have Opportunity enough to talk as they lay together: So pulling off their Cloaths, they robb'd them of their Glory to adorn the Bed, which for that might well have been prefer'd to the celebrated Shrine of *Venus*. Tho' they were ignorant of each other's Maladies, yet they strove to sooth them with gentle Blandishments and chaste Embraces, exchanging Kisses of Affection in such a tender Manner, that it seem'd as if the little wanton *Cupid* was playing without his Arrows; or that weary of his own Fires, sought to refresh and cool himself between their coral Lips. But *Philoclea*, taking *Pamela* in her Arms, again conjur'd her to let her know her Grievs; who drawing the Curtain, that the Candle might not be a Witness of her Blushes, was going to comply with the Request; but then her Breath, half formed to Words, was streight converted into racking Sighs; so that after a little Thought, I beg, says she, my dearest *Philoclea*, we may talk upon some other Subject; and pray tell me, was ever any thing so improved as our Pastoral Sports, since *Dorus* had a Share in them? O Love! how penetrating are thy blind Eyes! *Philoclea* soon guessed her Sister's Meaning, and therefore cunningly to draw her on to a more full Discovery, Indeed, reply'd she, I have often wonder'd how so many uncommon Excellencies shou'd be center'd in so mean a Person, but possibly Fortune was afraid to lay her Treasures where there was so much Merit, lest they should be undervalued; but what surprises me most is, how he can bear to submit to the Direction of such an ignorant stupid Creature as *Dametas*. O! interrupted *Pamela*, if you knew the Motive he has to it; but indeed of that I am ignorant, to say the Truth; but Lord, what a Subject are we got upon, to talk of such a Fellow? And yet, my Dear, if you were but sometimes to observe him as I do, while *Dametas* persecutes him with his rustick Lectures; telling him ever to feed his Beasts before Noon; where to shade them from the extream Heat; how to make the Manger handsome for his Oxen; when 'tis proper to use the Goad, and when the Voice; giving him the Rules of a Herdsman, tho' he pretends to make a Shepherd of him: To see, I say, with what a Grace (which almost sets a Glory upon his mean Condition) he condescends to be informed of these Trifles, you wou'd greatly wonder. But what is that to us, we certainly had
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much better employ our time in Sleep, than talking thus idly: O my *Pamela*! cry'd *Philoclea*, indeed you're caught; the Steadiness of your Wit was not wont to produce such broken Sentences; you love, my Sister, sure as Fate you do; therefore leave this vain Dissembling, and frankly own what you have not the Power to hide. Since, reply'd *Pamela*, you have found the Secret, take it for your Pains; and know, I sooner would have given it you, but that I cou'd not teach my Tongue to speak the unusual Sound. But indeed, my *Philoclea*, you must have a Care, for sure I think the stoutest Virtue is not Proof against the Arrows of Affection; therefore be warn'd by my fatal Example, and shun, like Death, the cruel Mark. Alas, thinks *Philoclea*, your Advice comes much too late; but now *Pamela* having broke the Ice, she with impetuous Violence hurry'd down the Stream of her Affection, telling her Sister how his noble Qualities had insensibly engag'd her Liking, but that she had ever weigh'd his Meanness in the Ballance, that she might keep her Passion within due Bounds; till he having us'd continual Assiduity to find a Time to speak to her, and being still prevented, either by his Disdain, or the continual Presence of her watchful Goalers, he at length form'd a Contrivance to pretend a Passion for *Mopsa*, and so utter in that conceal'd Manner whatever he wou'd have her know: And, continued she, he has done every thing to make me sensible of his Design; for in the most feeling and passionate Manner that is possible, he has told his own Story, as if it related to a third Person, making poor silly *Mopsa* believe it an Accident that happened many Years past. And to convince you that my Tears flow not either from Repentance or Dispair, know, the dear Author of them is every way my Equal in Birth and Fortune, and no less than that very Prince *Musidorus*, who is so famous all over *Asia* for his heroick and gallant Actions: And I believe you may remember the noble *Plangus* gave my Father a particular Account of his unhappy Story; but he was misinform'd as to the latter Part of it, for he imagined him lost in the Shipwreck, when indeed only his Cousin the brave *Pyrocles* perish'd, my Prince being happily preserv'd by the two famous Shepherds, *Strephon* and *Claius*. O *Philoclea*! had you but heard his Words, and seen with what a moving Action he endeavour'd to draw my Observation, and inform me which way his Passion was directed, and how cruel the Restraint seem'd to him, it surely wou'd have excited those distant Passions in you of Pity and Delight. Tell me, my dearest Sister, I conjure you, and with impartial Judgment, (for I call every Power in Heaven and Earth as Witnesses, that I am resolutely bent to follow the strictest Rules of Virtue;) can I, I say, without being guilty of the most base Ingratitude, neglect his Love; who being in the Prime of Life, his Person God-like, and his Mind superior, if possible, even to that, bless'd with a Fortune sufficient to display them both; yet, upon my Account, neglects his Power, Honour, and every thing in Life that shou'd be dear to him, and for the only poor Satisfaction of
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being in my Presence, is content to cloud his Greatness under the mean Appearance of a Hireling, and to submit to a base and low Obedience, who was himself born to govern Nations. But possibly you may object, and say, How am I sure that this is really Prince *Musidorus*, since true Wisdom is ever cautious of Belief? And I assure you, I my self (tho' his every Look and Motion commanded Credit) was not easily convinc'd; for the very Nature of Desire is timorous, and is not more eager to have its Views confirm'd, than it is careful of certain Grounds to go upon; and tho' 'tis very ready to snatch at the first Glance of Comfort, yet it is full as greedy to be first assured it merits that Appellation: And indeed I have had of him all the Proofs that Reason can desire, by a thousand Demonstrations; and to confirm all, he wou'd fain have me send to *Theffalia*; but sure I can never be so injurious to his honourable Love, and my own Judgment, as so far to suspect him: Yet has not he the poor Reward, for all his Pains and Merit, to know I am of that Opinion; for tho' he every Day invents new Methods to manifest himself unto me, yet I receive them with such a Shew of Coldness and Indifference, that 'tis impossible he shou'd once guess the Effect they have upon me.

The other Day he and *Dametas* dress'd themselves very richly to divert me with running at the Ring; but sure never was any Thing so extraordinary as they both appear'd, though in a different Way. *Dametas* came first, and look'd for all the World as one had dress'd a Bear up for Sport; or like a great heavy Cow adorn'd for Sacrifice. But O how heavenly was *Dorus'* Appearance, when he presented himself on Horseback before me! And with what an Air of humble Majesty did he approach me! His Looks were bent upon me, as if his every Motion depended on my Eyes. In this fixt Posture he remain'd, 'till I order'd *Mopsa* to desire him to shew me the Perfections of his Horse. The Moment I had spoke, with a Kind of gentle Violence he came towards me, beating the Ground so justly, that the truest Dancer could not observe a more equal Measure: Just as the Ship, which, if you recollect, you and I once saw when the Sea went high upon the Coast of *Argos*, so moved the happy Beast that bore his Weight; while he (as if *Centaur*-like he had been of the same Piece) mov'd no more than he would have done with the Motion of his own Limbs; and though he had both Spurs and Whip, they seem'd rather Marks of Sovereignty, than Instruments of Punishments; his Hands and Legs seem'd to command without the Trouble of fatiguing Threats, rather shewing the Power of chastising, than using it; or if he sometimes lightly corrected him, it was in such a slight and gentle Manner that our Eyes could not observe it; nor did the Horse betray it by any Change of Motion or Resentment. But sure it was good Sport to see how *Dametas* was toss'd from the Saddle to the Main of the Horse, and from thence to the Ground, giving his gay Apparel almost

as fully'd and as foul an Outside, as when he put it on he had doné a Lining: But though before he had often boasted that he wanted but a Horse and Furniture to be as brave a Courtier as the best; yet now, convicted and reprov'd with Bruises, he declar'd he thought it was not consistent with a Man of any Sense to put himself under the Power of a Beast: So that *Dorus* was fain alone to take the Ring; wherein he manag'd with such Art, that at least my unskilful Eyes could not discern, but that taking his Staff off his Thigh, the descending it a little down, the getting it into the Rest, the letting the Point fall, and taking the Ring, was all center'd in one Motion; or if they were several, they did so insensibly steal into one another, that the latter was begun before the Eye had Leisure to discern the first was ended: Indeed, *Dametas* could find many Faults; but in my Eyes he was a perfect Representation of all Chivalry.

But whatever Pleasure he afforded me, I did but ill repay; for the more he gain'd upon me, and the more Reason he gave me to admire him, the more strictly I summon'd all my Resolution to suppress, or at least conceal my Passion: But, indeed, the Malice turn'd in some Degree upon myself, for the more I strove to smother and keep in the raging Fire that had possess'd me, the more for want of Vent it flamed within; oft has my Bosom swol'n almost to bursting with keeping imprison'd Sighs, and my Heart been almost drown'd with Tears that I have driven from mine Eyes; but what did all this avail the unhappy *Dorus*; whose Eyes being his only Intelligencers, could discover no outward Marks of Pity in me; while no Day nor Hour pass'd, but that he would by some Means or other contrive to testify his Love? One Time he danced the *Mateline* Dance, dress'd all in Armour, (but O! with how divine and godlike an Appearance he perform'd it) as I suppose, to let me see he had been used to such Exercises; another Time he perswaded *Dametas*, (in order to amuse and pass my melancholly Hours) by way of Dialogue, to play *Priamus*, while he perform'd the Part of *Paris*; do but think, my *Philoclea*, what a sweet *Priamus* we had; but my *Paris* more than came up to the Original; (O may he never imitate his Fallhood) for while in savage Dress, with naked Neck and Arms, he pleaded his Passion to *Oenone*, 'twas visible, by his alter'd Countenance and falling Tears, that he truly felt the Part he seem'd to counterfeit. Tell me, my dearest Sister, did Nature e'er produce so true a Lover, or so brave a Prince? Then judge if I have given easy way, or been conquer'd by a weak Assault? I should abhor, detest, and loath myself, and curse my Frailty, if I thought a vain Desire or loose Gust of Passion had overcome me; but since my Parents deal with me so cruelly, and with so much Inhumanity, I think 'tis fully Time I should employ and a little trust to my own Judgment; yet hitherto, as I have told you, I have given no way to its Remonstrances, but spight of all the Arguments of That
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and Love, have appear'd careless and negligent of all his Actions; which cruel Usage has so effected him, that much I fear the Consequence. With that, opening the Curtain, and reaching out her trembling Hand, she took a Paper from beneath her Pillow: See here, says she, what a moving Letter he this Day, with an afflicted Look and faltering Speech, deliver'd me, pretending before *Mopsa*, that he only gave it me to read to her; with that she open'd it and read the following Words:

HOW infinitely blest'd is this insensible Conveyer of its Master's Woes, since it will be admitted to a Happiness which Kings in vain might kneeling sue for: Yet, O my Paper! let not thy harmless Leaves tremble at the Approach, as thou wert conscious thou camest from an unworthy Master; for the Moment thou shalt receive the Honour of her Touches, thou wilt be of equal Estimation with the most sacred Relict: Therefore mourn boldly Ink; for while she condescends to look on thee, the Splendour of her Eyes will reflect a Lustre on thy sable Hue, and make thee shine bright almost as their glorious Orbs. With Courage then my Paper speak thy Master's Miseries, since repeated by her Angel Voice thy Cries will seem sweet as the Musick of the Spheres: Go then (thou happy Messenger of a sad Story) and tell the dear Disposer of my Life, that the undone and hopeless Wretch, that dares not suffer his exalted Love to speak, to look, or even to think of his presumptuous Passion without Disguise, does yet dare to employ thy Oratory, and recommend it to her sacred Judgment: Tell her, so much I think myself her Slave, that were it possible to keep my fleeting Life, I'd not dispose on't, though I live in Tortures, without first having her Permission: But O, without my own, 'tis hasting from me; and this Temple, consecrated to her Image, will shortly, very shortly be levell'd with the Dust, unless with one soft Word or tender Look she should support the tottering Frame. But that were a vain Thought; for long my every Sense, from melancholly Proofs, has brought me Arguments to shew she thought my Being not worth her least Regard. I don't complain of her, but of relentless Fate, that urg'd me on to love, where I ought only to have adored; but I am greatly punish'd for the presumptuous Thought. What hast thou then to do, O wretched *Dorus*, but to obey and die, since 'tis not in her heavenly Disposition to regard thy worthless Life? Therefore let the ungrateful Thought be quickly buried in Oblivion; and thou, my Letter, end thy mournful Tale; since a thousand Words cou'd only serve to tell her, that as I lived, I die, her faithful Slave.

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Now judge my *Philoclea*, are these humble Lines, from such a mighty Prince, lightly to be esteem'd? Had you but seen him, when, with trembling Hands and languid Cheeks he had deliver'd them, with what faint and feeble Steps he went away, as he were but the Shadow of himself, your tender Heart would surely have bled for him. Twice I was going to call him back; but Pride (the fatal Contradictor of all our Sex's Happiness) interrupted and stopp'd the Passage of my Words, so that I let him go without the least favourable Look: But O how much I fear the Consequence, and repent my ill-tim'd Scorn, these Tears can witness. And now, my dearest *Philoclea*, you have the real Reason of that despairing Posture you found me in, and surely you'll allow I've more than Cause. Here a fresh Torrent of falling Tears stopp'd her Voice. Cease, O cease, cry'd *Philoclea*, these unavailing Tears, since in yourself it lies to stop the Fountain of them; Your timely Pity will soon heal the Wounds your Scorn has made: and the Life, which by your Cruelty you have endanger'd, your Kindness will immediately restore. Thus did the soothing Fair endeavour to mitigate her Sister's Sorrows, although her tender Heart in secret was almost bursting with the full Measure of its own; but *Pamela's* Spirits, (tir'd with Excess of Grief) almost without her Knowledge, had made a League with Sleep, who came with eager haste to bathe himself in the Fountain of her fair weeping Eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* saw, and found herself at liberty to give some Vent to her long smother'd Sorrows, wringing her Hands, and watering the Pillow with her Tears; O miserable Wretch, cry'd she, sure thou wert only born to prove the greatest Miseries Fate can impose on Mortals: How happy should I think myself had I *Pamela's* Fortune; her very Miseries are Comforts, compar'd with mine; she only weeps because she has herself withstood being happy; my Tears flow from a cruel Certainty, that neither Heaven nor Earth, nor both combin'd, can ever make me so: Yet far, my dearest Sister, be it from me to envy thee thy Happiness, for that will in some Degree alleviate my own Miseries; no, I only wish that I were equally ally'd to thee in Fortune, as in Blood.

But now the Veil of Sorrow shadowing her Mind, as the Night before had done her Eyes, they both submitted to repose themselves under the downy Wings of Sleep, which lull'd so pleasingly their Cares, that the next Morning had almost lost its Name e'er the Two sleeping Fair Ones awaked from Dreams, which flatter'd them with Raptures their waking Thoughts were wholly Strangers to. From the visionary Joy they were at length disturb'd by *Miso*; who having receiv'd Orders from *Gynecia* to attend continually upon her Daughters, and, in particular, not to suffer *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* to have a Moment's

ment's Conversation but what she was privy to. Glad of the Increase of her Authority, she came with scouling Eyes, and ill-manner'd Language, to deliver a deceitful Good-morrow to the two beauteous Sisters; but telling them withal, she thought it a shameful Custom to lye thus long in Bed, wasting their Time, and spoiling their Complexions: That for her Part, when she was of their Age, she would have made a Handkerchief by that Time o'the Day. The Princesses answer'd her Chiding only with a Smile, and obeying her Directions, got up and veil'd their naked Beauties with the happy Cloaths; who then could boast a Situation beyond the greatest Kings: The Moment *Pamela* was in readiness, (and which, being attended with Impatience, she was much sooner than her Sister) the last Behaviour of *Dorus* being so deeply imprinted in her Heart, that she was thoroughly sensible of all his Agonies; and calling *Mopsa*, she bid her go find him out, and bring him to her, that she might make a nearer Observation of him, before she interceded with *Dametas* to allow a Marriage. *Mopsa*, glad of an Opportunity to go of so agreeable an Errand, soon found him, and brought him to *Pamela*; who intended, by a more favourable Behaviour, a little to alleviate his Pains, and also to hear from him the Particulars of his past Life; for though Fame had already given her an Account of it, yet she was desirous with more Certainty to hear it from his much-lov'd Mouth. But as a virtuous Disposition is ever jealous over itself, so her cautious Temper would not suffer her to enter abruptly into Interrogatories concerning *Musidorus*, (whom she was half asham'd she had so eager a Regard for, and yet was angry her Passion could not equal his Worth) and therefore begun with Enquiries after *Pyrocles*; and turning to *Dorus*, with more Affection in her Countenance than she had ever before shewn, Shepherd, says she, you told me Yesterday, that *Plangus* was deceiv'd in thinking Prince *Musidorus* perish'd, but you say his Cousin, the brave Prince *Pyrocles*, was drown'd, of whom certainly that Age must have an infinite Loss; for as I have been told, he was a Prince in whom Mens Expectations were rais'd to the greatest Height, and his growing Virtues promised they should be fully answer'd. Most admir'd Princess, reply'd *Dorus*, were he alive, I am sure how great soever his Perfections were, he could not merit nor hope a more full Reward than being thought worthy your Approbation, and having his Praises founded by such a Tongue; but as sure as that his Fame could ne'er have found so noble and so refin'd an Air to fly in as your Breath, so sure is it that were your Highness not to employ it on yourself, you could not in the World have found a Subject so worthy of it; as Noble, as a long Succession of royal Ancestors (as famous for their Valour, Power, and Virtues, as their Birth) could render him: His Person was without Exception; and yet his Mind, if possible, more lovely; valiant and merciful, affable and wise: In short, what is there that can be called desirable which he

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was not possess'd of? O! excellent *Pyrocles*, how shall I find Words of sufficient Eloquence to represent thy Virtues, and do Justice to thy uncommon Merit; would it had pleased the Almighty Powers, that thou shouldst in some Degree have bequeath'd the Greatness of thy Soul to him who ever must hold it in the highest Admiration, then might I have pleaded some Title to that Happiness I now in vain, I fear, aspire to! With that he forc'd his Eyes, for a Time, to turn their aching Sight on *Mopsa*; who receiv'd his Looks with as much Delight, as he gave them with Regret. *Dorus*, reply'd *Pamela*, I think the Greatness of your Mind is very commendable, that can raise itself out of so mean a State as you are placed in, to think of imitating so great a Prince as undoubtedly *Pyrocles* must be esteem'd: Whoever makes the Sun his Mark, though he can never be supposed to reach it, yet will he certainly shoot higher than he which aims only at an humble Shrub. But pray, continued she, since you are so well acquainted with that Affair, do me the Pleasure to inform me in the Story of Prince *Euarchus*, the boasted Father of our *Pyrocles*, of whose right royal Virtues Fame has so largely spoken; and tell me by what Methods, and whether deservedly, he gain'd that great Opinion; and then descend to the Particulars of his Son's Life and Loss; and if it is consistent, you may, as you go along, give some Account of his Cousin, Prince *Musidorus*; because they being continually together, their Actions might so much interfere, that possibly I can't be let clearly into the Story of *Pyrocles*, of whom I am most curious to be inform'd, without the Mention of the Other.

I am infinitely happy, reply'd *Dorus*, that in this Particular I am blest'd with a Power, almost equal to the Will I e'er shall bear to obey your Highness's Commands: Know then, Madam, that the famous *Euarchus* (at the Time you mention) was King of *Macedon*; a Kingdom which in ancient Times held such Authority over all the Provinces of *Greece*, that even the particular Kings therein did (with more or less Degrees of Homage) acknowledge some Kind of Fealty unto it; and among the rest, this noble and by your happy Birth now more exalted Kingdom of *Arcadia* own'd its Superiority. But when *Euarchus* came to take Possession of the Crown, finding, either by the Negligence or the Misfortunes of his Ancestors, that several of those Duties had for many Ages been intermitted, he was unwilling to revive old Titles, how apparent soever they might appear, at the Expence of the Publick Quiet; but being contented to sway alone that Scepter, which the Gods had more immediately placed in his Hand, he shew'd no less Magnanimity in despising, than others in affecting the Multiplicity of Kingdoms, the Earth having since born bleeding Witnesses enough to prove that it was no want of true Courage; for as his Wisdom always foresaw what was most expedient for his own and his Subjects Good, he was most just in performing

ing it, and wary in abstaining from every Thing contrary to it; and surely no Thought can imagine a more searching Judgment to pry out Dangers whene'er they threaten'd, or a greater Spirit to condemn them where they were wrongfully offer'd: He always esteem'd Goodness the Measure of his Glory; and if for any Thing he valued Greatness, it was because it daily offer'd him fresh Opportunities of exercising his unwearied Goodness: His outward Form was full of Majesty, and the Beauties of his Mind shone out in every Action. He was strong of Body, and the more so, because by a long well disciplin'd Exercise he had been taught both how to act and suffer; he had more than proved the Weight of fifty rolling Years, when his Nephew, *Musidorus*, disguised himself, and eclipsed his Glories, in such Shepherds Weeds (as I now wear) for Love of the World's Ornament.

This King being in his infant Years left an Orphan of both his tender Parents, he found his State, when he came of an Age to have an allow'd Authority, so disjointed, even in the noblest Limbs of Government, that the bare Name of a King was grown odious to the People; his Authority having been, in the Time of his Minority, greatly abused by those great Lords and petty Kings; who, in the intermediate Time of Reigning, by unjust advancing those who were partially attach'd to their private Interests, and oppressing them that were willing to defend the publick Welfare, had introduced (by a more felt than observed Manner of Proceeding) the worst kind of Oligarchy; which is, when a Nation is govern'd by a few, but yet not taught to know who those few are they shou'd obey.

For those People having the Power of Kings, tho' not the Right, us'd their Authority as Men do Farms, which in a Year they are oblig'd to quit, making their King's Sword strike whoever opposed their Interest or Pleasures, and his Purse reward those only who flatter'd and cajol'd their Vices; and which was the greatest Injury, made the royal Countenance an Instrument to undermine its own Sovereignty; for the Subjects felt no Effects of supreme Power, but being loaded with grievous Taxations to serve vain Purposes: The Laws seem'd made rather to find, than prevent Errors, and the Prince's Court more like a licenced Place for unbridled Lasciviousness and Degeneracy of Manners, than the regular and decent Form of a well-order'd Government. From these Evils grew a Dissolution of all regular Estates, while the Great Men, as is the Nature of Ambition, never satisfy'd, grew factious among themselves; and the Underlings gladly submitted to them they hated least, to preserve themselves from the Power they most abhor'd. Men of Integrity and Virtue were sure to be discouraged, lest shining out in them it shou'd discover the others want of it; till at length Virtue itself was almost quite suppress'd, having no hopeful End to which it could be directed. The older Men, being long inur'd to Villany and
Corruption,

Corruption, scorn'd and despised those that attempted to begin a Reformation; and the younger Sort were very ready to find Faults, but not amend them. Trade was neglected and abus'd, and whole Towns decay'd for want of just and natural Liberty; all Offices, and even spiritual Ones, were sold to the highest Bidder; publick Defences shamefully neglected; and in short (least I tire you with this unpleasant Account) every Rule of Government wrested and abused; and which contributed to its being more so, they strain'd their Wits rather to feign Reasons for the Necessity of its being so, than to find Means how to amend it.

In this, and a much worse Way, if possible, than I have described, did King *Euarchus* find his Nation, when he first took the Reins of Government into his own Hands, which by Reason of the long Mismanagement, he was oblig'd to establish by some even extreme Severity; not in regard to the Faults themselves, which he sought rather to prevent than punish, but for the Actors of them, who stony, and hardened in their Wickedness, scorn'd his Youth, and cou'd not at all digest, that he, whom they so long had used as a Master to their own unruly Appetites, shou'd now pretend to be the Reducer of them. But when that he had made some few but great Examples, and with awful Justice enforced a Duty into the Subjects Hearts, he then shew'd that no base Suspicions, nor baser Envy, cou'd have any Power over so wise a Ruler, and shone out full of Love and Tendernefs among his People: His first and greatest Care being to appear unto his People, such as he would have them be, but principally regarding really to be what he appear'd; making his Life the Example of his Laws, and his Laws as it were Axioms springing from his Deeds; that in a short Time he gain'd the Love of all his People, and their particular Confidence. And indeed, as they were Men, how cou'd they avoid having a Tendernefs for him, who shou'd so true a one for them; he reasonably disdain'd that those, who have only the Charge of Beasts, shou'd in the Care, Love and Tendernefs they bare for their Flock, outdo him who was intrusted with the more noble Part of the Creation. As it often happens in unjust and wicked Princes; and as they, seduced by Flattery, to build up false Grounds of Government, distinguish their Interest from the Peoples, and so believe their own Advantage heighten'd, by the Oppression of the Subject; and perswaded by a fallacious Argument, that they reign greatest, when their Subjects are most depress'd: So he, on the contrary, wou'd wisely and virtuously acknowledge, that he join'd to his People made one political Body, whereof he knew himself to be the Head; and therefore regarded and studied their Welfare as earnestly, as he would that of his own Limbs; never restraining their Liberties, without they stretch'd it to Licentiousness; nor tearing their Wealth from them, unless it was employ'd to purchase a greater Good: But showing, in all his Actions, that he esteem'd
their

their Happiness his own ; and while by Force he took nothing from them, his Love commanded all. But indeed I might as easily repeat the whole Art of Government, as describe his Proceedings ; but in short, he flourish'd in a happy Consciousness of dispensing much Good, and suffering no Evil he cou'd by any Means avoid ; till an Accident happen'd, which oblig'd him to leave his Country, and exert his Strength of Magnanimity, as he before had done of Justice.

This Prince had an only Sister, a Lady of whom (lest I too easily fall into a particular Commendation) I shall only say, she was not unworthy the noble Stock she boasted : Her he had given in Marriage to *Dorialis*, Prince of *Thessalia* ; not so much to strengthen their Friendship, as to confirm That they were already possess'd of to succeeding Generations, the Similitude of their Virtues having long leagu'd them in strict and unshaken Bonds of Amity : It were needless for me to speak *Dorialis*'s Praise, his Merits having sufficiently blazed themselves. Indeed, reply'd *Pamela*, I believe there is scarce any Ear so ignorant but has been acquainted with the Fame of the valiant, wise and just *Dorialis*, whose early and untimely Death, tho' so long passed, does yet draw Tears from virtuous Eyes ; my Father is not us'd to mention any thing with greater Admiration, than the uncommon Friendship (a thing which any where is scarcely to be met with, much less in Prince's Courts) which was so holily to the last observ'd between those two excelling Persons. But I wou'd not interrupt your agreeable Narration, therefore I beg you to re-assume your Story. This Match, continued he, being consummated, the young Couple were in short time bless'd (as the common Word goes, tho' the Children prove never so unhappy) with a Son, which they nam'd *Musidorus* ; whom I shall be oblig'd to mention before *Pyrocles* ; because, as he was born first, so indeed he was accidentally the Occasion of the other's Birth ; for scarcely was he made Partaker of the Light, but there were Numbers of Soothsayers, who affirm'd that they foresaw strange and incredible Wonders which shou'd be perform'd by the Child : Whether the Heavens at that time took Pleasure to sport with ignorant Mankind, or that Flattery was so presumptuous as to borrow the very Appearance of Divinity, I know not ; but so much did they depend upon the Certainty of their Predictions, and affirm'd them with so much Boldness, that they even ventur'd to descend to Particulars, naming what Nations he should overcome ; and among the rest, hinted, as he thought, at the King of *Phrygia* ; who having besides consulted a Man in his own Kingdom, that was esteem'd deep in the Occult Sciences, that had compar'd his Nativity with the Child's, and found it answer what had before been foretold : He, terrified with superstitious Fear, endeavour'd by Force to destroy the Infant, and so cut off his after Expectations. Foolish unthinking Wretch ! who either vainly apprehended what never was design'd ; or did not consider, that if it were decreed by the superiour

Powers, his greatest Cautions could not avail or baffle their Designs: But so it was, that he endeavour'd it; and imploring the Aid of the Kings of *Crete* and *Lydia*, their Armies joining, they invaded *Theffalia*, and reduced *Dorialus* to the greatest Streights; when his faithful Friend, Ally, and Brother, the brave *Euarchus*, came with such a mighty Power to his Assistance, that after some Exchange of Force, he produc'd Peace, the happy Child of War. During this Time *Euarchus* made a Cross-Marriage with *Dorialus*' Sister; but in short Time was forc'd from her much-lov'd Arms, then great with Child of the famous *Pyrocles*, to defend his own Country, which (aided by some of the Malecontents among his own Nobility) the mighty King of *Thrace*, and his Brother, King of *Panonia*, had invaded. The Success of those Wars was too much known to escape your Ears, where Fame seems proud to post with all Incidents worthy the least Notice; but there (pardon, Madam, the unbidding Tears, they flow from the Reflection of so much falling Merit) *Dorialus* valiantly requiting the Help his Brother had bestow'd on him, was himself depriv'd of Life; his Obsequies being not more perform'd with Tears than the Blood of his Enemies: His Loss so deeply affected the constant Heart of *Euarchus*, that the News of his Son's Birth, which immediately succeeded the fatal War, could not inspire him with the least Gleam of Comfort, altho' the Infant promis'd all a Parent could hope for; for what great Things the Southsayers alone foretold of *Musidorus*, all Men might visibly see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, the Heavens and Earth both giving Testimony of his approaching Heroick Virtues. That the Senate-house of the Planets where never so intent upon decreeing Perfections to a Mortal as at that Time, all the Astrologers confess'd; only he was threaten'd with Love, as also was his Cousin *Musidorus*, as both the Tempest and Haven of their best Years: But as Death may have prevented its Influences on Prince *Pyrocles*, so I fear Unworthiness will be as great a Bar to *Musidorus*.

But *Pyrocles*' Mother dying soon after she had brought him to the World, his Father recommended the Care of him to his Sister; partly because the War between him and his unjust Neighbours continued with vehement Heat, and also that he might be bred with his young Cousin. The two Princes, the only Comfort of the inconsolable mourning Widow, grew and advanced together in every Thing that promis'd nobly; so that *Pyrocles* inspir'd Love and Admiration in the hardest Hearts, and *Musidorus*, perhaps because among his Subjects, was no less esteem'd: And by the good and wise Orders of *Euarchus*, which the Queen his Sister took Care to see punctually perform'd, they were brought up in such a Manner, that all the Sparks of Virtue, which Nature had kindled in them, were blown and spread to give their utmost Heat; so that in short Time they inflam'd the Affections of all who knew them; for before they were perfectly

perfectly capable by Words to express their Meaning, they received Notions not unworthy the best Orator. Their excellent Governors were continually contriving that their very Sports might be profitable to them. Images of Battles and Fortifications were deliver'd to their Memories, then capable of any Impression, which after, their riper Judgment might improve to Action. The Delight which most Children take in hearing Tales, they converted to the Knowledge of History in general, and the informing them of the great Actions of particular Princes; both to give them an Ambition of doing nobly, and to teach them the Method of it; ever painting Virtue in the most beauteous Colours, and impressing the Practice of it with a kind of pleasing Violence; teaching them that to be good and happy were in effect the same. Their Bodies were continually exercis'd in the two necessary Abilities, both of Acting and Suffering; and their Minds acquainted by Degrees with Dangers: And, in short, every Method was taken to make their Spirits great as their Birth and Fortunes. No servile Fear was created in them, nor any violent Restraint suffer'd to be us'd to them, but in every Thing treated as Princes ought; so that a Habit of commanding was naturaliz'd in them, and therefore rooted out the smallest Seeds of Tyranny; Nature having in nothing done so much for them, though she had been no Niggard of her Gifts, as in making them Lords of Truth, which is the Ground-work and Foundation of every other Virtue.

But there is nothing in these two Princes Story which gives me so much Pleasure, as the Reflection of that memorable Friendship which grew between them, and which made them nearer to each other than the Ties of Blood; and what, I believe, greatly contributed to the strengthening and confirming of it, was *Musidorus*' being by three or four Years the oldest; the Difference in Age not being so much as to make them unfit Company, and yet enough to prevent all little Contentions which a froward Humour is apt to create between Children of the same Age, when neither think it their Place to give way: But here *Pyrocles* had a kind of awful Love for *Musidorus*, and *Musidorus* took a Delight and Pleasure in *Pyrocles*. Whatever Improvements *Musidorus* made either in Mind or Body, he would still communicate to his belov'd *Pyrocles*; while he, on the other Hand, was not so pleas'd to be instructed by any as his darling *Musidorus*; 'till being arriv'd at the Age of Sixteen, he had gone so far beyond the usual Growth of those tender Years, that neither *Musidorus*, nor any Man else living, could perform any Action, either on Horse or Foot, with more Strength, Activity, Gracefulness, or Discretion; and though it may seem incredible, yet Wonders lose their Force in a surprizing Subject.

When they were both arriv'd to that Estate, (which in them was Manhood) being inform'd that King *Euarchus*, after so long a War, wherein

wherein he had conquer'd all *Pannonia*, and almost vanquish'd *Thrace*, had now brought the Conclusion to the Siege of *Byzantium*; (to the raising of which Siege great Forces had been levied;) they had an insurmountable Desire to put in Practice that Valour which had so early been instill'd in them. The Mother of *Musidorus* nobly vanquishing (for her Childrens Good, for so she esteem'd them both) the Woman's Tendernefs that rose within her, agreed to their Departure; and that they might the sooner assist her much-lov'd Brother, she broke off all Delays, which *Musidorus*, for his Part, thought had already swallow'd too much of his valuable Time; and which his great Soul, thirsty of Fame, would ne'er have yielded to, but that before he was scarce sensible how far a Promise bound a worthy Nature, he had given his Word to his dear *Pyrocles*, never to follow Arms 'till he was capable of going with him; and being a Slave to Faith, he had to oblige his Friend, and make that good, not without great Impatience, postpon'd the following his warlike Humour; 'till now being both sent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able in every Manner to go through the Hardships and Fatigues of War, and bear a Soldier's Life, he was desirous for his Glory as well as his own, to enter into it: Therefore ordering a Navy to be prepar'd that might answer the Commanders, that so they might not only bring the Comfort of their wish'd Presence, but also of their Power, to their much-honour'd Parent the brave *Euarchus*; which being ready, they recommended their Protection to the Seas, leaving the Shores of *Theffalia* full of Tears and Vows (tho' they prov'd ineffectual ones) for both their Safeties, and was by the deceitful Waves receiv'd with such a serene and promising Appearance, as if the watry God had learn'd of designing Mortals to fawn and falsely smile on Princes. The Wind, like a well-manag'd Servant, waited behind them with such an equal Diligence, that they might fill the Sails just as they pleas'd; and the best Sailors shewing themselves least covetous of its Attendance, so temper'd it, that they kept altogether like a beautiful and well-order'd Flock, which are all subject to their Master's Pipe; unless sometimes two or three of them, to divert the Princes Eyes, would strive which of them could (either by the artful Management of the Winds Breath, or the advantageous Building of their watry Houses) outstrip the rest in Speed; while the Princes had Leisure to observe the Practice of what before they had only learn'd the Theory: They took an extream Pleasure in considering the Art of catching the Wind Prisoner, that by its Help they might outrun its Dangers; and were much delighted to observe Beauty and Use agree so well together, that of all the Trinkets which adorn'd the Ship, there was not one but serv'd to some necessary Purpose: But what most charm'd and commanded their Attention, was to see the wonderful Effects and noble Power of Love, whereby the seeming senseless Loadstone, with a secret Beauty, (concealing the Spirit of the Iron in it) can with attractive Power draw that hard-hearted Thing unto it; and like a wise and virtuous Mistress,

strefs, not only make it submit itself, but also aspire to so high a Love as the heavenly Poles, and thereby produce the noblest Deeds the Children of the Earth can boast. In this Manner the Princes spent their Time, pleasing their Fancies with the Confirmation of their Knowledge, and observing the Difference of the Sea and Land Service, 'till they had for a Day and almost a whole Night met with as pleasing Entertainment as the falsest Heart could give to him he means most to deceive.

But by the Time that the next Morning began to gild the Face of Darknefs, and make a little Shew of a good Meaning, there arose with the Sun a Vail of dark and threatening Clouds, which almost in a Moment (like Ink pour'd into Water) had blacken'd all the Face of the clear Heaven, as if it meant to prepare a Stage suitable to the ensuing woeful Tragedy; for immediately the boisterous Winds (which late they had in such Subjection) began to cry aloud, and like the Subjects of a tumultuous Kingdom, thinking themselves the fitter Instruments of Power, blow'd such Storms of Hail and Rain upon them, that Danger had overtaken e'er they could almost think of a Change. And now the traiterous Sea began to swell with Pride against the Royal Navy; under which, while they were favour'd by the Heavens, it had lain so calmly, raising itself to Mountains, which the toss'd and tottering Bark had no sooner reach'd, but with malicious Force it strait throw'd it down again to a Pit of hellish Darknefs, beating the Sides of the Ships with such forceable and cruel Blows, that it neither left them Power to withstand, nor Means of making their Escape; and very shortly so disperfed the whole Sail, which the Day before had with such loving Friendship kept together, that most of them never met again, but were swallow'd down its devouring and insatiate Throat: Some few indeed, as I have since heard, after long wandering, return'd into *Theffalia*, and others recover'd *Byzantium*, and serv'd *Euarchus* in his War; but in the Ship that held the Princes, (now as deserted as unworthy Favourites when Fortune fails them) they employ'd all their Art and Industry to save themselves; which they rather did to comply with the strong Desire of Life, than from any Hopes they had to escape, so thick and black a Darknefs (as if it would prevent the Night's Approach) having usurp'd the Office of the Day, which was sometimes attended with Thunder, always with horrible Noises of the chasing Wind; and so struck the Masters and Pilots with Astonishments, that they knew not which way to order; and indeed had they, the Noise was so great that they could scarcely, when they had directed, hear their own Whistle; for the Seas were contending with the Winds which should be the loudest, and the Shrouds of the Ships, with gasty Noise, inform'd them that were in it, that their Ruin was the Wager of the Strife: But what most amaz'd them, was the continual Thundring of the Heavens, roaring in such a threat-

ning Manner, as dreading most the having those Powers for their Enemies. Certainly there is no Danger carries with it half that Horror, as that which attacks those floating Kingdoms; for that kind of Dwelling-place is unnatural to humane Kind: And besides the Terribleness of the continual Motion, the shocking Thought of being so far from Help, the Eye and Ear having continually ugly Images presented to it, is able to shock the most resolv'd Mind, and fill it with Perplexities, though it was ne'er so strongly arm'd against the Danger. But in this terrible Manner did the Day pass, if that might bear that Name which could vie with the darkest Night, 'till at length the most experienc'd Mariners were so conquer'd by the Storm, that they thought it best with stricken Sails to yield to its Government; the most valiant among them feeling an inward Fear, and yet the cowardliest among them asham'd wholly to be conquer'd by it, seeing the Princes who were to be torn from the greatest Fortune did not in their Countenances betray the least Symptoms of it, but manfully encouraging the Sailors to do their utmost; and by putting their royal Hands to every the most painful Office, taught at the same Instant to hope the best, and yet despise the worst. In this Manner they were carried by the Tyranny of the relentless Winds, and the Treason of the foul Sea, all that Night; which the older it grew, the more testy it behav'd to them, 'till the next Morning (known to be so more by the Hour-glass than the Day's Clearness) Fortune having (as it is ever painted) run so blindly on, lest the Catastrophe should not answer the Beginning of this fatal Tragedy, that it drove them upon a Rock, which conceal'd by those outrageous Waves did as it were dissemble its cruel Purposes, 'till with a Force (incredible to those that have not been a suffering Witness of it) the Ship struck against it, and seeming willing to perish than have her Course stay'd, redoubled the Violence of her Blows, 'till she had shatter'd her self in a thousand Pieces; and as it were, tearing out her own Bowels to satisfy the greedy Seas, left nothing within but Despair of Safety, and Expectation of an untimely End. And now the different Turns of Mind, which in Distress Men have recourse to, were all exerted: One Man sat motionless upon the Poop, weeping and wailing, till a Wave wou'd come a-cross him, and wash him from a Sense of it: Another Wretch, more able to abide Death, than the Fear of it, cut his own Throat to prevent the Delays of Drowning: Some prayed, and others curs'd, as if they wou'd outdo the Heavens in Anger: In the whole, a monstrous Cry, begotten of many roaring Voices, was able to have infected any Mind with Fear, that had not been arm'd with almost more than humane Resolution.

But the two Princes using the Passion of Fear, and the Desire of Life, only to serve the Rule of Virtue, and not to abandon themselves in Danger, leap'd to a Rib of the Ship, which broken from its Fellows,

lows, floated with more Likelihood to be of Use, than any other Limb of that numerous Body; upon which there had already got two Brothers, well-known Servants of the Princes; and in a Moment they four were carried out of Sight by the huge Rising of the Sea, from the rest of the Ship: But the Piece they were on beginning by little and little to sink under them, unable to support the Weight of so many, the Heroick Brothers (the elder whereof was named *Lycippus*, the younger *Nelfus*) shew'd themselves a noble Pattern of true Faith and Gratitude; Gratitude upon this Account; those two Gentlemen having been taken Prisoners in the great War the King of *Phrygia* made upon *Thessalia*, in the Time of *Musidorus*' Infancy, and sold into another Country, tho' a Peace was afterwards contracted between those Realms, yet cou'd they not be deliver'd (by Reason of their known Valour) under a far greater Sum than all their Friends were able to raise, or the Queen Dowager willing to expend, in Consideration of the extream Charge her Subjects had both been put to in the late Wars; so that they had remained in Prison above thirteen Years, when the two young Princes, hearing Fame speak largely of their Merit, was determin'd to redeem them, which they compassed by selling all the Jewels of any Value which they were in Possession of, and giving Assurances under their Hands of great Estates to some People that supply'd them with Money to make up the Sum demanded for their Ransom. This Piece of Generosity a-fresh presented itself to the Minds of the two Brothers, and possibly urg'd on by the natural Duty they thought themselves bound to pay their Prince's Blood, made them, when they saw an Impossibility for all to be sav'd, willingly quit the Board, committing themselves to the Sea's Rage; and tho' almost in the Agonies of their own Death, earnestly praying for their Prince's Safety: Neither the Apprehensions of approaching Danger, nor the immediate Pain they suffer'd, did half so deeply affect the Princes, as that affectionate and unparalled Piece of Duty in their Servants, which alone must prompt them to act so bravely; since Glory they cou'd not have in View, being far from Spectators of any Sort; neither cou'd they hope Reward on this Side the Grave, being ascertain'd they must infallibly be lost.

But now of all the mighty Fleet which late they had commanded, they had but a little Piece of one Ship left, whereon they kept themselves, friendly to the last interchanging their Concern; each bestowing their Care for the other, and with resolute Bravery endeavouring to labour for the best; yet, with true Courage, to abide the worst. But as they were carry'd with the Tide, which in that Place, seconded by the Storm, ran exceeding swift, *Musidorus*, seeing *Pyrocles* as he thought almost off the Board, reach'd out his right Hand to help him better on; but the Moment he unlos'd his Hold, a malicious Wave came and dash'd him quite off the Plank. The parting Agonies of Soul and Body could not
be

be more severe, than those these two generous Princes felt at being separated; calling to each other in the most moving Sounds, tho' the Noise of the Seas drown'd their Cries. But *Pyrocles*, now his Friend (as he thought) was lost, grown careless of Death, so it came by any Means but his own, was soon deliver'd from it, and in a very little Time was drove from the Sea's Fury to the Land's Safety; but well I know he took but little Comfort in being saved alone, and indeed the treacherous Shore only receiv'd him to entertain him with Variety of Woes.

For being cast on Land, much bruised with the Sea's rough Farewel, and the Shore's ruder Welcome, faint and tired with the tedious Toil he had pass'd; as he was walking with feeble Steps and aching Heart, hoping to find out some One that wou'd have Humanity enough to give him some Refreshment; he saw several Men hastily running towards him, who, as he after found, were appointed with great Care to watch along the Coast: These People being come up to him, immediately laid Hands on him; and without asking him any Questions, or attending to what he offer'd, as if they were fearful to appear curious, and had not Humanity enough to show the least Regard to that wet and weak Condition wherein they found him, they carried him, without the least Refreshment, two or three Miles distant to the House of a Principal Officer in that Country; who, with not a Jot more Compassion or Civility than the under Fellows had shown, but with much more seeming Power and Curiosity, began in a captious Manner to put Interrogatives to him: The Prince, unus'd to such sort of Entertainment, in a short and plain Manner told him his Name and Quality, and by what unhappy Accident he had been drove to that Coast: But the Moment he had made this Discovery, he was sent with great Numbers of arm'd Men, (to guard him to Destruction, not from it) to the King's Court, which was about a Day's Journey off; carrying with them Letters from the Officer, wherein he enlarged upon his own Diligence in discovering so great a Person; adding several Conjectures which he had not the least Ground for, more powerfully to recommend his great Service to the Government. It seems it was the Country of *Phrygia*, where *Pyrocles* lighted; and it was the King thereof to whom he was sent: A Prince of a phlegmatick and melancholly Disposition, both of Mind and Body; ever sad and musing on horrible Possibilities; suspecting, and indeed condemning all Men of evil Machinations, because he had no Reflection of Good within himself, to judge of others by; and therefore accusing Sycophants were of all Men the most agreeable to his dark and cloudy Nature; not that they appear'd so to him, for they cou'd not bring to him the Notice of any new or doubtful Evil, but what he had already suspected; he always being beforehand with them, in thinking the worst of every thing, and therefore esteem'd them as Confirmers of his cautious and

as he thought, penetrating Judgment. As he was always fearful, so he never thought himself secure, while the Fear he apprehended had any Possibility of Event; of a retired and fullen Temper, hardly allowing himself the Pleasures (or rather taking none in) Conversation: Yet while his Youth lasted, the Exercises attending it, and his Humour not as then fully discover'd, even to himself, made him something easier of Access, and less tyrannous to his Subjects. But when Years grew on, he began, tho' seldom, to show some Signs of a bloody Nature; and the Prophecy of *Musidorus* coming to his Ears, both told him and received by him with the hardest Interpretation, as if his Subjects took Delight in the repeating it; then indeed he gave full Way to the Current of his cruel Disposition, especially after his Defeat in the Wars of *Thessalia*; imagining, tho' indeed falsely, that his want of Success was owing to the Treachery of his Soldiers; and thinking himself condemn'd, possibly being conscious he deserv'd it, he began to let nothing pass that cou'd possibly be wrested to a Fault, without sharp Punishment; even Merit was grown a Crime; and it was sufficient that a Man had the Power (tho' he ne'er made use of it) to be found guilty. As there is no Humour so vile but craving Poverty and insatiate Vice will submit to be a Slave to; so there wanted not in his State, People whose desperate Ambition would build their Houses upon others Ruins; tho', in all Probability, themselves should after fall by the like Practices. So that several came, with full Tide, upon his maimed Subjects, whose Actions were not only punished, but their Words corrected; nay, even their Thoughts, by some Means or other, racked and torn out of them; while Suspicion bred Cruelty, and the Effects of Cruelty continually stir'd up new Causes for Suspicion. In this Situation, full of Jealousy and Fears, did the Storm deliver poor *Pyrocles* to the Power of a Greater, in the Tyrant's Bosom; who having been inform'd who he was, and in what Manner he and his Cousin *Musidorus* (whom he so much dreaded) were come out of *Thessalia*, he thought (as he ever did the worst) that those Forces were certainly provided against him; and rejoiced that *Musidorus* (as he thought) was perished; he determin'd, in a publick Manner, also to destroy *Pyrocles*; for having long wander'd out of the Path that leads to noble Actions, he was determin'd to climb the greatest Height of Terror, thinking all Men wou'd dread making him their Enemy, who wou'd not, either thro' Fear or Pity, spare so great a Prince: And another Thing which urged him on to take his Life, was the Sense he had of his own want of Merit to engage him as a Friend; and therefore was determin'd to remove him from the Possibility of ever becoming his Enemy. The Day being appointed for the cruel Blow, all Things were prepared with as much Solemnity, as if they meant to make a Shew of Cruelty; and with Decorations make it appear less terrible to the noble Youth, who still himself in every Circumstance, tho' possess'd of the most unconquerable Courage, yet by

Treachery subjected to the most outrageous Wrong, behaved with so much Magnanimity and Constancy of Soul, and with so resolved a Temper, that he plainly shew'd, that in destroying him, they wou'd cut off the Hope of Nations, and destroy the Flower of Virtue in its full Bloom.

But when the Day drew nigh, wherein this unheard-of Barbarity was to be put in Execution, his Life was saved by the consummate Friendship of *Musidorus*; who, after the Sea had parted them, being almost drown'd, was taken up by the Fishermen belonging to the Kingdom of *Bythinia*; and staying there some little Time to recover his late terrible Fatigue of Mind and Body, he had heard (as Fame is ever proud to spread so remarkable an Occurrence) in what an Exigence *Pyrocles* was; and knowing that the Tyrant's Fury was far fiercer against him, he went to a Nobleman of that Country, and discovering himself to him, he found a fit Instrument to forward the Contrivance he had laid to save his Friend; for this Nobleman had served under *Euarchus* in several Wars, and was so taken with the shining Virtues of that noble King, that tho' not born his Subject, he ever professed himself his Servant. To him therefore *Musidorus* apply'd, and beg'd of him to put him in a strong Castle he had in that Country; and then, as soon as possible, send and inform the King of *Phrygia*, that if he wou'd give up *Pyrocles*, *Musidorus* was there willing to resign himself into his Hands; well knowing that how eager soever he was to shed *Pyrocles'* Blood, he wou'd much rather spill that of *Musidorus*.

The Nobleman was very loath to preserve one Life at the Expence of another that seem'd as valuable; but the Straitness of the Time urging him to come to a Resolution, and the Importunity of *Musidorus*, who assured him he never wou'd out-live *Pyrocles*, join'd with the Affection he bore *Euarchus*, at length prevailed; and he hastened to *Phrygia*, and made the Tyrant the strange Offer of *Musidorus*, which his blood-thirsty Mind greedily accepted.

Securities being given on both Sides, the Prisoners were interchang'd; but the Effects of Friendship in *Pyrocles* were equal to those in *Musidorus*, for his every Word and Look plainly shewed that he thought himself more injur'd, than reliev'd by his Friend's Generosity; asking him what he had ever found so mean or cowardly in his Nature, that he thought him incapable of suffering the Extremities of mortal Accidents like a Man; and conjuring him not to envy him the Glory of suffering in a Friend's Cause, and unjustly rob him of his Right in Glory. But in this heroick and brave Contention, where the Conquest consisted in the Conqueror's Destruction, and Safety was the Punishment of the conquer'd, *Musidorus* prevailed, because he was a more acceptable Prey to the cruel King; and as cheerfully going to meet Death,

as

as *Pyrocles* unwillingly went from it, he was deliver'd to the Tyrant, who cou'd not think himself sure enough of him, without he himself shou'd be Witness of the End of him, whom he had feared from the first Moment of his Being.

And because he wou'd at once, with ostentatious Pride, glory in his good Fortune, that had deliver'd his most dreadful Enemy into his Power, and also cut of all Hopes from his suspected Subjects of *Musidorus* ever joining them, he order'd every thing to be prepar'd for this Triumph of his Tyranny, in the most solemn and publick Manner that was possible. The Day being arriv'd, the unhappy Prince, the destined Victim of his Cruelty, was led forth (attended by a strong Guard, which oft e'er that had been Defenders of wicked Actions) to the Place of Execution, pleas'd and elated in himself that he had preserv'd his dear *Pyrocles*.

Which generous Prince was no sooner restor'd, by the King's Order, to a Place of Liberty, but he employ'd all his Wit and Courage; and what cou'd not they produce? either how to deliver *Musidorus*, or perish with him: But finding it impossible to gather in that Country a Force sufficient to rescue him, he thought of a Stratagem that wou'd give him the Power of dying with him, scarce hoping for a more favourable Event: But in order to that, he disguis'd himself in mean Apparel, and borrowing a few Crowns of the Nobleman, who tho' unwilling to part with him, yet not knowing on what a dangerous Purpose he was bent, suffer'd him to go unattended in that strange Manner. This gallant Prince, tho' born to the most exalted Expectation, and of the noblest Blood, did yet descend to sue to be the Servant of a base and fordid Villain; and by the Help of that little Sum he carried with him, he obtained to attend the Executioner, appointed to put his Friend to Death. A Condescension, which considering the Greatness of his Soul, was certainly a much stronger Proof of Friendship, than laying his Life down nobly wou'd have been. The Officer, not in the least suspecting but that he was what he appear'd, suffer'd him to wear a Sword; and not only that, but to be the Bearer of the Weapon prepared for the authorized Murder. *Pyrocles* having this wish'd-for Opportunity, watching a Time when *Musidorus* being upon the Scaffold, was a little separated from the Multitude, he step'd to him, and putting a Sword into his Hand, had only just Time to say, *Musidorus*, Do like your self! But sure it is impossible to express the various Passions which in a Moment rose in my Mind at this strange Turn, and the unexpected Sight of *Pyrocles*—Here some little Confusion, attended with a rising Blush, stop'd his Speech, he having forgot, in the Eagerness of his Relation, to speak as of a third Person; but the Princess taking no farther Notice of it, tho' smiling to herself, he re-assumed his Story: The Princess, continued he, being both arm'd, having nothing to urge them

them on but Desperation, and the Hope of dying together, as became their Birth, flew like two noble enraged Lyons, rob'd of their Young, among their Enemies, and almost in a Moment, the general Consternation being so great, they had either by Flight or Death clear'd the Scaffold: The inimitable *Pyrocles* doing with his single Arm such Actions, even beyond Belief, as wou'd have inspired Courage in *Musidorus*, tho' he had been born a Coward; but both of them, animated by just Rage and desperate Vertue, perform'd such Wonders, that the more common Sort of the Spectators began to be even superstitiously amused, and fancy'd that such Courage and such Effects must be beyond a mortal Power: But the King renewing outrageous and eager Threats from a Window, (where he was not asham'd in Person to behold the intended Massacre) commanded his Guard, and the rest of his Soldiers, upon pain of their own Deaths, immediately to dispatch the Prisoners; but so many of them lost their Lives in the Attempt, that the two Princes were almost faint with conquering, and near being overcome by too much Victory.

But as they were still fighting with weak Arms, but untir'd Resolution, one of the Soldiers that came up against them, having receiv'd a slight Wound, which his Fear perswaded him was a mortal one, he turn'd back, with as much Precipitation as he came on; which one of his Fellows seeing, intending to prove his own Courage, he hit him a Slap upon the Face, reviling him and charging him with Cowardice, that attended by such a Number he shou'd turn his Back upon so weak a Force; the wounded Fellow, inflam'd with the Reproach, and as it often happens, valiant in Anger, but never else, answer'd the Affront by running the other thro', whose Death was immediately revenged by a Brother of his, that stood next him, and that again requited by a Companion of his. Upon this, there began a confused Tumult amongst the Souldiers; which the rest of the People seeing, and not knowing the Reason of it, being used to Fears, tho' not couragious in them, some began to cry out Treason; and that Voice streight multiplying, the King, urged by the Terrors of a guilty Conscience, without seeing the least Violence offer'd him, ignobly fled, and left his Subjects alone to maintain his Cause. Whereupon a Rumour (perhaps begun by some well-designing Men, or possibly by Chance) ran quick as Lightening through the Multitude, that the King was slain. Upon that, some few of the bravest of the young Men, cry'd out aloud, Liberty! Liberty! the Tyrant's slain; and encouraging the rest of the Citizens to follow them, they set upon the Guards and Soldiers, as the chief Instruments of Tyranny; and so backed by the Princes, left none of them alive, nor any in the City, whom they thought had been the least instrumental in bringing them to Slavery; undoubtably in their Rage killing many guiltless Persons, either for Affinity to the Tyrant, or not joining in his Destruction. But a few of the older, and more experienc'd

experienc'd Men (knowing that a popular Licence is but a Tyrant with many Heads) prevailed with the rest to choose one of the Princes for their Leader and Defender. And because *Musidorus* was the elder, and most hated of the Tyrant, they fix'd on him, whom they immediately proclaim'd; Fortune (I fancy) being proud to shew her active Power, that in a Moment cou'd transform a Scaffold, design'd for Execution, to a Coronation Seat.

But soon there arriv'd News that the King was not dead, but fled to a strong Castle of his hard by; where he was, with all possible Speed, gathering Forces to suppress the Mutiny. But now the headstrong Multitude had run themselves too far out of Breath, to think of going back the same Career; and besides, they too well knew the Tyrant's gloomy Disposition, to believe he either would forget or pardon their rash Attempt; and therefore turning Necessity into a Merit, they continued resolute to follow *Musidorus*; who putting the Forces that were in the City in as much Order as the Hurry would admit, while they were warm, and eager for the Encounter, he at the Head of them march'd out to meet the Tyrant; who thinking that Time wou'd be but of little Use to him, knowing now, by too sad Experience, how much his People hated him, and how ripe they were for any Change of Government, came as soon into the Field, where he was slain by *Musidorus*, after he had first had the Terror of seeing his only Son (a Prince that wou'd have been of great Hopefulness, but that his rising Merit was ever crushed by his Father's bad Example and Advice) kill'd by *Pyrocles*. This Victory being obtain'd with great, and indeed not undeserv'd, Applause, by the two Princes, the State with one Consent offer'd the Crown, and all other Marks of Sovereignty to *Musidorus*; assuring him, that they neither hoped or wished a greater Happiness, than they promised themselves they shou'd enjoy under his mild and gentle Government.

But he placing a much greater Honour in bestowing than accepting a Crown, wherein he had no justifiable Right, having been inform'd there was left of the Royal Blood, and next to the Succession, an ancient Nobleman, of long approv'd Honour and Virtue, who had acquir'd nothing from the late Tyrant but Envy and Neglect; living as retir'd a Life as the Greatness of his Alliance wou'd admit, and highly disapproving his Cousin's arbitrary and tyrannick Government: To this Gentleman, after *Musidorus* had receiv'd the full Power, did he resign it; but with such Limitations, as might give the People as firm Assurance, as worldly Matters bear, that not only their new Monarch, (of whom they all were inclin'd to believe well) but the Nature of their Government, shou'd not in the least lead to Tyranny.

This Act made his Justice and Magnificence of Soul no less conspicuous, than the others had done his Magnanimity; so that half worshipped of the People, and justly valued by the new King, who in each Word and Behaviour own'd himself only their Regent, the two Princes left that Kingdom, hasting to revenge their two faithful Servants, whose heroick Love and Duty your Highness, I believe, remembers the Mention of, in willingly giving themselves a Prey to the devouring Sea, to save their Masters from its cruel Power; but as it happen'd they were not drown'd, but got, with much Labour and painful Swimming, upon a Rock; and after being as near starving with Cold and Hunger, as before of drowning, they were at length brought to the main Land of *Bythinia*, the same Country that *Musidorus* light upon, but not in so lucky a Part of it; for being seen by some of the Natives, they were brought to the King, who also was a bloody Tyrant; not through Suspicion, Greediness, or a revengeful Temper, like him of *Phrygia*, but more through Wantonness of Cruelty; inconstant and wavering in his Friendships, or rather never making a real Friend, only making a particular Companion, for his more lascivious Hours; whom, when he was grown weary of, (as he was ever changing) he took a certain Method to rid himself of their Companies, by putting them to Death: Sometimes he would be liberal, even to Prodigality; not that he valued those on whom he bestow'd his Favours, but out of an inordinate Profuseness in his Temper that prompted him to give. When he punished any one, 'twas not so much proceeding from the Hate or Anger he bore to them, as because he himself had never felt the Smart of Punishment, and cou'd not any other Way be brought to a Regret for doing it; greedy of Flattery, and expecting that even his Vices shou'd be esteem'd Vertues; and with the like false Judgment, equally valuing himself when he had perform'd a Piece of Cruelty or Injustice, as when (which sometimes by Chance he did) he had done an Action worthy Commendation.

It happen'd at that Time (for none were long in Favour) that the nearest to his Person was a Man of the most envious Disposition that e'er with poisonous Breath infected the purer Air; whose Eyes were blasted with the Sight of any happy Man, and his Ears gaul'd with the Repetition of another's Praises; finding his greatest Torments in another's Happiness, and the News of any Good to others, a Misery to him; in fine, his Disposition was so mischievously bent, that none could come to him so well recommended as by Sufferings, and therefore those two unhappy Gentlemen being brought to Court in that destitute Condition, he was inclin'd at first to show them Favour; and the King being inform'd of the Generosity which reduced them to that State, and of their uncommon Gratitude to their Masters, took a Pride in shewing the Royal Favour to them, bestowing infinite Praises

ses on them, and inwardly exalting in himself that he had so well rewarded Merit. They being now form'd into Courtiers, and almost reach'd the Summit of the Prince's Favour, Advancement, the very Touch-stone of Envy, moved their former Friend to contrive the Overthrow of his own Work, taking the Opportunity of the Report which had just reach'd that Court, of the Destruction of the King of *Phrygia* (who was of near Alliance to this Prince of *Pontus*) by their two Masters, to incense that Prince against them. He, partly at the Instigation of his evil Minister, partly out of an ostentatious Pride to revenge his Kinsman's Death, suddenly withdrew his Favour from them, and lock'd them up in Prison as the Servants of his Enemies: Tho' before *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles* had scarce ever heard of such a Prince, yet this injurious dealing with their much-valued Servants, made them rouse their Anger, but ever answerable to that Justice which was their constant Measure of Performance. They sent a civil Embassage to him, demanding their Servants Liberty; but he exalting himself in his own Pride, and swelling in their Humility, like a watry Ball, blown with a little Breath, but broken with a great, forgetting, or rather never having known Humanity, urg'd on by the Perswasions of his envious Counsellor, whose Hate was now grown inveterate, finding them have such powerful Advocates, order'd their Heads immediately to be struck off, and sent them accompanied with the most bitter and severe Reproaches to their much-griev'd Masters.

But this inhumane Injury urg'd the two Princes beyond all Bounds of Reconcilement; so that raising a sufficient Power in *Phrygia*, (the Kingdom being wholly at their Command, by the Peoples Love and the King's Gratefulness) they invaded his Country, and soon wholly vanquish'd it, doing such martial Deeds as Fame at least reported inimitable: Among the rest they took the King Prisoner, and by *Musidorus'* Command (*Pyrocles* Heart being more inclin'd to a tender Pity) he was put to Death upon the Tomb of those two Gentlemen which his inconsiderate Rashness had, without the least Offence on their Side, so inhumanely butcher'd. As to his wicked Counsellor, which advised and urg'd him on to perpetrate the barbarous Act, the knowing and corroding Envy he was possess'd of to see the Princes pay such Honours to their dead Servants Memories, prevented the Torments they design'd for him; for the violent Agitations it occasion'd, threw him into a raging Fever, which ended not but with his loathsome Life. The Throne being now vacant by the Tyrant's Death, the People, who had most of them revolted to *Pyrocles*, would with one Consent have invested him with the Royal Power; but he finding there was a Sister living of the late King's, a Lady as much fam'd for Prudence, Virtue, and indeed every Merit, as her Brother for the contrary, when she hourly expected to be crush'd in her Brother's Ruin, he gave her in Marriage to his Father's Friend, the Nobleman I before mention'd, and
quietly

quietly settled them on the Throne of *Pontus*. Besides this Piece of Generosity, the two Princes perform'd several gallant Actions, which were more admir'd as being acquir'd with more Danger; for in those Times, that Region was grievously infected with cruel Monsters, and some that were of humane Species, all which in short Time they destroy'd by private Combats, and deliver'd the grateful Countries of those growing Evils. Among the rest, there were two Brothers, who by reason of their vast Size were commonly called Giants, who secur'd themselves in a great Castle, seated upon the Top of a Rock, impregnable, because there was no coming to it but by one narrow Path, where one Man's Force was able to keep back an Army: These Brothers had heretofore serv'd the King of *Pontus*, and in all Employments, especially relating to Military Affairs, (in which they were most apt) behav'd with as unconquerable Courage as rude Faithfulness, being indeed by Nature more prone to Rage and open Fierceness, than Cunning and Deceit; not inclin'd to be ambitious in any kind, more than to be well and uprightly dealt by; rather impatient of Injuries and Abuses, than delighted with more than ordinary Civilities; and in Injuries more sensible of Smart or Loss, than of Reproach or Shame. These Men being of this Nature, would certainly by a wise Prince be esteem'd valuable Subjects, considering more especially what Wonders their more than common Strength of Body would enable them to perform: But this inconsiderate King, without the least visible Reason, discarded them his Favour, and that after they had given many singular Proofs of their firm Loyalty. They full of Rage for this unworthy Usage, and knowing by too sure Proof that the falling from his Favour would end in nothing less than utter Ruin, retir'd to this Castle; where being sensible of no greater Justice than Revenge, nor thinking any thing more Noble than the Effects of reasonable Anger, which, according to its Nature, full of Fierceness and Resentment, thought it never cou'd appear too terrible, they immediately began to make all the Country about (which owned that King's Superiority) suffer for their Lord's Folly; not examining or caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more they were so, the more they shew'd and satisfied their Spleen, which they desir'd shou'd be as manifest as possible. By Use hardened in Cruelty, and growing every Day more and more barbarous, they took Delight in Blood and Slaughter, and prided themselves in making others Ruin the Proclaimer of their Power: And as in the Time that they obey'd and own'd a Master, their outrageous Anger turn'd to a serviceable Power of advancing his and the Nation's Good; so now unbridled, and blindly judging for itself, it made Justice of lawless Cruelty, and vaunted itself in Excellence of Mischief, which had almost reach'd to the Ruin of the Country. 'Till now Prince *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, finding them so inur'd in Cruelty, as not by any Method to be reclaim'd, secretly and alone undertook the Destruction of them, for attended they knew they could not reach the Castle. The
Monsters

Monsters made no Scruple of admitting them, looking scornfully upon them as silly Birds fallen into their Net; but it pleas'd the eternal Justice that they shou'd be conquer'd by those Hands they scorn'd, and meet in Death a just Reward for all their Pride and Cruelty. It would employ a very idle Orator, to describe particularly the Honours that were done to the two Princes, by the grateful People, for the Performance of so many valiant Deeds, to the Safety and Preservation of the State. But as high Honour and Renown is not only gotten and born by Pains and Danger, but must be nurs'd and fed by them, or else it dies almost as soon as 'tis deliver'd to the World; so the natural Thirst of it in *Pyrocles*, suffer'd him not to let any be a resting Place, that wou'd not afford fresh Opportunities for him to exert his Courage, whereby his Fame might be enlarged: And therefore having well establish'd those Kingdoms under wise and good Governours, and by their Valour freed them from such Giants and Monsters, as Before-times whole Armies were not able to subdue, they determin'd, unknown, and in Disguise, to prove the various Accidents of Life, and to employ those natural great Endowments they were possess'd of, to the universal Benefit of Mankind; and therefore resolv'd (understanding that King *Euarchus* had finish'd all his Wars) to go and privately seek fresh Exercises of their Virtue; thinking it not so praise-worthy to be brought to heroical Actions by Fortune or Necessity, as by their own Industry to find Occasions out; and for this Purpose went from *Pontus*, and left the People, tho' unwilling to part from them, full of Prayers and Wishes for their Safety; making Speed to follow glorious Honour, one Part of their Glory, and suborn'd one Place to be a Witness to another of their great Performances; for scarcely had they pass'd the Confines of *Pontus*, but as they rode, being unattended, for they disdain'd all Service but each others, they met with an Adventure, which tho' it did not lead them to any very great Enterprize, yet is worth remarking, for the two opposite Examples it gave; on one Side of innate Worth and Goodness, and on the other of barbarous and foul Ingratitude. They were just enter'd into the Kingdom of *Galetia*, the Season very cold, being then under the severest Discipline of Winter's sharp Correction, when there suddenly arose so extream and fierce a Storm, that the Princes were drove by the beating Hail, which the insulting Winds blew with such Force into their Faces, to seek some Shelter, which a hollow Rock that they was near offering them, they accepted its friendly Invitation, and made it their Shield against the Tempest's Fury; and waiting there till the Violence of it was a little over, they heard the Voices of two People, who not thinking of or perceiving any one hid within that rude Canopy, were disputing in strange and moving Terms. The few Words they had already heard, rais'd the Curiosity of the Princes to listen further, and also to see the Authors of them; so that stepping out of their Covert unperceived, they observ'd two Men, one far advanc'd in Years, the other scarce had reach'd the Date of Manhood: The old

Man was blind, and the young one leading him; their Rayment was very mean, scarcely sufficient to defend their Bodies from the Extremities of the Cold; and yet through all these Miseries there appear'd in both a kind of Nobleness not suitable to such severe Affliction. The Princes had not observ'd them long, e'er the old Man, with a Tone of Passion, broke out into these Words; Well, my *Leonatus*, cry'd he to the other, since no Arguments of mine can prevail upon you to lead me where I may find an End of all my Grief and Trouble, yet let me intreat you to leave me to myself; fear not, no Mischiefs can enhance my Wretchedness; and if it cou'd, sure nothing as Misery can so well become me: Dread not the Danger of my darken'd Steps, they cannot throw me lower than I am; do not, I beg thee, do not thus obstinately pursue the Infection of my Miseries; fly from this dangerous Realm; fly, I conjure thee, fly this hated Place, fit only to support so great a Wretch as I. O, my honoured Father, reply'd the Youth, do not endeavour to deprive me of the only Remnant of my Happiness; while I am bless'd with Power to be of Use to you, I can't be wholly miserable. Alas, my Son! return'd the poor old Man, sobbing and deeply groaning, how ill do I deserve to be the Father of such a Son, and how piercingly does thy filial Piety upbraid my Wickedness? These Speeches, with some others to the same Purpose, convinced the Princes they were not born to that Ebb of Fortune they now appear'd in; and therefore advancing to them, they civilly enquired of the young Man what they were, and what Fortune drove them to the Extremity they appear'd in? Gentlemen, answer'd he, for so you both appear to be, tho' certainly you must be Strangers in this Country, if unacquainted with our Woes, and the Occasion of them, which are of such a Nature, that every one belonging to this Nation must know them to avoid relieving them; and tho' our Miseries stand not so much in need of any Thing as Pity, yet nothing is more dangerous to us than to make them known enough to excite it: But your Appearance speaks a gentle Nature; or shou'd you not be possessed of it, the Evils we labour under have sunk us far below any Degrees of Fear: Know then, that this old unhappy Man that I now lead, was late the lawful Prince of this Country of *Paphlagonia*, who by a lawless and ungrateful Child was not only deprived of his Throne and Kingdom, (which no foreign Force cou'd ne'er have wrested from him) but of his Eye-sight, that inestimable Treasure which Nature bestows on the poorest Creatures. By this barbarous and unnatural Usage, he has been drove to such Extremity of Anguish, that even now he fain wou'd have had me led him to the Top of this Rock, from whence he wou'd have thrown himself, and by Death ended the insupportable Evils of Life; so making me, who received my Being from him, the Instrument of his Destruction. But most noble Strangers, continued he, if either of you have a Father, and experienced the tender Earning of a Child's Affection, by that let me conjure you to help convey this afflicted

flucted Prince to some Place of Security; and be assur'd that amongst noble Actions it will not be esteem'd the least, that a King of such Power and Fame, as he that stands before you once was, loaden with Wrongs and oppress'd with Injuries, should in any Degree be reliev'd by you.

But before they had Time for a Reply, the Father began to speak; Ah, my Son, cry'd he, how unjust an Account you have given of our Sorrows, since you have left out the Occasion of them, my Wickedness! my Wickedness! If thou dost it to spare my Ears the ungrateful Sound, know thou dost much mistake thy Father; for I call that Sun to witness which you are still bless'd with a Capacity of seeing, (with that he cast up his blind Eyes, as they would hunt for a Glimmering of its Light) that nothing is now so grateful to me as the just Publication of my Shame: Therefore know, worthy Strangers, to whom I wish the meeting such a Wretch mayn't prove an ominous Fore-token of some Evil, that what my Son has said (O ye just Gods, that ye should suffer Truth to reproach him with that Title) is Fact; but besides those Truths, he also should have told you, that his guilty Father having been bless'd in lawful Marriage from a noble Mother with this Son; what he is you partly know by seeing, but better shall by my short Declaration: In him I long enjoyed the Expectations of the World; at length he grew so much to justify those Expectations, that I had not Reason to envy the most happy Father for that only Comfort in Mortality of leaving a worthy Representative behind one; but notwithstanding that, I was prevail'd upon in favour of a Bastard Child (if at least I may credit the Assurances of that base Woman my Concubine of his being mine) not only to grow careless of and indifferent to his Merit, but was at length worked up to endeavour his Destruction: To repeat the various Ways she used to bring me to the Thought of so much Wickedness were endless; and besides, the accusing her, looks as I meant to extenuate my own Fault, which I abhor the Thought of; let it suffice, that she employ'd as much poisonous Hypocrisy, desperate Fraud, smooth Malice, conceal'd Ambition, and smiling Envy, as the united Cunning of the whole Sex could e'er have harbour'd, and at length work'd upon me to give private Orders to some desperate Villains to betray this Son into some lonely Forest, and there destroy him.

But even these abandon'd Creatures, though nurs'd in Cruelty, had more Humanity than I; for taking Pity of his Youth and Innocence, they spared his Life, and suffer'd him to wander into foreign Nations to earn his Bread, which he did by serving as a private Soldier in a Country hard by; but as he was just going to be advanced for some noble Pieces of Service which he had done, he heard News of me, who giddy in my Affection (to that unlawful and unnatural Child)

Child) suffer'd myself to be so govern'd by him, that all Favours and all Punishments were disposed on by him, all Offices and Places of Importance distributed among his Favourites, so that e'er I was aware, I had left myself only the bare Name of a King; which Shadow of a Monarch he shortly growing weary of allowing me, with many Indignities, (if any thing may be called so that was offer'd to such a Wretch as I) he drove me from the Throne, and putting out my Eyes, (in Compassion sure that I should not see his unnatural Usage) and then proud and wanton in his Tyranny, let me go, not shewing so much Favour as to imprison or kill me, but rather delighting to make me linger in Extremity of Torments. Torments indeed if ever there were any! Thrown in a Moment from a King to be a Beggar; depriv'd of Light, the common Benefit of Nature; full of Wretchedness, Disgrace, and Want; and to compleat those Ills, loaden with Guilt, and conscious of deserving them. But as he came to the Throne by Treason and Injustice, so he was oblig'd to keep it by as unwarrantable Force, keeping strange Soldiers in Citadels, those Nests of Tyranny and Murtherers of Liberty; depressing and disarming all his own Countrymen, that none of them durst espouse my Cause; and indeed I believe few of them had a Will to do it, considering my cruel Usage of my duteous Child, and the extream Folly in suffering the other to get such a Power over me: But if there were any that felt the least Compassion for my deserved Sufferings, and had the least Spark of unextinguish'd Duty left towards me, yet they dared not shew it, scarcely by relieving my Necessities by Alms at their Doors, which was now the only Sustenance of my distress'd Life, not one venturing so far as to guide my darken'd Steps, 'till this Son of mine (Heaven knows, worthy of a more virtuous Father) forgetting my abominable Wrongs, despising Danger, and neglecting the Preferment that waited for him, came hither to perform this tender Office you see him now employ'd in, to my unutterable Grief; not only because his Kindness is a Glass for even my blind Eyes to see the Reflection of my own Vileness, but I am in continual Pain that he should desperately venture the Loss of his valuable Life, to preserve my worthless one; for well I know the Monster that usurps my Throne, how much soever (and with good Reason) he despises me, worthy of all to be contemn'd, will yet use every Stratagem to destroy him, whose just Title, join'd with true Courage and universal Goodness, may one Day shake the Seat of a never secure Tyranny; and to crush these Fears, I have begg'd of him to lead me to the Top of this Rock, meaning indeed to rid him of so dangerous a Companion; but he guessing at my Purposes, deny'd me; the only thing, which since he has been born, he ever shew'd himself disobedient in. And now, Gentlemen, I have faithfully repeated the Truth of my unhappy Story; which I beg you wou'd publish to the World, that my unnatural and mischievous Proceedings may be the Glory of his filial Piety, the only Reward now left for such wonderful

ous Merit ; and I conjure you let me obtain that Favour of you which he denies me, for never was there more Mercy shewn in saving any other, than in destroying me ; both because by it my more than mortal Agonies will have an End, and also you will preserve this excellent young Man, who else will, obstinate in Duty, follow his own Ruin.

This melancholly Story, express'd in such a moving Manner by the old Prince, exceedingly raised the Pity of the two Princes, whose noble Hearts cou'd not be excited to that Passion, without endeavouring to seek a Remedy ; and soon the Occasion offer'd, for *Plexertus* (so was the Bastard nam'd) came thither, attended with forty Horse, with a Design to murder his Brother, of whose Return he soon had Notice ; and thinking no Eyes of sufficient Credit in such a Matter but his own, was determin'd himself to be both the Actor and Spectator of the direful Tragedy ; therefore the Moment he was come in Sight of him, not regarding the slight Guard (as he thought) of two weak Men, he commanded some of his Followers to assist him in killing *Leonatus* ; but that valiant Prince, how falsely soever he was dealt with by others, wou'd not betray himself, and therefore drawing his Sword, he made the Death of the first that attack'd him a Warning to the rest to proceed more cautiously ; but *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were soon become Parties in this Cause, thinking so just a Defence claim'd as great a Right to their Assistance, as the strictest Friendship, and behaved so valiantly among his Opposers, that many of them paid their Lives a Tribute to their wicked Master.

But at length, o'erpower'd with Numbers, the Odds wou'd most certainly have prevail'd, had not the King of *Pontus*, lately by them raised to that Dignity, came unlook'd-for to their Relief ; who having had a Dream, which he superstitiously, and, as it happen'd, prophetically observ'd, that threatned some sudden Danger to the two Princes, whom he regarded as his Life, he had taken a hundred Horse, following as near as possible their Track in that Country, which he thought, considering who reign'd, a likely Place for the Scene of any villanous Action. And now *Plexertus* was drove to such a Strait, that soon he wou'd together have resign'd his guilty Life and usurp'd Diadem, when there came in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty Horse to his Defence. These two Brothers came of the noblest House in that Country, and were from their Infancy educated with *Plexertus* ; Men of such untainted Courage as to know no Fear themselves, yet teach it effectually to others that opposed them : They had been inur'd to Dangers, and often triumph'd o'er the greatest ; never dismay'd, and ever fortunate ; the Goodness of their Disposition was equal to the Greatness, and wou'd have shone with equal Brightness, had Chance directed them to a more worthy Friend ; or would they have consider'd Friendship as the Child of Virtue, and not the Parent ; but being bred up with the

Tyrant, that, rather than Choice, had fixed them in his Interest; (not but he had Craft enough to hide his Faults, where-e'er his Interest prompted him to it, and only shew'd them where they might strike home), and being once engaged, they pursued the Course, thinking their Honour more concern'd to prove themselves good Friends than Subjects; and therefore determin'd to prefer him and his Cause to all the World: And tho' in another they wou'd have abhor'd the Action he perform'd, yet tho' they despised the Evil, they liked the Author of it; and tho' they did not counsel the Offence, yet they protected the Offender; and having heard of his going out with so small a Guard, knowing how ill affected his Subjects were towards him, they followed, tho' they were unacquainted with the Cause that carried him, and found him so hard beset, that it obliged them either to venture their own Lives, or be tame Spectators of their Friend's Destruction; which their great Souls disdaining, they so powerfully exerted their utmost Force of Mind and Body, that Justice forces me to own, that *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had never till then found any that so thoroughly obliged them to repeat the hardest Lesson they had learn'd in Arms; and behaved themselves with so much Conduct, that tho' they did not conquer, they were not overcome, but convey'd away their ungrateful Master to a Place of Security, maugre all the Princes could do in Opposition: But they having so far engaged in the Affair, thought it not consistent with their Honour to let it end so, but with all the Expedition that was possible, rais'd Forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, so that in a small Time they had left the Usurper only one Place of Refuge, Fear having been the only Link that chain'd his People to him, and that once united with a greater Force, they all scatter'd from him and join'd the greater Power.

In this Time the blind old King, having in the chief City of his Realm, crown'd his Son *Leonatus*, with the additional Attendance of many Tears, which flow'd both from Joy and Sorrow; Sorrow for having so offended, and Joy for being once more possessed of the Power to make some Recompence, set forth in the most moving Terms to the glad People, the Heinousness of his own Crime, and the Abundance of his Son's Virtue; and after he had kiss'd him, and obliged his Son to receive Reverence from him, as from a Father, he was become a Subject, he in a Moment resign'd his Being, as he had finished all he waited for on Earth, his Heart almost before broken with fore Affliction, stretching beyond its Limits with this Access of Comfort, unable longer to support the vital Spirits. The new-made King having perform'd his Father's Obsequies with as much filial Duty as he had paid him living, pursued the Seige of his unnatural Brother, as much for the revenging of his Father, as the establishing his own Quiet: In which Seige I can't but mention the Prowess of the two Brothers I before spoke of, than whom the Princes never found in all their Travels

Travels, Persons of greater Courage and Magnanimity, nor abler Skill and Conduct.

But *Plexertus* finding that if Force did not oblige him to yield, Famine wou'd unavoidably bring him to Destruction, thought it better humbly to creep, where by Pride he cou'd not march; for with such crafty Cunning had Nature form'd him, and the continual Exercise he had given that Faculty, had so improv'd it, that he was a Master in all kind of Sights; so that tho' no one had less Goodness in his own Soul, yet no one knew better how to find Arguments to improve that of others to his Advantage: No humane Creature was ever less subject to Compassion than himself, or better knew how to raise it in another; impudently audacious in denying, where Proofs were not against him; and ready, in an abject Manner, to aggravate his own Crimes, where-e'er Denial wou'd but make them fouler. Being of this Temper, and drove to great Extremes, he took the following Method: Having disguised himself in an Officer's Habit, he pretended (to gain Admittance to the Presence of his injur'd Brother) that he was one in Trust about *Plexertus*, and wou'd betray him alive into his Hands. This Stratagem, (tho' against the Minds of the valiant Brothers, who rather chose to die in brave Defence, than meanly to surrender) he put in Practice; and with a Rope about his Neck, bare-footed, and Sackcloth on his Body, he came and offer'd himself to *Leonatus*' Mercy; the mean Submissions which he used; how cunningly in aggravating his own Fault, he made it seem the less; how artificially he described the Torments of his Conscience, and the Miseries the compassing of his inordinate and ambitious Ends had brought him to; how artfully in seeming to desire Death, as ashamed to live, and spoke so movingly, that he beg'd Life in the refusing it. All this, I say, is not even to be naturally discern'd by one skill'd only in Simplicity and Truth; but so artfully he play'd his Part, that though at first *Leonatus* only look'd upon him as his Father's Murderer, and Anger already began to paint Revenge in all its Colours, yet e'er long he was not only moved to Pity, but forgive; and tho' he cou'd not be brought to think any thing an Excuse for the past Fault, yet he was work'd up to an Opinion, that his wicked Brother wou'd no more deserve that Epithet, while the under Villains of this execrable Mischief, betrayed by the first Author of it, were deliver'd to divers kinds of Death; he insinuating, as he had rather fallen to defend the Outrages they had begun, than contrived and headed them himself.

The Brothers, being thus reconcil'd, *Plexertus* shew'd in every Action the most mean Submission, and more than the ever noble Nature of *Leonatus* could have exacted from him. Things being thus settled in a general Calm, the Princes address'd themselves to leave the Court; and first paying their Complements to their faithful Friend,
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the King of *Pontus*, (who likewise returned home to enjoy the yet untasted Pleasures of a Queen and Kingdom,) they privately departed, attended only by the two valiant Brothers, who would needs go with them through several Places: They four united, performing surprizing Wonders in Deeds of Arms; tho' being in private Combats, Fame has not so much blaz'd them abroad: At length, hearing the meritorious fair *Erona*, Queen of *Lycia*, was besieged by the puissant Monarch of *Armenia*, they hasted to her Defence, urged on to espouse her Cause, partly because she was a Lady, and consequently of the weaker Side; but more because Report had told them that the King of *Armenia* had in his Train three of the most famous Knights for Deeds of Arms the Earth could boast, with whom their high Ambition prompted them to engage: One of these Knights was the noble *Plangus*, whose Name your Highness Yesterday perfumed with the Odour of your Breath; the other were two mighty Princes, named *Barzares*, and *Euardes*, Men of almost Gigantick Size and Strength, in whom the Hopes the King had of Victory were chiefly placed. Of these two, the noble Brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, (allowed Judges in Warlike Matters,) had spoke so highly, that the Princes were possess'd of an uncommon Eagerness to prove their Prowess: Therefore the Moment they were enter'd into *Lycia*, they joined those few that with unshaken Faith serv'd the unhappy Queen, who was then besieg'd, and in a short Time so animated and revived their drooping Hearts, that they attempted by Force to relieve the Town, tho' they were unluckily depriv'd of great Part of their Strength, by the Departure of the two Brothers, who were summon'd to return with all Speed to their old Friend *Plexertus*, whose Faults not willing to perceive, and giving an implicit Faith to all he said, they had often in his Cause prostituted the Virtue of their Courage to defend the foul Vice of base Ingratitude; and how they were sent for to advance a Conquest he had attempted, while *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were left to the Delivery of the distress'd Queen.

I have, interrupted the fair *Pamela*, heard that Part of the Story from *Plangus*; therefore, if you please, you may omit relating the Particulars of *Erona's* Quarrel, lest the Sound of War should waken *Mopsa*, which possibly might breed some Disturbance. *Musidorus* turning his Head, saw her indeed with open Mouth swallowing Sleep, making such a hideous Noise, that no Body with Justice cou'd lay the stealing a Nap to her Charge; and unwilling to lose this long-wish'd-for Opportunity, he flung himself on his Knees before the Princess; and with a throbbing Heart and faltering Tongue, O thou transcendant Fair, cry'd he, whose powerful Charms carry such Witchcraft in them, as to transform a Prince of Royal Birth into an humble Swain, and forces him to esteem all Marks of Sovereignty mean, in Comparison with the Sheep-Hook, which guides him to your Sight: For this,

this, let me entreat at least your Patience, in direct Words, to attend my humble Suit ; O let me snatch this dear transporting Moment, which I so long have waited for, to let you know who 'tis presumes to aspire at your Love, for that I long have done it, you surely must be sensible : If in my Wishes, Hopes, or my Desires, or even in Imagination, I e'er attempted to wrong that heavenly Virtue which shines in all your Actions, may the Words I speak prove Poyson to my Soul, while they are in my Mouth ; or, what is worse, may all the Methods I have taken to forward my exalted Passion, turn to its own Confusion : But if the most generous and awful Love, inspir'd not only by your Person, which sure were alone sufficient to raise the brightest Flame, but confirm'd and strengthen'd by your Virtues ; if, I say, a Love so pure, that even in Thought it ne'er exceeded the strictest Bounds of Honour, can merit the least Return, do not, heavenly Creature ! — He wou'd have proceeded, but the Princess suddenly turning her Head, called aloud on *Mopsa*, who starting up, staggering and rubbing her Eyes, ran first to the Door, and then back again, before she knew who called her ; till at length, being fully come to the Use of her little Wits, she asked *Pamela* what she wanted ? Nothing, reply'd she, smiling, but to have you more attentive to your Lover's Story ; and now, says she, turning to *Dorus*, I desire you would re-assume it.

But as he, who now could pay no Homage but Obedience, was returning to the Account of his own Life, *Philoclea*, follow'd by *Miso*, came and interrupted him, so that for that Time he was dismiss'd : But *Pamela*, charm'd with every Word utter'd by his admir'd Voice, took a Pleasure in repeating to her Sister all he had said to her ; till Dinner being over, they determin'd to amuse the Hours, tir'd with *Miso*'s stupid Conversation, to go while the Heat lasted, and bath themselves in the River *Ladon*, as the *Arcadian* Nymphs were often wont to do ; taking with them a Lute, that after they had wash'd, they might sit and divert themselves under some Shade ; but they cou'd not stir, but *Miso* and her Daughter *Mopsa* would be following them. As they were passing by the other Lodge, *Zelmane* looking from her Window, spied them, and softly stole down after ; which she had then an Opportunity of doing unobserv'd, because *Gynecia* was confin'd by Illness, and *Basilus* (that being his Birthday) was, according to his usual Custom, employ'd in his Devotions. *Zelmane* hastily follow'd them, hoping she might snatch a Moment to speak to *Philoclea* ; but not the least Sentence could she begin, but *Miso* would make one in the Conversation, which obliged her to recommend the Office of her Tongue to the no less expressive Language of her Eyes, which with great Diligence perform'd the pleasing Task. With interchanging Looks they spent the Time till they had reach'd the River, which was esteem'd the finest in all *Greece*,

both for the Clearness and Sweetness of its Waters; and besides, the bathing in it was reckon'd exceeding healthful; it run upon so fine and delicate a Ground, that it was hard to say whether the River most clear'd the Gravel, or that purify'd the River; it was surrounded with divers Kinds of stately Trees, but among the rest a goodly Cyprus, who bowing her fair Head over the Water, seem'd as if she meant to adjust her green Locks by the Reflection of it: Altho' this was so privileged a Place, that upon Pain of Death no one durst presume to come into it; yet the Ladies, for fear of any lurking Spy, look'd carefully about, but could not see any thing except a Water-Spaniel, who came down the River in Chase after a Duck, snorting and snuffling as he were enraged his smelling Power could not as easily prevail through the Water as the Air; therefore waiting with his Eye for the Duck's getting up again, but failing of his Purpose, he got out of the River, and shaking off the Water (as great Men do their Followers) now he had no farther Use for it, ran out of Sight. The Princess asked *Zelmane* if she wou'd not wash with them, assuring her that bathing in those Waters was esteem'd exceeding healthful; but she excusing her self as not proper, having lately taken a little Cold, they began by Degrees to remove the Cloaths which enviously eclips'd their Charms.

Zelmane would have assisted them, but was seiz'd with such a violent Emotion, that she thought it wiser to rest her trembling Limbs against a Tree, and only be a bless'd Spectator: But when their Garments were taken off, and flung to enrich the senseless Ground, *Zelmane's* Resolution wholly vanish'd, and she could not for her Life resist running to *Philoclea*, and embracing her defenceless Beauties with more Extasy than became the Appearance she bore of the same Sex; but a conscious Shame arising in her at her own Presumption, she forced her self at once to quit the most exalted Rapture her Senses e'er had proved; the harmless Maid was almost equally delighted, tho' her Innocence was ignorant of the Cause, half smiling and half blushing, when *Zelmane* retir'd; she gently moved her Feet, unus'd to the rough Salutation of the rude Ground; but when she began to feel the Chills of the Water, a pretty Shivering seiz'd her beauteous Body, and made her seem just like the Twinkling of a shining Star in a cold Frosty Night; but the River, proud to give way to such a Guest, had soon received her Breast-deep, and cold *Ladon*, inspir'd with her Embraces, could no longer boast that Name, but seem'd to play around her with an eager Warmth, as if it were sensible of every Charm.

O glorious *Ladon*, cry'd *Zelmane*, now made most perfect, how canst thou forbear to stay thy Course more fully to enjoy thy Happiness? But, Fool that I am, is it not easy to be seen that the upper Streams, eager for their Share of her Embraces, make such Haste to reach

reach the Bliss, that the lower ones are necessitated to give Place, tho' wondrous loath to quit so exquisite a Pleasure. O happy *Ladon*, that art now possess'd of infinite Beauty, infinite Delight, and art a perfect Union of all Perfection! Sure 'tis impossible thou ever should'st forget the blest Impression that has been made in thee by Beauty's perfect Stamp; but if, dull Stream, thou canst be so ungrateful to bury in Oblivion the Memory of more than earthly Happiness, in Requital of thy Stupidity, may thy hitherto unpolluted Bed, instead of Gravel, be turn'd to filthy Mud; and may some more powerful River fall into thee, and make thee loose the Name of beauteous *Ladon*. O happy, happy Stream! slide gently by, least thy boisterous Tide, eager to taste her Charms, shou'd make her slender Legs slip from their glorious Weight, and suffer her tender Form to prove the rude Imbraces of the piercing Gravel. O! shou'dst thou suffer the least Pain to reach the Royal Fair Ones, that have entrusted thee with all their Charms, how cou'dst thou answer the sacrilegious Wrong? No longer then wou'dst thou be known by any other Epithet, than cursed *Ladon*, and the pleasant Flavour of thy Waters be turn'd to Gaul and Bitterness. But while *Zelmane* was thus venting her Raptures to the senseless Stream, the Princesses were playing in the Water with pretty Innocence, unknowing to what piercing Eyes their Beauties stood revealed, sometimes striking it with their taper Fingers, which seem'd to smile as it were sensible of their inspiring Touch.

Zelmane, the Freedom of whose Sight was limited by nothing but the transparent Vale of *Ladon*, like a Room in which a constant Fire is kept, tho' the Largeness is not increased, yet the Continuance of it increases the Room's Heat; so her Wound's Fires, the more she gazed, the more tormented her: And now her every Sense grew envious that her Eyes alone shou'd pay their Homage to the Queen of their Desires; so that taking up the Lute the Princesses had brought with them, her Wit inspired by Love's transporting Rage, she began to play; her Voice, eager to exert its Part of the Performance, join'd in a Song; her Hands govern'd the Lute's Musick to her Voice; her panting Heart danced to the lively Notes, while her glad Feet proclaim'd the equal Measure; her Body was the Place appointed for the Performance, and her Soul the Judge that shou'd be entertain'd. The Subject of her Song being *Philoclea's* Charms, the Numbers were sublime and lofty, full of poetick Rapture, and answerable to the Power of the Inspirer. As she had almost finish'd it, she observ'd the same Water-Spaniel, which before had hunted up the River, come and fetch away one of *Philoclea's* Gloves; the fine Proportion shew'd what a perfect Guest used to inhabit in it. *Zelmane*, being pleased to see the Dog delighted with the Treasure, suffer'd him to carry off his Purchase; which he hastily did, and was soon lost between some Teres and Bushes, which were set so close, they cou'd not see which Way he took; but he very soon

both for the Clearness and Sweetness of its Waters ; and besides, the bathing in it was reckon'd exceeding healthful ; it run upon so fine and delicate a Ground, that it was hard to say whether the River most clear'd the Gravel, or that purify'd the River ; it was surrounded with divers Kinds of stately Trees, but among the rest a goodly Cyprus, who bowing her fair Head over the Water, seem'd as if she meant to adjust her green Locks by the Reflection of it : Altho' this was so privileged a Place, that upon Pain of Death no one durst presume to come into it ; yet the Ladies, for fear of any lurking Spy, look'd carefully about, but could not see any thing except a Water-Spaniel, who came down the River in Chase after a Duck, snorting and snuffling as he were enraged his smelling Power could not as easily prevail through the Water as the Air ; therefore waiting with his Eye for the Duck's getting up again, but failing of his Purpose, he got out of the River, and shaking off the Water (as great Men do their Followers) now he had no farther Use for it, ran out of Sight. The Princess asked *Zelmane* if she wou'd not wash with them, assuring her that bathing in those Waters was esteem'd exceeding healthful ; but she excusing her self as not proper, having lately taken a little Cold, they began by Degrees to remove the Cloaths which enviously eclips'd their Charms.

Zelmane would have assisted them, but was seiz'd with such a violent Emotion, that she thought it wiser to rest her trembling Limbs against a Tree, and only be a bless'd Spectator : But when their Garments were taken off, and flung to enrich the senseless Ground, *Zelmane's* Resolution wholly vanish'd, and she could not for her Life resist running to *Philoclea*, and embracing her defenceless Beauties with more Extasy than became the Appearance she bore of the same Sex ; but a conscious Shame arising in her at her own Presumption, she forced her self at once to quit the most exalted Rapture her Senses e'er had proved ; the harmless Maid was almost equally delighted, tho' her Innocence was ignorant of the Cause, half smiling and half blushing, when *Zelmane* retir'd ; she gently moved her Feet, unus'd to the rough Salutation of the rude Ground ; but when she began to feel the Chills of the Water, a pretty Shivering seiz'd her beauteous Body, and made her seem just like the Twinkling of a shining Star in a cold Frosty Night ; but the River, proud to give way to such a Guest, had soon received her Breast-deep, and cold *Ladon*, inspir'd with her Embraces, could no longer boast that Name, but seem'd to play around her with an eager Warmth, as if it were sensible of every Charm.

O glorious *Ladon*, cry'd *Zelmane*, now made most perfect, how canst thou forbear to stay thy Course more fully to enjoy thy Happiness ? But, Fool that I am, is it not easy to be seen that the upper Streams, eager for their Share of her Embraces, make such Haste to reach

reach the Bliss, that the lower ones are necessitated to give Place, tho' wondrous loath to quit so exquisite a Pleasure. O happy *Ladon*, that art now possess'd of infinite Beauty, infinite Delight, and art a perfect Union of all Perfection! Sure 'tis impossible thou ever should'st forget the blest Impression that has been made in thee by Beauty's perfect Stamp; but if, dull Stream, thou canst be so ungrateful to bury in Oblivion the Memory of more than earthly Happiness, in Requital of thy Stupidity, may thy hitherto unpolluted Bed, instead of Gravel, be turn'd to filthy Mud; and may some more powerful River fall into thee, and make thee loose the Name of beauteous *Ladon*. O happy, happy Stream! slide gently by, least thy boisterous Tide, eager to taste her Charms, shou'd make her slender Legs slip from their glorious Weight, and suffer her tender Form to prove the rude Imbraces of the piercing Gravel. O! shou'dst thou suffer the least Pain to reach the Royal Fair Ones, that have entrusted thee with all their Charms, how cou'dst thou answer the sacrilegious Wrong? No longer then wou'dst thou be known by any other Epithet, than cursed *Ladon*, and the pleasant Flavour of thy Waters be turn'd to Gaul and Bitterness. But while *Zelmane* was thus venting her Raptures to the senseless Stream, the Princesses were playing in the Water with pretty Innocence, unknowing to what piercing Eyes their Beauties stood revealed, sometimes striking it with their taper Fingers, which seem'd to smile as it were sensible of their inspiring Touch.

Zelmane, the Freedom of whose Sight was limited by nothing but the transparent Vale of *Ladon*, like a Room in which a constant Fire is kept, tho' the Largeness is not increased, yet the Continuance of it increases the Room's Heat; so her Wound's Fires, the more she gazed, the more tormented her: And now her every Sense grew envious that her Eyes alone shou'd pay their Homage to the Queen of their Desires; so that taking up the Lute the Princesses had brought with them, her Wit inspired by Love's transporting Rage, she began to play; her Voice, eager to exert its Part of the Performance, join'd in a Song; her Hands govern'd the Lute's Musick to her Voice; her panting Heart danced to the lively Notes, while her glad Feet proclaim'd the equal Measure; her Body was the Place appointed for the Performance, and her Soul the Judge that shou'd be entertain'd. The Subject of her Song being *Philoclea's* Charms, the Numbers were sublime and lofty, full of poetick Rapture, and answerable to the Power of the Inspirer. As she had almost finish'd it, she observ'd the same Water-Spaniel, which before had hunted up the River, come and fetch away one of *Philoclea's* Gloves; the fine Proportion shew'd what a perfect Guest used to inhabit in it. *Zelmane*, being pleas'd to see the Dog delighted with the Treasure, suffer'd him to carry off his Purchase; which he hastily did, and was soon lost between some Teres and Bushes, which were set so close, they cou'd not see which Way he took; but he very soon

soon return'd, and hunting amongst the Princesses Cloaths, he light upon a little Paper-Book, and was going to bear that away too; but *Zelmane* thinking it might possibly be of some Importance, rose and follow'd the Dog, who going directly the same Way he went before, deliver'd it to a Gentleman who lay conceal'd among the Bushes: The Appearance of *Zelmane*, who rush'd pretty hastily in, made him start up, and with an affable tho' melancholly Air advance towards her; she was a good deal struck with his Appearance, and more so, as a nearer View inclined her to think she ne'er before had seen any Man of so fine a Presence; for tho' he bore the most majestick Air and Mein, yet it seem'd temper'd with a natural Delicacy; and tho' his Looks wore a manly Fierceness, yet under that, his Eyes languishingly spoke his Temper soft and penetrable. After *Zelmane* had a good while view'd him with extreme Admiration, she address'd him in a very civil Manner, and desir'd him to deliver back the Glove and Paper, they both belonging to the Princess *Philoclea*; adding, that she would be very loath to let them know of his lying conceal'd in that prohibited Place while they were bathing, well knowing that who e'er he was they never wou'd forgive so great a Piece of Rudeness. Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, with a graceful tho' dejected Air, I bear the Punishment of my Fault in my own Breast, since a Consciousness of having erred is the hardest Imposition a generous Mind can suffer; but for these Things I do assure you by my Honour, I am obliged for the Possession of them to my Dog's playing Wantonness, not my own Presumptions: with that bowing, he gave her back the Paper; This I resign, continued he, not knowing but the Contents may be of Consequence; but for the Glove, since it belongs to the fair *Philoclea*, I beg I may have leave to keep it, for sure my Heart will ne'er consent my Hands shou'd part with it: And, Fair Creature, let me intreat you'd do a Stranger so much Justice, as to tell the Queen of my Desires, the heavenly *Philoclea*, that in lieu of the mighty Favour, the Business of my Life shall be to shew my Gratitude. O execrable Villain! cry'd *Zelmane* (stung with Rage and Jealousy, in meeting so unexpectedly a Rival, and what was more to be employ'd by him) deliver, this Instant deliver back the Glove, or by her bright Eyes that owns it, thy Life, tho' far too low a Price, shall pay the Purchase: With that she drew her Sword, which *Amazon*-like she always wore about her; the Gentleman retired from among the Bushes and draw'd his too; but instead of standing on his Guard, he kneeling down, offered the Handle of it to her; The Gods forbid, cry'd he, I e'er shou'd lift an Arm against you, since, if I am not deceived, you are that invincible and famous *Amazon*, that both defended my everlasting Charmer's juster Claim to Beauty, against the injurious Opposition of *Phalantus*, and sav'd her valuable Life at the hazard of your own, in destroying the furious Lyon; on these two great Accounts, rather than oppose you, in this humble Posture I own myself your Slave. This Complaisance was

was more grating than Blows to the enraged *Zelmane*; so that looking at him with a jealous Fury in her Eyes, she bid him once more endeavour to defend himself, for nothing less than his Life shou'd answer his presumptuous Boldness. Hard, reply'd he, will be the Lesson and Difficulty to teach my Sword to oppose a Lady's Power, which ever has been used in their Defence: But *Zelmane*, impatient of further Argument, pursued him with redoubled Blows, thrusting with such a Violence, that Nature and Virtue both commanded him to regard his Safety; but yet his gentle Heart cou'd not be perswaded by the greatest Danger of his own, to offer any to his Fair Adversary, but making the best defensive Guard he cou'd, sometimes with strong and well-met Wards; then going back, even condescending to appear a Coward in such a Case; sometimes by Slight of Body he wou'd award the Blows, and then again fain some, which he pull'd back from, before there was Occasion to withstand them; and thus, as it were in Sport, did he a good while fight with *Zelmane*; who being provok'd, that he, even without Resistance, cou'd resist her, suffering her Rage entirely to get the better of her natural, sweet and generous Disposition, she determin'd to make his Life answer the Contempt he shew'd her, and redoubling her Blows, she forc'd him to ward and go back something more hastily, and wou'd have seem'd to any Looker-on the very Representation of Innocence oppress'd with Violence; but at length he found, that barely standing upon his Defence avail'd but little, for *Zelmane* endeavouring to strike at his Head, and he going to ward it, and stepping back as he was wont, she stop'd her Blow in the Air, and suddenly turning the Point, e'er he was aware, run full at his Breast, so that he was necessitated with the Pummel of his Sword (having no other Weapon of Defence) to beat it down; but the Thrust was so strong he could not wholly turn it off, but lighting on his Thigh, the Sword run directly through it; but *Zelmane* pulling back her Sword, and seeing the Blood follow, her victorious Anger rouzed her sleeping Pity; sorry, and half asham'd she had so far exerted her Rage against one whom she found had well a Power of withstanding, but that he wou'd not use it; her yet courageous Pride disdain'd a Conquest gain'd by the Contempt her Adversary paid her Force, and therefore, with some little Complement, she told the Stranger she was sorry for his Hurt, but that he himself occasion'd it, first by refusing to deliver up the Glove, and next in esteeming her so weak an Adversary that he wou'd not exert himself as she believed he cou'd well have done. But, continued she, since you disdain to employ your Sword against the Appearance of a Woman, 'tis possible, e'er this Quarrel is forgot, you may hear from *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, who being my near Relation, will, I am certain, not refuse to undertake my Cause. I shou'd be far, reply'd the Stranger, from esteeming this Hurt, were it much greater, any Evil; but much the contrary, so by it I may be so happy as to meet with that famed Prince, whose uncommon Virtues

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I have long lov'd and admir'd, tho' I have hitherto been a Stranger to his Person.

As they were thus conversing, the Princesses came up to them. *Mopsa*, curious in every Thing but what concern'd her own Manners, having follow'd *Zelmane*, and seen them fighting, she, with open Mouth, immediately went and inform'd the Ladies what she had seen; they were just then drying themselves, wiping the watry Drops from their fair Bodies, which seem'd to weep at being so rudely forc'd from their happy Situation; but they, alarm'd to hear their Favourite *Zelmane* was in Danger, hastily concealing those Beauties of which Nature was proud, and their Innocence asham'd, they came with all the Speed was possible (Love lending Wings to *Philoclea*, and Compassion to *Pamela*) to interfere between *Zelmane* and Mischief, being assur'd that any *Arcadian* wou'd pay a Reverence to their Presence; but when they came they found them engaged in Talk, and *Zelmane* endeavouring to stanch the Stranger's Wound, who when they had seen, they strait knew to be *Amphialus*, their Cousin-German: But they not thinking the Nearness of Relation sufficient to justify the Encroachment, with an awful Sweetness, reproved him for breaking their Father's express Command, especially when they were retir'd in that private Manner; but he humbly entreating their Forgiveness, assured them, in Excuse for the Presumption, that it was not premeditated, protesting that he only design'd to chuse out some solitary Place to indulge an extreme Melancholly, which had a good while possess'd him, and was guided thither by his Spaniel; and while the Dog was hunting in the River, he had laid himself down among the Bushes, where a welcome Slumber had overtaken his long-wearied Spirits; till waked by a Dream which had represented the Event, he was just reproving his own Rashness, as *Zelmane* came to chastise him more severely for it; but *Philoclea* seeing him still in Possession of her Glove, jealous for *Zelmane* of the least Favour bestowed on any other, made no Answer to his weak Excuse, but hastily, and with as severe a Look as the Sweetness of her Countenance wou'd admit, demanded back her Glove: But when *Zelmane* heard who he was, My Lord *Amphialus*, said she, I have long desir'd to know you, tho' heretofore I must confess my Thoughts paid you a higher Regard than now they are possess'd of towards you; not but I still pay a Deference to your Virtue, tho' I'm not personally your Friend; therefore I beg we may for this Time be careful of your Wound, and have your Promise, that as soon as That will permit you, there shall a more knightly Combat be perform'd between us. *Amphialus* gave a respectful Answer, but still endeavouring to excuse himself to *Philoclea* with such a Look and Air, as plainly shew'd his Passion, and consequently more rais'd and inflam'd *Zelmane's* Hate and Jealousy: But *Mopsa* having call'd certain Shepherds (which attended not far off) to help convey

convey away *Amphialus*, who could not move himself without Danger of losing too much Blood, he was carry'd from them; but the Hurt his Heart received from *Philoclea's* Eyes, was much more painful than the Blow *Zelmane* had given him; which being bound with the Sheets wherein *Philoclea* had been wrapt, made him esteem the Blow a Blessing, and reverence the Sword that gave the happy Wound.

He being gone, the Ladies sometimes laughing, and sometimes angry, to think in what an exposed Manner their Cousin had seen them, returned towards the Lodge; yet thinking it too early, while the Day lighted them, to break off the Pleasure they took in each other's Conversation, by going to perform a forced and irksome Compliance to *Miso's* shrewish Power: *Zelmane* having asked them to retire a little into her Harbour, they comply'd; and after *Pamela* had given the Lute an Opportunity with grateful Notes to speak the Pride it took in being commanded by her Fingers, *Zelmane* deliver'd up the Paper which she had taken from *Amphialus*; and seeing the Complaint of *Plangus* written on the Backside, it brought to her Memory what *Dorus* had before told her; and being desirous to know how much *Philoclea* had heard in Relation to his Affairs, he took an Opportunity in presenting it to her, to ask if there was any Secret in it? No, reply'd she, 'tis only some Lines writ by my Father upon the following Occasion; one Day (just before your Coming) as he was walking with us two, almost a Mile from this Place, crossing a Highway which leads from the City of *Megalopolis*, he saw the Gentleman whose Name is there inserted, one of the most agreeable and Gentleman-like Persons I ever knew; he seem'd to be of middle Age, and rather low than tall; he was laid at full Length under a Tree, while his Servants were getting fresh Post-Horses for him. Tho' he seem'd tir'd with the extreme Travel he had taken, yet did not he attempt to repose his weary Limbs with Sleep, so eager was he to pursue his Journey; the Extremes of Sorrow were painted in his Face, which with Sighs, Tears, and Groans, the Attendants of a harden'd Grief, moved my Father to fall into Conversation with him: At first, the Stranger not knowing him, wander'd wildly from every Question, and spoke his Grievs in such a desperate and moving Phrase, that my Father took a Pleasure to set down the particular Words, being curious to observe the Mixture of Sense and Incoherence which his Sorrows utter'd; and that is it which in this Paper is contain'd; and because, as I before told you, it is obscure and rambling from the Purpose, if you are curious, after you have read it, to be more thoroughly inform'd of his Story, my Sister and I can give you the Particulars. *Zelmane* having perus'd the Paper, she was much surprized to find it mention *Erona's* Death, having never before heard of it; and desirous to hear more of that Affair, but more so to hear the Musick of *Philoclea's* Speech, I may say she gather'd but very little

Information

Information from this Paper, since it neither mentions who this *Plangus* or *Erona* is, nor what Tragick Cause threatens her with Death, and him with everlasting Agonies; therefore I beg your Highness wou'd gratify me with the Particulars, because having heard something, tho' confusedly, in my Travels of their strange Story, it wou'd be with great Pleasure I shou'd hear the Truth of it from so agreeable an Authority. I wou'd, reply'd *Philoclea*, blushing, gratify you in every Thing, and wish I had as much the Power of doing it in all Things else that you request; for after *Plangus* found who my Father was, hoping to prevail with him to employ his Power in his Service, he gave him a just Account of his own and that unhappy Lady's Fate; and with more Tears and Exclamations than any one not immediately concern'd (of how compassionate a Nature soe'er they be) can pay the Repetition, he thus proceeded:

The late King of *Lydia* was bless'd in Marriage with but one only Daughter, which was this unhappy fair *Erona*, whose Fate I so incessantly lament. Here a Shower of Tears stopt his Speech; but forcing his Eyes to allow his Tongue a Share in Grief, he went on: This Princess being possess'd of as much Beauty as Imagination ever painted, and arrived just in her Bloom of Years, observing the *Lydians* such Devotees to *Cupid*, that in every Place his naked Images were ador'd with superstitious Worship, scorning the Deity whose Power she then had ne'er been subject to, and scandaliz'd at the indecent Figures they set up to represent him, she prevail'd with her fond Parent to suffer them all, by her Order, to be pull'd down and defac'd, and the Publick Worship of them utterly forbid: But how severely the jealous God punish'd the lovely Criminal, (for to his just Rage the *Lydians* impute all her Sorrows,) too soon appear'd; for e'er a Year had circled its rolling Hours round her devoted Head, she was seiz'd with the most obstinate and raging Passion for a young Gentleman, named *Antiphilus*, who indeed, but for the Honour of her Love, could hardly with Justice have aspired to that Title, being of so mean a Family, that he could only boast his Origin from her Under-Nurse; and by that Means (for other Recommendation he had none) she became acquainted with him: In a short Space her Love was grown to such Extremes, that she neither had the Power, or even ever strove to conquer it; and she, who late profess'd her self Love's greatest and worst Enemy, was now grown so bold an Advocate in his Defence, that when her Father had promis'd her in Marriage to the great *Tyridates*, King of *Armenia*, (who valued the Possession of her almost equal to the Joys of Heaven,) she not only absolutely refused the Offer, but openly avow'd, that for *Antiphilus*' Sake she did it: Her Father griev'd that she, in whom he had plac'd his greatest Hope, shou'd place her Love so unworthy of him and of her self, took every Method he could to draw her from the unlucky Passion; sometimes perswading,

ding, sometimes threatenng; but she bearing both with equal Resolution, he confin'd *Antiphilus*, assuring her that he was fled the Realm. She still persisting in her Regards for him, as the last Stratagem, there was a publick Execution order'd for a condemn'd Malefactor in his Name, and he privately as possible kept in Prison: But as she cou'd neither be wrought on by Perswasions, drove by Threats, nor changed by Absence in his Life; so when she thought him dead, she persisted in her Constancy, endeavouring by various Kinds of Death to send her better Part to find him in the heavenly Mansions; but the Watchfulness of her Attendants prevented her dire Purposes. This Obstinacy so affected her Princely Father, that his Grief, added to a languishing Disposition he had long labour'd under, in short Time, by Death, put an End to all his Sorrows. *Erona*, being immediately upon his Decease proclaimed Queen, finding *Antiphilus* was not destroy'd, whose Life she thought her self much happier in than either her Crown or Kingdom, she soon determin'd to give a Sanction to her Love, and by Marriage cancel the Inequality which the World thought there was between them.

But e'er she cou'd accomplish the Solemnity, she was summon'd to attend a less soft Engagement; for *Tyridates*, enraged at her Refusal, and for such a despicable Rival, levying a prodigious Force, invaded her Kingdom. The God of Love, not yet satiated in his Revenge on the repenting Queen, had kindled the most cruel Passion towards her in the Tyrant's Breast; justly might it be term'd cruel, for being far too powerful in the Field, unless he cou'd have used it with more Mercy, he spar'd no Age nor Sex, but as if he thought the Extremity of Love cou'd be no way shewed so well as by Excess of Cruelty, he wrote his Passion in her Subjects Blood, and tun'd it in their Cries, notwithstanding his Sister the fair *Artaxia*, who attended on the Army, endeavoured all that was possible to allay his Fury. At length, having destroyed and ravaged almost the whole Country, he besieged *Erona* in her chief City, vowing to conquer her or lose his Life, which, without her to share it with him, he esteem'd insupportable; and having brought her to the wretched Necessity of a hateful Compliance, or a ruinous Refusal, there luckily came to her Assistance the two famous Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*; the one the Heir of *Macedon*, the other of *Thessalia*: These Princes, by *Plangus*' Account, (and sure he was in too deep Distress to attest a Falshood,) were blest'd with more Perfections, both in Mind and Body, than human Nature was e'er before possess'd of; and being as well inclin'd to take the weaker Side, and more especially finding it was a Lady, and also to rescue any Set of *Greeks* oppress'd by Enemies that we esteem barbarous, they with all Speed gather'd together such of the honest *Lycians* as were willing, with the Venture of their Lives and Fortunes, to succour their distress'd Queen and Country; and se-

cretly conveying a Message into the City, that they should issue out with all their Force at an appointed Time, they set upon *Tyridates*' Camp with such a prudent Fierceness, that being so unexpectedly on both Sides assaulted, he had certainly been routed, but that this *Plangus* I am now speaking of, being then General of his Horse, by the Assistance of two other mighty Men called *Euardus* and *Barzanes*, rescued the Foot when they were just upon the Point of being entirely defeated: But notwithstanding that, they cou'd not prevent the Princes entering the City with their Succours and Provision; which when *Tyridates* found, well knowing their Power and Valour would make the War of long Continuance, and his impatient Love counting the Hours, and thinking each Day a tedious Year, unable longer to bear the killing Torture of Suspense, he order'd a Challenge shou'd be drawn up for three Princes in his Retinue against those two Strangers and *Antiphilus*, and by that Combat the Quarrel shou'd be decided; with Articles, that neither Side shou'd help each other, but of which Side soever the most overcame, with them the Victory shou'd remain. Tho' *Erona* wou'd much sooner have chose to wait the War's Event, than hazard the Person of her dear *Antiphilus*, yet cou'd not he, without the Imputation of the utmost Cowardice, refuse the Offer; and more especially since the two Princes, who had no Interest in the Affair, were eager to accept it; and besides, he thought it likely that the People (tired with the Miseries of War) wou'd rather give him up if they found him shrink, than upon his Account venture their utter Ruin. The Challenge being accepted, the Manner was thus adjusted: *Pyrocles* was to engage *Euardus*, King of *Bythinia*; and *Musidorus*, *Barzanes*, King of *Hircania*; two Men that stood convinced in their own Thoughts the World cou'd not resist them; but against *Antiphilus* was this *Plangus* placed, being *Tyridates*' Cousin-German, and Son to the King of *Iberia*: *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* both got the better of their famed Competitors, and by Death prevented their boasting of any future Victories; and indeed this Conquest they esteem'd the greatest they had e'er made: But on the other Side, *Plangus* took *Antiphilus* Prisoner; and under that Pretence, as if the Matter had been equal, (tho' certainly the Queen's Side had, according to the Terms, a just Right to Victory,) *Tyridates* continued on the War, and determin'd to make (if possible) *Erona* yield. He sent her Word, that if she did not within three Days after that Notice give her self up to his Embraces, he wou'd before the Walls of the Town strike off *Antiphilus*' Head; adding withal, (fearing the desperate Rage of her uncommon Passion,) that if in that Time she offer'd the least Violence to her self, he would revenge it upon *Antiphilus*' Head a thousand Fold, by all the lingering Torments Art could invent, or disappointed Love inflict.

No Words are able to express the Conflict this Message rais'd in the unhappy Queen, forceably dragg'd by two afflicting Contraries, proceeding from the same cruel Cause: Her refin'd Passion for *Antiphilus* perswaded her she cou'd not yield to any other's Love, and the same Passion commanded her on any Terms to preserve his much valued Life. The angry God work'd up the raging Controversy, by urging Arguments on either Side. When she but thought of marrying *Tyridates*, O false, false *Erona*, wou'd she cry! Can'st thou e'er consent to leave thy dear *Antiphilus*, and fill the Tyrant's Arms? How will thy Eyes be able to behold his injur'd Presence, (and sure without that View they soon wou'd close in Darknes,) when another has Possession of thy Person? But O! cou'd I perswade my Heart the Act was reasonable, how cou'd I put so great a Force upon my Nature? Shou'd I comply and marry this loathed, this hated Object, that shuts me out for ever from having any Part in my *Antiphilus*, as much as he were dead, but with this cruel Aggravation, that the Desire will ever be increasing with the Impossibility, and my poor Heart continually be knawed by those two tearing Vultures, Desire and Remorse: Death may in Time, if I survive, (as sure I think I shou'd not,) allay and cool the Rage of my Affection; whereas his Life, without Possession of him, wou'd hourly increase my Love, and my Despair: Besides, shou'd I (to save this Darling of my Soul) consent to give up every Thought of Happiness, and marry this Monster of a King, the Consequence wou'd be to see *Antiphilus* within Another's Arms! O insupportable and killing Thought, not to be born only in View, much less in the Effect! If *Tyridates* takes his Life, he injures him; if I abuse his Love, I offer him a greater Wrong, at least I hope he wou'd esteem it so: To die is natural, and Life's but held from the frail Tenour of Mortality; and if not now, the Time will come when he must lay it down. Better, O better! had he now nobly part with it, than drag it on a little longer, at the Expence of both my Honour and his own. But Love no sooner found these Reasons to confirm his Death, but he assumed the adverse Party, and strongly pleading for the Resolution, made her accuse her self for harbouring the ungrateful Thought; the Woman's Tendernefs all rose within her, and now on any Terms she wou'd preserve his Life. O false *Erona*! wou'd she cry; O faithless cruel Maid! can'st thou decree the Death of him thou lovest? And what is worse, think of surviving him? Is all thy mighty Passion for *Antiphilus* come to this Degree of Coldness, that thou can'st calmly dispute whether he shall live or die? Strictly observe the Arguments already urged, and thou wilt find Love of thy self was the Ground and Reason of them; I detest and loath the Thought of *Tyridates*; and therefore rather than submit to his abhor'd Embraces, I wou'd destroy *Antiphilus*: Sure this proceeds from a degenerate Selfish-

Selfishness: I shou'd be shock'd to Death to look on him after I had bestow'd his Right of Love upon another; that is to say, the Fear of Shame wou'd influence me more than *Antiphilus*' Safety; one Argument that urg'd me on to sign his Death was, that my Passion might by that decrease; O inhumane! O barbarous Wretch! to purchase Ease, (were that sure to be the Consequence) at the Price of his dear Life, whom late thou wou'dst have ransom'd with thy self, thy Crown, and Kingdom, and thought the Purchase cheap: Sure this must be Self love in a superlative Degree; thou can'st not bear to think, that if thou savest *Antiphilus*' Life, the Consequence will be to see him married to another; if he's dispos'd of well, as sure his Merit may claim every Advantage, the Reflection of his being happy, wou'd surely calm thy Grievs, not aggravate them, as thou ungenerously supposest: No, no, *Erona*, thou art not yet arrived to such a Pitch of Hardiness, as to pronounce *Antiphilus*' Death, tho' everlasting Ease to thee (as now the contrary) attended the dire Execution. This Struggle in her Thoughts, this hard Contention in her Resolution, continued strong; one Hour her Imagination wou'd present to her frighted Senses, the Image of *Antiphilus*, a mangled Trunk, bleeding and headless; then wou'd she shriek and rave, and tear her flowing Hair, and in her frantick Rage scarce spare those Eyes that taught her first to love; then wou'd she calm a little, and reflect how she cou'd bear to have *Antiphilus* a Witness of her broken Vows, and what the Effect wou'd prove of his beholding her in another's Arms: Oft she'd resolve to chuse the latter Evil, and call to some of her Attendants to carry the softening Message to the incens'd King; but e'er they cou'd have pass'd the Presence, she'd alter the Determination, and countermand their going. Her beauteous Cheeks glowed with Confusion and Disgust, when she consider'd the Consequence of yielding; and grew all pale and deathly, when she recollected that of denying: Which ever way she turned herself, the Prospect afforded nothing but Horror, Remorse and black Despair. Gladly she wou'd have ended the Battle of her Thoughts with her own Death, but that the Tyrant's threatening to revenge it on *Antiphilus* staid her Hand. At length, having disputed it till the Evening preceeding the Day of his intended Death, her Tenderness prevail'd, and she determin'd to give herself a Sacrifice to his Safety; but what confirm'd her in this Resolution, was a Message he sent her, conjuring her, by all that e'er was dear to her, by their past Loves, and all her Hopes of future Happiness, on any Terms to save his Life: This cowardly and ignominious Message had no other Effect (so blind is Love) than to make her immediately agree to it; but the Moment she had sent a Message of Compliance to *Tyridates*, her Mind alter'd; and going to the two Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, she in an Agony of Passion flung herself at their Feet, and conjured them to contrive some Way for her Deliverance, being resolved not to survive *Antiphilus*, nor yield to *Tyridates*.

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The Princes, moved by her Tears and Prayers, unknowing what she had done in private, prepared that Night accordingly; and as it often happens that Chance directs as right as a premeditated Stratagem, so it now fell out; for her Message had made the King as negligent as they were diligent, and in the Dead of Night they issued, with their utmost Force, out of the Town: The Queen, arm'd with Affection; wou'd needs attend them, being resolved to die, or rescue her *Antiphilus*. The particular Method they pursued I really have forgot, tho' *Plangus* told each Circumstance; but in Conclusion, the valiant Princes so prevail'd, that *Antiphilus* was deliver'd and *Tyridates* slain: *Plangus* was then the Chief in Power in the *Armenian* Camp; but finding no Hope of Safety there, he convey'd away *Artaxia*, now Queen of *Armenia*, into her own Country, who with incessant Lamentation plainly proved unto the World, that she thought her high Estate much too dearly purchas'd with her Brother's Death, whose Loss she studied to revenge, by every Method that was possible, upon the Occasioners; who she thought had overcome him by a most foul and horrid Treason; and in order to accomplish it, as soon as she was settled on her Throne, she proclaimed great Rewards to any private Man, and herself in Marriage to any Prince, that should destroy *Pyrocles* and *Musidoros*: But *Antiphilus* being thus redeem'd, he soon, tho' much against the Advice of her Nobility, was married to *Erona*; and the *Greek* Princes leaving her, as they thought, possess'd of every earthly Happiness, went into remoter Places, to employ their Valour and increase their Fame.

But now, as when some mournful Writer is going to disclose a Tale of Horror, he advertises his Reader to avoid a too deep Attendance, tho' by that he means to excite it; so I wou'd not only caution you against being too much affected by my ungrateful Tale, but also beg a little Respite, e'er I proceed to tell the execrable Treasons of *Antiphilus*, that brought the poor believing Fair to such a Scene of Miseries: And O! how happy were we, if warn'd by such severe Examples of barbarous and ungrateful Men, we cou'd avoid the hearing, or at least believing, the Flattery of their beguiling Tongues: Happy, I say, most happy were we, if warn'd by others Ruin, we cou'd for ever shun the treacherous Sex, and wholly fix our Friendship, Love and Tenderness upon each other. Upon this Sentence, the Blood immediately flow'd from her Heart, to print in burning Characters upon her Alabaster Cheeks, the Confirmation of its sincerely joining in what she had spoke; and being at the Thought fill'd with more Confusion than wou'd suffer her to re-assume her Story, she begg'd her Sister a little to relieve her, and proceed to that Part which *Plangus* held in it, as particularly as she had done *Erona's*; and by that Time, continu'd she, I shall have gather'd Courage to proceed with relation to *Antiphilus*' Falshood;

and so by the Endeavours of us both, the fair *Zelma* will fully be inform'd of what the mourning *Plangus* mysteriously complain'd of. Nay, interrupted *Miso*, hastily, by my Fackins I shall suffer none of this while I have the Government; let every Dog have his Day, as the Saying is; first give me leave to tell my Tale, and then my Lady *Pamela*, my Lady *Zelma*, and my Daughter *Mopsa*, (the latter of which was just returned from attending on *Amphialus*) may draw Cuts, and the shortest Cut begin first; for let me tell you, young Gentewomen, an you are thus suffer'd to have all the Talk to your selves, your Husbands will have but a scurvy Time of it; for by my Troth you'll stand for the first and the last Word with him. The Ladies smiled to see with what an Eagerness she contended for her Share of Talking; but Obedience being their Task, they were oblig'd to give way to her impertinent Interruptions; who sitting down on the Ground, making her Knees a Wrestling-place for her Elbows, and clearing up her husky Lungs with many a quivering Cough, she thus began; Let me tell, says she, nodding her Head, how highly soever you young Ones may think of your selves, you will one Day be as I now am; and simple as I sit here, I once thought as well of my self in my way, as any of you can do; and by my truly, had not my Father play'd the hasty Fool, I might have had another-guefs Husband than *Dametas*; but let that pass, what can't be cur'd must be endur'd; God amend all; and yet 'tis a Folly to lie, I have had but a heavy Hand with him; but as I was saying, you are always talking of *Cupid*, saying this fine Thing of *Cupid*, and t'other fine Thing of *Cupid*; do you know now who this same *Cupid* is, you make such a Pother about? Why, I'll tell you now what a good old Woman told us, what a wise old Man told her, as a great learned Clerk told him; nay, and gave it him under his Hand too, and here it is in my Pocket-Book. Good *Miso*, said *Philoclea*, let us read it: Not more Haste than good Speed, reply'd *Miso*, you shall first know how I came by it: When I was a young Girl, as you may now be, I cou'd not go thro' the Streets of our Village, but the young Men wou'd so leer at me; and one wou'd cry, O the dear pretty pinking Eyes of *Miso*; and another commend the fine thin Lips of *Miso*; and a third cry out on the charming Neck of *Miso*; and then one wou'd wink at me, and another wou'd wink at me, and throw Daffies before me as I went: I must needs own, when I saw them all upon the Twitter about me, I was resolved to hold up my Head with the highest; which when this good old Woman observed, (Heaven rest her Soul, she was a good Creature) she call'd me into her House; I remember full well it stood in the Lane going to the Barber's Shop; all the Town knew her, there was a great Loss of her indeed; but as I was saying, she call'd me to her, and taking a Cup of Wine to comfort her Heart; I remember full well it was of that Sort which comes out of *Candia*, which we pay so dear for now a-Days, but in those good Times 'twas very cheap; Minion, said she (and indeed

deed, tho' I say it that shou'd not, I was a pretty One in those Days,) I see there are a Number of Lads that make Love to you: Well, I say no more; but now, my little Gossip, do you know what this same Love is? With that she carried me into the best Parlour, and there in a Corner was painted a foul Fiend I trow; for he had a Pair of Horns like a Bull, a Beard like a Goat, cloven Feet, and as many Eyes in his Body as my grey Mare has Daples, and for all the world so placed: There the Monster sat swelling like a Toad upon a Washing-Block; in his right Hand he held a Crown of Lawrel, in his left a Purse of Money, and out of his Mouth hung the Pictures of a fine Man and Woman; at the same Time he cast such a Sheep's Look, as if by those Allurements he wou'd tempt People to come to him, and then be devoured. I, at the Sight of such a Creature, like a silly young Wench as I was, shriek'd out for fear of the Devil. The good old Woman perceiving me in such a Fright; Well, said she, this same is even the Picture of Love; therefore, my Girl, do what thou list with all those young Fellows one after another; and it matters not much what they do to thee, so it be in secret; but I charge thee, upon my Blessing, never to love any of them. Why, Mother, said I, half scar'd out of my Wits, cou'd such a Beast as this come out of the Belly of the fine *Venus*? For, you must know, a few Days before, our Priest, between him and I, had told me the whole Story of *Venus*. Tush, said she, they are all deceived; and then gave me this Book, which, she said, a great Maker of Ballads had given to an old Painter, who for a little Pleasure had bestowed both Book and Picture upon her; Read there, Child, said she, and thou shalt find that his Mother was but a Cow, and the false *Argos* his Father; and here, if you list, you may read it. The Ladies were so diverted with the strange Description and Story of *Cupid*, that they were going to read the Particulars; but *Zelmane*, impatient to hear those Blasphemies, as she esteem'd them, against the Deity whose Power she so awfully revered, begg'd of her to be satisfied with the Description *Miso* had given, and proceed with the Story of *Plangus* and *Erona*. I certainly, reply'd *Pamela*, wou'd not willingly refuse you any Thing, but as I am born a Princess, I think I ought not to set Examples of Disobedience; and therefore, since my Governess insists upon our drawing Cuts, I beg we may comply, and possibly it may fall to your Lot to entertain the Company; and certainly it is but fit we shou'd be as willing to hear, as your Tongue is doubly capable of giving Pleasure. I think, reply'd *Zelmane*, I have hitherto been a Stranger to Vanity, but to be prais'd by you wou'd surely move Humility itself. But *Pamela* gaily insisting upon Fortune to decide the Question, the blind Goddess, who seldom fails to stumble on the least deserving in Matters even of greater Moment, gave the Lot to *Mopsa*, who, proud to be so preferr'd, abruptly began her Tale: Once upon a Time, said she, there was a
King,

King, who had an only Daughter, the fairest Creature that ever liv'd by Bread: Now this King did keep a great House to entertain all Strangers that came; so one Day as his Daughter was sitting in her Window singing sweet as a Nightingale, and combing her Head with a Comb all of precious Stones, there came a Knight into the Court upon a charming Horse, with one Hair of Gold and another of Silver; and so — I pray thee, good *Mopsa*, said the soft *Philoclea*, interrupting her, keep this Tale till my Wedding-Day, and I promise thee, upon that Condition, the Gown which I wear that Day shall be thine the next. *Mopsa* was very well pleased with such a profitable Bargain, and more especially that her Story shou'd be reserv'd for a Wedding Entertainment; and *Zelmane*, impatient to know how far the Princesses were acquainted with her Story, and finding the Danger of *Erona*, which before she was ignorant of, she determin'd the Moment her own Affair was brought to any Issue, to haste to her Relief, and therefore begg'd she might as well be made acquainted with the Story of *Plangus* as *Erona*. *Philoclea* referr'd that Part of the Relation to her Sister's more perfect Memory, who being always in a Humour to oblige, with a Voice and Air that was alone sufficient to command Attention, she thus proceeded:

The Father of this Prince *Plangus* is yet alive, and now reigns King of *Iberia*, a Man (if a Son's Judgment may be taken) not prone by Nature to do Evil, nor willingly committing Wrongs, unless the Errors of his Judgment present them to him under the Form of Justice. This Prince was marry'd in his early Years to a Lady, who, both from a long Race of Royal Ancestors, and a Train of Merits in her self, was fully worthy of the greatest Monarch; by her he was made a Father to this Prince; soon after whose Birth, as tho' she had perform'd the Business of her Creation, she resign'd her Life into her Maker's Hand. The King was inconsolable, and for many Years damp't every Spark of Love in her cold Grave, and in regard to her dear Memory remain'd a Mourning Widower, turning his whole Affection to a paternal Care and Tendernefs for the remaining Pledge of their tenderest Loves; who, being grown to Man's Estate, did by his filial Piety and dutiful Obedience, pay the officious Care the King had shewn towards him.

But as malicious Chance is ever busy to interfere and banish the Expectations of designing Mortals, so the Quiet of this happy Father was disturb'd by an unlucky Accident; for the young Prince, while yet the Errors of his Nature met an Excuse in the Greenness of his Years, fell in Love with a private Man's Wife belonging to the principal City of that Kingdom, if that can deserve the Name of Love, which he rather perswaded himself into, than to which he was by Force compell'd; but thus much is certain, he thought he loved her, and she had

had Beauty sufficient to justify that Thought, if an Out-side may be allowed a sufficient Warrant for it; and finding such a Chase, as only fled to heighten the Pleasure of the Pursuit, he soon brought his Passion to such a Point, as ought to have fix'd eternal Shame in her, and Remorse in him, and continually gratify'd his unjust Desire without Disturbance, constantly following his unlawful Pleasure; and she perhaps imagining that a Prince's Title wou'd justify every Favour she allow'd him, kept no Reserves, but as in a Disease that enclines to Sleep, the Patient is not to be rous'd but thro' some excessive Pain, so out of this lethargick Sin his Mind (unworthy so to lose itself) cou'd not be recall'd, but by a cutting Accident. It soon happen'd that his often leaving the Court at Hours irregular, was observ'd, and by some tale-bearing officious Flatterer, carry'd to the King; he, alarm'd for the Behaviour of his only Comfort, and his People's Hope, made strict Enquiries, and soon by Spies (those necessary Evils to a Government) found out the Charm that drew the Inclinations of his Son from nobler Purposes; and ruminating over every Method that might put a Stop to this licentious Practice, he at last pitch'd upon one that he thought wou'd for ever sink their future Hopes; for having got Information of their usual Times of Meeting, he disguised himself, and under Pretence of bringing some sudden News from the Lady's Husband, who then was absent, he gain'd Admittance when the Prince and she were preparing for a softer Entertainment than he design'd them. Not *Mars* and *Venus*, when surpriz'd by *Vulcan*, were in more Confusion than this guilty Pair, at such an unexpected Visit. The King, enrag'd at such a speaking Proof, fell to reproaching him, and threatening her in the most opprobrious Terms he cou'd invent. The poor young Lover, much more concern'd for the Reflection cast on his Mistress than himself, and deceived by the false Arguments of Passion, that told him it was justifiable, nay and laudable for him to forfeit his own Honour in Defence of hers, used all the Rhetorick he was Master of to perswade his Father from that base Opinion he had conceived of her Virtue, assuring him, by all the Oaths and Protestations he cou'd urge, that her Conduct had been wholly blameless, enlarging on his own Passion, and the thousand Ways he had took to gratify it; but assuring him that they had all been vain and fruitless, and only serv'd for Touchstones to prove her Chastity. His Father, willing to believe, at last was satisfied, and caught by the Appearance of so much Beauty, join'd as he thought with almost unquerable Virtue, was so charm'd with it, that e'er long, although his Veins were chill'd by the cold Blasts of Age, he found that his Desires were warm and glowing as his Son's, whose Youth cou'd well have served for an Excuse: But to be brief, he gave a Loose to those Wishes in himself, which in his Son he thought unpardonable, though he had the Alleviation of youthful Vigour and Heat of Blood to extenuate the Crime; and fearing the Comparison of so young, and

as he thought beloved a Prince, he sent him at the Head of an Army to subdue a Province, lately in Rebellion, which he knew wou'd not detain him less than three or four Years; in which Enterprize the young Prince behaved so gallantly, that the Fame of his glorious Actions reach'd his Country long before his Presence graced it. In the mean Time, his Father met at home a much speedier Conquest, tho' in a far more ignoble Cause; for taking the Advantage of his Son's Absence, and growing not more in Age than in Affection, he pursued the Folly by every Method he cou'd invent, employing insinuating Messengers, great Gifts, and larger Promises, to try as much as possible to make up for his own want of Charms.

But, as Fate wou'd have it, the Lady's Husband at that Time unluckily died; and she forgetting the absent Prince, or at least not thinking she ever cou'd by him compass the Height of her aspiring Purpose, employ'd the utmost of her Female Cunning to keep the Line from breaking wherewith she had already caught the unwary Fish, not drawing him with Violence, but letting him gently play upon the Hook, whose tempting Bait had so effectually ensnared him: Her Mourning Dress she suited with a Mourning Look, yet studied the becoming Part in both; tempering her seeming Melancholly with such a languishing kind of Sweetness, that it made her Charms appear doubly affecting; her every Word brought an attendant Sigh; her Tears stood always ready to bath her beauteous Eyes, that the Appearance of Distress might heighten Pity; and Pity she well knew was often the Fore-runner of approaching Love, and never fail'd to excite it where 'twas already enter'd: She studied every Turn of Passion in him, and work'd up all the Woman's Cunning, to employ each of them to her own Advantage; his Fear she ever wou'd support above Despair, but yet not suffer his Hope to come to an Assurance: She strove to make him think she had a secret Regard for him, which now and then she wou'd by stolen Looks, half Words, and such like Artifices, seem unwillingly to give him Proofs of; but if she found him take Advantage of her Behaviour, and grow upon the Favour she shew'd for him, then strait the Mask of Virtue was put on, and all her seeming Fondness buried in the Regard she held to her pretended Honour. But what to me is most surprizing, and what from a less creditable Witness than Prince *Plangus*, I ne'er cou'd have believed, was the Command she had upon her Blushes: To Sigh at Pleasure is in every Body's Power, and Tears some say are equally to be commanded; but for a Heart harden'd in Impudence, to teach the Cheeks a bashful Modesty and Blushes to conceal a shameless Vice, is what my Innocence cou'd scarcely credit; but she, it seems, cou'd make that Use of them, and by it so managed the Love-sick King, that his Eyes serv'd for no other View than what she gave them, nor his Thoughts for further Penetration than she admitted of: At length having given
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his Passion just Food enough to nourish and inflame it, but obstinately refusing to allay and satisfy it, he found himself so strongly carried by the Tide of his Desires, that all the Stops of Reason were ineffectual, and he cou'd find no Medium but Marriage to satisfy his Wishes, and her (as he thought) honourable Love. The unhappy Prince was all this while forgot on both Sides, or at least only remembered as a removed Impediment to their Desires; so that at his Return from a most gallant Victory, he had not only the Mortification to find his Mistress disposed of to another, but basking in his Father's Arms, and already a Son and Daughter born, as surer Pledges of their incestuous Loves. How much the Prince was shock'd at these unlook'd-for Accidents, as he had every way just Cause, is easy to be imagin'd; but so far Duty got the Ascendant over both Love and Interest, that he never once repined, at least in publick, but paid them both the most unconfin'd Obedience: But she, who from an humble Mistress was grown to a commanding Parent, thought the Respect he ought as such to pay her, wou'd of course be sunk in the Reflection of their late Familiarity; and therefore, to charm him into Silence, she attempted to renew the guilty Commerce; but the Respect he paid his Father's Bed made him not only refuse all Overtures to defile it, but sharply reprove her for harbouring the guilty Thought. This unexpected Answer immediately converted all her Love (if at least it might deserve that Name) into Revenge and Rage; and being vastly fill'd with Confusion, not from a Sense of her own Crime, but at the Thought of meeting a Repulse, she determin'd to remove him from all his Hopes, which was his Father's Favour, and by that rid her self of the Fear of one Time having her Guilt discover'd: But how to accomplish his Ruin was the Case; she found that he was both by Nature and Merit deep seated in the Affections of his Father, and that no common Arts wou'd be effectual to remove him; at last she pitched upon a Master-piece in Cunning, which was to make her Praises turn into Accusations, and his Advancement end in his Ruin; and in order to it, whenever the King and she were alone together, she wou'd ever be talking of the Merits of the Prince, and more particularly his Personal ones, and in such a manner, that it appeared much nearer Admiration, than impartial Justice; his Wit, his Valour, Courage and Success, she spoke almost with Raptures of; at length the King begun to be alarm'd, which she encouraged, it being her Aim to raise some Sparks of Jealousy, that he might be the more confirm'd in the Opinion that she was far from designing him any Ill: When she had secur'd that Point, then was her Time to bring about her mischievous Purposes; still dwelling upon the Merits of the Prince, but always letting her Praises be follow'd with such Insinuations, as turn'd more to his Disadvantage, than the bitterest Invectives, expatiating on the Greatness of his Soul, the Height of his aspiring Mind, how fit he was to govern, and how much he wou'd disdain Subjection to any

any but a Parent ; that the People almost idolized him ; and that he was not more artful in gaining their Affections, than studious to deserve them. These, and a thousand such artful Phrases wou'd she use, and by seemingly answering any Suspicions which might arise in his Father's Breast, she gave a Being to them : She often with a calm Air wou'd say, How happy it was for him to be bless'd with such a Son, that had so much the Power, and so little of the Inclination to injure him ; that indeed in general Love and Ambition were impatient of Delays, and suffer'd no Ties of Nature or Religion to stop their furious Course ; but as for *Plangus*, she wou'd venture to be Surety for him, that the World, and all the Power of it, wou'd not tempt him to cast off his filial Duty : He, continued she, takes a vertuous Pride in shewing the World and you how much he has the Means of turning Rebel, without effecting it. These great Encomiums were back'd by the King's private Jealousy, which she took care to feed, by ever shewing the Prince a more than ordinary Respect when present, and when absent repeating every Word and Action as a peculiar Grace, still urging the King on to employ him in the most dangerous Enterprizes, being alone fit to encounter them, but indeed with a secret Hope that he wou'd perish by it ; or if he overcame, she had another Card to play, and made his Increase of Glory serve as an Instrument to undermine him in his Father's Favour ; till at length, she began to find Suspicion plead for itself, and that her Husband's Ears and Eyes were quick to make those groundless Observations, which she wou'd have pointed out to him ; and to aid her wicked Arts, she procured the Assistance of a Servant that was continually about the King's Person, whom she knew to be possess'd of an unbounded Ambition, and wanting real Merit wherewith to raise himself, was forward to lay hold of any Mischief which might be a Ladder to exalt and lift him up : Him she entrusted, and told her Fears of *Plangus* in such a manner, that he really imagin'd her possess'd of them ; and now she had a less Part to act, her Business was only to give him Intimations when the King was most in the suspicious Humour, and then he cou'd attack him with half Words, short Sentences, and Looks of Terror, which equally alarm a distrustful with the fullest Discovery ; and having by that Manner wrought himself into the Familiarity of the King, he proceeded with Trouble in his Countenance to beg of him that he wou'd be upon his Guard, for that the Court and City were both full of murmuring Whispers, as they were big with Expectation of some sudden Change, but upon what Ground he cou'd by no Means learn. A little after, as if he had found out new Matter for his Fears, he wou'd advise him to court the Favour of his Son, for that he had given him too great a Length by Force to be restrain'd ; then in a fearful Manner beg his Protection, for that the Prince had vow'd to be the Ruin of all those that adher'd to his Father's Interest. Thus as if by Degrees he meant to prepare the King to know the worst, he

he at last came to the Point which he so long had aim'd at ; and with Fear in his Countenance, and Sorrow in his Heart, he told him, 'twas with Regret he found an absolute Necessity for him to be the Messenger of such ungrateful News, but that Necessity, and both the Safety of himself and State, obliged him to inform his Majesty, that both the Army and the People began to loath his Government, and bent their Hopes and Affections all towards *Plangus* ; and to back what he had said, the Queen and he concur'd in having strange Dreams, and other Trifles, which, to a Mind perplex'd, appear'd of Consequence ; so that in short Time they had so far gain'd their End, that every Action of the unhappy Prince was wrested, and by the false Reflection of Suspicion, made appear criminal.

He soon found what a Dilemma he was drawn into, yet knew not how to extricate himself ; even Contraries were brought to prove one Argument, and all alike prevail'd with the too credulous King ; if he shew'd the least Magnificence, it was observed how much he affected Popularity ; if he liv'd retir'd, then it was that his aspiring Purposes shou'd not be observ'd ; if affable and courteous, then he angled for the Peoples Hearts ; if silent and reserv'd, then he was musing upon some dangerous Plot ; in short, cou'd he have turn'd himself into all *Proteus*' Forms, they each of them wou'd have been represented dangerous. As Things were in this Posture, and those vile Associates were labouring to give Birth to their execrable Designs, a trifling Accident happen'd, which serv'd as a Spur to their inglorious Purposes ; the King, being alarm'd by their Insinuations, and his craz'd Thoughts continually kept upon the Watch by the Alarm of Fears, rose one Morning earlier than usual, and unattended walk'd into a Vineyard that was planted upon the Side of a Hill, near his Palace ; as he was casting his Eyes around, to try if any outward Object would relieve the Anxiety of his Mind, he observ'd the Gardener nailing up a Vine ; one of the Boughs being broken, and he having ne'er a Thong near him, he took one of the Branches that grew from it, and made it serve for the Use : How now, good Fellow, cries the King, what art a doing of there ? Nothing, reply'd the Fellow, but making the Son secure the Father. The King started at that Word, and his superstitious Fancy being ready for every Impression, he look'd upon it as ominous, and nothing less than a Presage of his own Fortune ; amaz'd and thunder-struck with the Expression, and fresh Apprehension of approaching Danger, he return'd, with Terror in his Countenance and Precipitation in his Steps, back to the Queen, and told her all his Fears ; she glad of such an Opportunity to nourish and increase them, made him such doubtful Answers, as only served to heighten, not disperse them.

But what gave the most Confirmation to his Doubts, was a Contrivance which she under-hand had form'd, sending private Messages to

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the principal Men in Power, perswading them at the ensuing Parliament, which was shortly to be held, that they in the Name of all the Burghers shou'd petition the King to lessen the Weight of Government, (his Years requiring a Respit from Fatigue) by admitting his Son to bear an equal Part in the Administration; assuring them, that she wou'd use her joint Endeavours to promote so necessary a Design, and that the King wou'd be pleas'd with the Proposition, whether he assented to it or not; but withal told them, it would not be at all proper for them to acquaint *Plangus* with their Purpose, because the King might possibly resent his being of their Party. Beloved as *Plangus* was, it was no hard Matter to perswade the People to what they so much wish'd; and more especially since it seem'd the Queen's Desire, who they knew govern'd the good old King entirely, and had a perfect Power of perswading him to whatsoe'er she wish'd: So far she kept her Word, she did perswade him, but knew full well that every Word she utter'd serv'd only to enflame his Jealousy of her, and of the People. *Plangus* foresaw the Consequence of such an ill-tim'd Zeal; and therefore, soon as it met his Knowledge, he flew to his Father, and with his wonted Truth and Innocence protested against harbouring any such Thought; assured him, that he was fully satisfied with the Trust he already bore. The King outwardly seem'd contented with his Justification, but inwardly only esteem'd it a Covering for his black Designs; and therefore, with some slight Excuses, delay'd the Parliament's Request, privately waiting for a colourable Pretence to confine his Son, and consequently secure his own Fears. It was not long before his Wife gave him a seeming just Pretence for it; for employing that wicked Monster I before mention'd, she order'd him to go to *Plangus*, and with the utmost Shew of Truth, discover all that she had form'd against him; adding withal, that she had so prevail'd against him with his Father, that he was resolutely bent to his Destruction; and that several of the Courtiers, envying his Vertues and his growing Glories, had join'd with them. This Story so perfectly concurring with *Plangus*'s Suspicions, made him the readier to give into it; but he wou'd not be so over credulous as to fly his Country, as the Villain wou'd fain have perswaded him, but determin'd to attend, and cautiously wait the Event. When they found him so resolute, they had an After-game to play: The Fellow one Night, having received full Directions from the crafty Queen, goes to *Plangus*, and told him that he was now come to make a full Discovery of what he had before mentioned to him, and that at that very Time the King and Queen, and those of the Noblemen who were of the Conspiracy, were met, and consulting how to compleat his Ruin; that if he pleas'd, he wou'd convey him to a private Place, where he might distinctly hear all their Determinations, and so be better able to take proper Measures to avoid their Snares. The unhappy *Plangus*, prone only to that Weakness of all honest Hearts, Credulity, easily believ'd
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the Wretch, and arming himself for fear of any immediate Outrage, follow'd his deceitful Guide; who having lodg'd him near the Apartment of the Queen, and given her Information, she with all the Arts of disappointed revengeful Woman, set her self to effect those direful Purposes she had so long been framing; and sending an immediate Messenger to the King her Husband, he found her bathed in Tears, and lying on the Ground, with all the Marks of inward Grief and Horror; every Sigh and every Groan she uttered pierced his fond doating Heart; so that kneeling by her, he conjur'd her, by all the Tendernefs he'd ever shewn her, by her own Griefs, and those she heap'd on him by this Disorder, that she'd reveal the Cause, and give him an Opportunity to revenge a thousand-fold the Injuries, whate'er they were, that had been offer'd her: She artfully suffer'd her self long to be entreated, only heightening his Impatience with half Words, and Exclamations on her Birth and Fortune: At length, when she had rais'd his Imagination to the utmost Pitch of Horror, O, my Lord, says she, that ever I shou'd live to prove the Force of such Extremes, that I must either conceal a Husband's Murther, or give up a Son, who, with Blushes let me own it, has ever held a nearer Place in my Affections, than even that tender Name commands: Then with Showers of Tears, and many an interrupting Sob, she proceeded to inform him, that the Prince had long taken every Method to shock her Faith to him, renewing all the seeming Tendernefs and Love he once had paid her; assuring her, that if she wou'd but join with him in plotting some Contrivance to remove the King, that when he had made himself Master of the Laws, the whole Form of them shou'd be chang'd, rather than they shou'd be a Bar to their mutual Loves.

She had scarce deliver'd this invented Tale, with all the Shew of real Grief and Truth, but the same Fellow, whom she had before employ'd to dispose of *Plangus*, came running in, and with scarce Breath enough to give his Words an Utterance, begg'd of the King to be upon his Guard, for that there was a Man standing in the Anti-Chamber with his Sword drawn, for what Intent he knew not, but he fear'd the worst. The King, whose Thoughts were now prepar'd for any Terror, went out and call'd his Guard; but by the Way found the Prince with the Sword ready in his Hand, and tho' not drawn, as the Fellow had reported, yet in a Posture that might well confirm those Suspicions which had before taken so deep a Root: The King believing he had only sheath'd it upon hearing the approaching Noise, wou'd not suffer him to make the least Defence; but ordering the Guards to make him close Prisoner, determin'd the very following Morn to put him to an open and a shameful Death.

But

But the approaching Day had no sooner convey'd the amazing and unwelcome News among his Friends, but that it summon'd a little Army of them, who with Justice on their Side came, and by Force deliver'd him, maugre all the Resistance of the King's Party, which was of far greater Numbers; the Ears of the too credulous Multitude having been much abus'd by the Queen, and the insinuating Sycophants which she employ'd. But tho' the Prince might well have taken this Opportunity to revenge his Wrongs, and force the Crown from his injurious Father's Head, yet his paternal Tendernefs and filial Duty was so great, that he chose rather to live a voluntary Exile, than with impious Hands to cut off his Father's Life, and so give a Colour to their injurious Usage; and therefore determin'd to make use of *Tyridates'* Interest, who was by Marriage of near Alliance to his Father, and make his Court his Sanctuary; hoping that by his Intercession, and his own unwearied Duty, he should at last convince his Father of his Innocence, and make him know how much he was deceiv'd.

Supported by that vain Hope, he continued eleven Years in his Uncle's Court, at the End of which Time *Erona* was engag'd in that fatal War, of which my Sister gave you an Account; but his Father was so violently prepossess'd against him, that he esteem'd his Flight as certain a Proof of his Guilt as he cou'd have given, and continued to prosecute him with such Inveteracy, that his Fury extended even to his Nephew *Tyridates*, and after to his Niece *Artaxia*, because they supported him, leaving no Means unessay'd of destroying him: But finding all his Arts prove unsuccessful, he at last determin'd to have him poyson'd, and employ'd the same Fellow, whom the wicked Queen had made her first Instrument, to go on the execrable Errand: But not the deepest mortal Cunning can blind the Eyes of Providence, which, watchful for its Favourite *Plangus*, frustrated the black Design, and discover'd the hellish Purpose, e'er it was possible for him to execute his purposed Villainy. The Wretch being taken, they by repeated Tortures, which well he merited, forc'd from him these Particulars I've now repeated to you; which *Tyridates* took from his own Mouth in the Presence of all his Court, and immediately convey'd by solemn Embassage to the old King, assured, as he thought, of now clearing his Nephew by undisputed Proof: But the Queen having, by her unwearied Cunning, secur'd the Reins of Government, the King was never suffer'd so much as to peruse it; but the Memorial was immediately submitted to her Consideration, which had no other Effect, but to encrease her Hate to *Plangus*, and raise a fresh Revenge in her for her Servant's Death.

And

And now, by Length of Time, and her repeated Arts and Subtleties, the unsettled Multitude began no longer to regret the Absence of their once darling *Plangus*: She still took Care to work up every Faction to his Disadvantage; till at length, by employing none but her Creatures at the Helm, and dispersing vast Bribes amongst the stardy Commoners, she prevail'd so far as to have him quite excluded the Succession, and her own Son, nam'd *Palladius*, proclaim'd the only lawful Heir. This at one Blow cut off the Prince's Hopes of ever being recall'd, and constrain'd him to continue in his Uncle's Service; in which he always shin'd, but more particularly in the War against *Erona*, from whence, as my Sister before inform'd you, he convey'd *Artaxia* in Safety home; when *Erona*, by the Ingratitude and Treason of her much-lov'd *Antiphilus* — Here *Pamela* was interrupted by *Basilus*, who not able longer to bear the Absence of *Zelmane*, came up to them; and casting a languishing Look towards her, Madam, says he, I was in some Doubt whether you had not convey'd away my Daughter, or, added he softly, what was much more dear to me, your self; but fair *Zelmane*, continu'd he, since the Sun with hasty Steps is going to withdraw his kindly Influence, suffer not that brighter Form to be expos'd to the Night's unwholesome Damps. *Zelmane* cou'd well have spar'd the officious Tendernefs of her doating Lover; but being oblig'd to accept it, she deferr'd (tho' with great Regret) the being satisfy'd in Relation to *Antiphilus* and *Erona*, whose Interest she had much at Heart. Miso no sooner saw *Basilus*, but, always proud of an ill-natur'd Office, she inform'd him, with all the aggravating Terms her Malice cou'd invent, of the bold Presumption of *Amphialus*; but the enamour'd King, without making a Reply, attended the Opinion of *Zelmane*, whose Indignation was greatly rais'd and heighten'd with a jealous Fury; yet, notwithstanding that, her Honour interfered, and prevail'd with her to move the King to look upon it as an Error of youthful Rashness, provided for the future that he avoided falling into the least Indiscretion of that sort. *Basilus* immediately assented to her Determination, and gave Orders that there shou'd not any farther Notice be taken of it, extolling the Generosity of *Zelmane*, which was as great in pardoning, as her Courage had been before in conquering.

By this Time they had reach'd the Lodge, and went directly to the Queen's Apartment, where poor *Zelmane* was necessitated to receive a tedious Welcome from the amorous *Gynecia*, suffering almost as much from the disgustful Passion, as her own inward Flame. *Basilus*, not so artful, or perhaps not thinking it so necessary to disguise his Prepossession, cou'd make his Words serve to no other Purpose but heightening these Encomiums on *Zelmane*, which the blinded Lover ever thinks comes short of the Attractions his Mistress is endow'd

with, tho' they surpass even immortal Merit; while *Gynecia*, restrain'd by Fear and the natural Timidity of her Sex, strove more to conceal her eager Fondness; but often taking the Advantage of *Zelmane's* Appearance, she wou'd, with blushing Cheeks and conscious Shame, take a thousand little Liberties, that only serv'd for Fuel to that Flame which already had well-nigh consum'd her glowing Heart: Her Eyes continually pursued every Motion of *Zelmane*, while the doating King follow'd her with no less officious Steps. *Gynecia* was very sensible from whence his Care proceeded, and cou'd have made a Sport of it, but that Mirth ill suited with her lost Condition: But he quite mistook the Cause of her Impatience, and thought it all proceeded from her Jealousy of him. *Zelmane*, who had perpetually her Steps haunted by one of them, tir'd with the Repetition of their nauseous Passion, and ever prevented, by the growing Jealousy of *Gynecia*, and the mistaken Ardour of *Basilus*, from conversing with *Philoclea*, cou'd hardly give a Check to her Impatience; often wou'd she reflect how happy, in Comparison of her Fate, was the Condition of her Friend; he had none to watch his Actions, or trouble his Repose, but Shepherds Boys, who more observ'd their Flock than his Behaviour; while she was guarded and waited on by Princes, and continually busied in deceiving the more than *Argos's* Eyes of Love and Jealousy. O *Philoclea*, wou'd she cry, how blest am I, and ravished with thy Presence, and yet how curs'd in not daring to convince thee that I am not quite unworthy of it! Thy tender Nature hears with Patience all I dare say, and yet I dare not utter what alone is fit for thee to hear: Sure none but I was ever confin'd by too much Liberty, or oppress'd by the Excess of Love and Tendernefs.

Zelmane, sitting within the Curtains of *Gynecia's* Bed, spent so much Time in these Reflections, that the sable Night, with silent Steps, stole to give her the welcome Omen to retire: The Company were now oblig'd to separate; and tho' Sleep is not the Portion assign'd to Lover's Eyes, yet each one then had Leisure to employ their Thoughts, at least without Restraint, which was some Relief to all, except the unhappy Queen, whose Griefs increas'd the more, the more she weigh'd them. The restless King, being at length o'er-power'd with Sleep, and the dim Light sunk in its hollow Socket, she then had Opportunity to give some Vent to the full Measure of her Woes; and kneeling in her Bed, with interrupting Sighs and flowing Eyes, she began with dire Imprecations to load the Hour of her Birth; O Wretch! she cry'd, how dar'st thou press this sacred Bed with thy polluted Weight? For tho' thy Body still is clear, thy Soul is guilty. I have turn'd o'er the deep Recesses of my inmost Thoughts, and find 'em all profan'd and violated; the Stain of impious Wishes is upon 'em, and I am sunk in Shame; my conscious Pillow, which ne'er before cou'd charge me with the least unwarrantable Thought, cou'd well now prove a bitter Witness of my
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fallen Virtue. Why was I made this Wretch? If Fate be in it, how am I to blame? If not to blame, why shou'd I thus be punish'd? I did not bribe the Winds to waft this Stranger hither; am I to answer then for Consequences of what I had no Hand in? O no, it was my evil Genius that conducted him, and set him as a Rock 'on which to dash my Stock of future Quiet. Yet sure I merit more than I can suffer; for not contented with a guilty Heart, I only wait an Opportunity to put that Guilt in Practice. O happy they! and they alone, whose fierce Desires are quench'd in the cold Grave; or else, who ne'er had Fire to light 'em up; mine already has consum'd my Reason, Virtue, and my Peace: O let them still rage on, and rid me of the cumbrous Load of Life, which surely cannot long oppose their Fury. At these last Words she raised her Voice, work'd up by Passion, and unmindful who was by her, she tore her Hair, and spared no Mark of inward Horror and irritated Woe; till at last she waked *Basilus*, who conscious of his late Neglect, mistook that for the Reason; and taking her in his alienated Arms, wou'd fain have sooth'd, as he thought, her jealous Rage; and had she taken the least Pains to confirm that Thought, it might possibly have put a Stop to these new Prepossessions; but instead of that, she made him Answers so wandring, both from that and Reason, that the good old Man knew not which way to calm her; and therefore committed her to the Care of a gentle Slumber, which a little before Day o'ertook, and gave a momentary Respite to her Cares.

Zelmene had spent the Night in no less Agony, tho' of another Kind; her Thoughts had been employ'd in finding Means to avoid the tiresome Passion of *Basilus* and the Queen; and further, the Discovery of her own to *Philoclea*. The Moment the cheerful Day appear'd, she rose, and went to pay her Adoration to the Place where first she purchased the Extremes of Happiness and Misery. The senseless Earth, the Air, the unknowing Trees, all seem'd to her of Consequence, because they were the first mute Witnesses of her meeting with the heavenly *Philoclea*; but strait her Joy was check'd by the Despair she had of ever compassing the Difficulties that surrounded even her most sanguine Hopes. While she was thus musing how to act, and giving by Turns the Reins to Love, Despair and Hope, *Basilus*, tho' unknown to him, gave her an Opportunity, that even her keenest Wishes cou'd hardly prompt her to believe; for having traced her from the Lodge, he follow'd at a Distance, and staying till she was seated by the Side of a mossy Bank, he came up to her, and falling prostrate upon the Earth, and kissing the Bottom of her Vest; O thou beautiful Form! cry'd he, for by what Name I know not how to call thee, since any the most heavenly wou'd be far short of thy Deserts; O hear a Wretch that lives but by your Smiles; let not those Angel Eyes, impatient of my Sight, deny their Influence, nor think my bold Address
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of little Weight, since even my Life, and what is more, my Happiness depends upon it: Let not my Age or Misery seem a Scorn to you, since surely Heaven suffer'd my Life to be spun out to this Length of Time, only to add one other Slave to your triumphant Charms; you only cou'd have Power to conquer me, but in my Chains I triumph, and in my Slavery consists my Honour: Whate'er I am, you made me; and therefore in despising me, you condemn the Effects of your own Power. O let not Pity, that God-like Quality, be wanting in that heavenly Composition, but save a Wretch, whose future Life shall be but one continued Act of Gratitude and Truth. *Zelmane* well understood the Purport of these Words, but thought it not her Play to let him know she did; and therefore looking coolly on him, My Lord, said she, it gives me great Concern to see you in this unbecoming Posture; let me intreat you rise; much better wou'd this Submission appear from me to you: I think so highly of your Wisdom, that sure the Words you have utter'd must bear some Meaning, and that of Consequence; I therefore beg you wou'd explain them, for hitherto my Judgment can't lead me even to the Guess of them. *Basilus*, proud to have his Passion call'd in Question, which he so long had waited to explain, reply'd, That surely it was not possible she cou'd be now to learn that he had long ador'd her; that his Love took date even from the very Moment of his first beholding her; and that his Passion was now grown to such a Height, that the strictest Bounds had not a Power of confining it; that in her alone rested the Power of preserving, by yielding to a Passion which none but she had e'er the Strength to raise. He wou'd have proceeded, but that *Zelmane*, with a Look of seeming Anger and Amazement, interrupted him; Enough, my Lord, cry'd she, no more repeat your impious Purposes; they need no farther Explanation: I half suspected them before, but cou'd not think so meanly of either your Honour or my own Behaviour, as to believe you'd dare to own your Guilt, and own it to my Face. This severe Answer almost thunder-struck *Basilus*; his trembling Limbs were hardly able to support him; his guilty Eyes were fix'd upon the Ground, and durst not stand the Fury of her Glances: But while he was endeavouring to compose himself, and suit an Answer, a Stratagem presented itself to *Zelmane*, how she might make his Passion of the utmost Use to her; and therefore turning to him with a gentler Air, My Lord, said she, you must be sensible that what you have now been saying, is much unfit for you to speak, more so for me to hear; but since your Error proceeded from the ungovernable Dictates of a too fatal Love, I must in some Degree excuse it; nor can I suffer those high Regards I had entertain'd for you, and that Respect you, till this Hour, have paid me, shou'd all be cancell'd by a Moment's Rashness: Go then, my Lord, repair the Offence by offering it no more; 'tis for my Honour's Safety too, that I request you wou'd employ no other Advocate, for shou'd the Princess *Phileas* become an Intercessor for your Hopes, I might, 'tis possible, by her

her be drawn in to consider of it; and what a Foe Deliberation is to Vertue, there has been too many fatal Proofs. *Basilus*, transported with this Hint, hardly stay'd to hear her out, much less to make an Answer; but bowing low, left her, and flew with all the eager Swift-ness Love cou'd inspire his Age with, to find out *Philoclea*, who was then attending, with filial Tenderness, upon the Queen; who cou'd well have spar'd the Office, but that her Jealousy laid hold of every Opportunity to keep her from *Zelmane*. The King commanded her aside, and with all the insinuating Words his Passion cou'd inspire, or his Authority enforce, he conjur'd her to use her utmost to preserve that Life which was the Source of hers; to consider him as her Father and her King; and in that Thought, find an Assurance that those sacred Names cou'd well justify any Commands that he thought proper to impose; that if she had any Love for him, she wou'd not see his Age o'ercome, and his Life shortened, without lending a friendly Hand to lift him from the Grave. After this Harangue, he told her, That in short his very Being was center'd in *Zelmane*; that without her Influence 'twould be impossible for him to support it; that in her alone his Life, and what was more, his Happiness, depended; that he was but too well acquainted with the Niceness of her Humour, to venture the abrupt disclosing of his Passion; and therefore conjur'd his Daughter, with all the Rhetorick he was Master of, to gently let her know it, and do her utmost to sooth her into a patient Hearing, and by Degrees to work her up to Pity. *Philoclea* wanted but little Perswasion to any thing that might give her an Opportunity of being with *Zelmane* without a Spy; but yet the fix'd Regard she had to Virtue, shock'd her Soul when she reflected, that the Task he wou'd impose upon her might violate her Laws; yet looking at her Father, with Eyes that spoke the Office not ungrateful, My Lord, said she, I hope you are not now to be convinced, that if my Life cou'd be the Sacrifice to make you easy, I'd give it up with Pleasure; as to my Interest with *Zelmane*, you surely may command it: I won't suspect, my Lord, you cou'd be capable of suffering even your Thoughts to go beyond the strictest Bounds of Virtue, much less employ your Daughter to further a dishonourable View; therefore, in that Assurance, I go to put in Execution your Commands; but know, my Lord, if e'er your Passion leads you beyond the Bounds of Friendship's Tyes, I there must leave you, since you have ever taught me to believe, that Virtue shou'd take Place of all Affinity, and be obeyed before the highest earthly Power. *Basilus* was satisfy'd with this Reply; he only wanted her Interest (as he imagin'd) to work *Zelmane* into a patient hearing of him; and then he did not doubt but his own Oratory, join'd with the Aids of Time, wou'd be successful, without any further Helps. But as she was hastening from his Presence to go and seek *Zelmane*, *Miso* in a great hurry was following her, but *Basilus* stop'd her short in her Career, and bid her leave his Daughter for that Time to attend upon her self;

The ill-manner'd Wretch, enrag'd at being hinder'd from an Employment which she thought no one so fit for, began to mouth, and vent her shrewish Humour on the King; telling him he was very much to blame in preventing her performing the Queen's positive Command, which was, that the Princess *Philoclea* shou'd never stir without her, and that she cou'd not answer the not obeying it; but *Basilus*, not being in a Humour to be disputed with, in a fierce Tone bid her hold her Tongue, and avoid his Prefence; which she was then forc'd to comply with, and leave the Princess to follow her agreeable Errand; which she did with eager Steps, her Fancy being fully employ'd in ruminating what wou'd be the Consequence of this strange Maze of Fate; for she was now full well assured her Father was become her Rival, and she necessitated to be his Advocate (at least in Shew) and urge his ill-tim'd Love.

But e'er she had finish'd her Reflections, a little Distance off she saw *Zelmane* lying upon a Bank, with her Head reclin'd over the River *Ladon*; the streaming Tears flow'd down her beauteous Cheeks, and half dissolv'd in Grief, she seem'd more lovely to the pitying Fair, who stood some time observing her, without having a Power of approaching. *Zelmane* was so engag'd with her own Thoughts, she ne'er imagin'd the Author of them was so near; but looking earnestly upon the River, she thus address'd it; O thou clear Stream, who denyest to let thy purer Waves be fully'd by my Tears, accept at least the Tribute of them, as all the Acknowledgment my Gratitude can offer; and O! let me conjure you, stop a while your Course, and listen to the Sorrows of a Wretch, who is sunk to such an Ebb of Misery, that even the poor Relief of Pity is grown acceptable; but if the arbitrary Violence of your tyrannick Master commands your present Duty, yet at least convey with you this Witness of my Love, and bear it to the utmost Limits of the Earth; a Love as pure and free from Blemish, as your unspotted Bosom, tho' alas, inspired by a Breast I fear more chill than your frozen one; but yet such cruel Contradictions do I prove, that all her Coldness cannot damp my Fires, but rather lights them up to greater Ardours. Here taking a little Willow-Stick that hung within her Reach, she wrote some Lines upon a sandy Bank; but had no sooner given Birth to them, but with her Feet she was going to efface the Appearance that they ever had a Being, when *Philoclea* came in View: They stood for some Time speechless, gazing upon each other; at Length, the blushing Maid having a little recover'd the Extasie, which the Sight of her beloved *Zelmane* had put her into, began, with Confusion in her Looks and hesitating Speech, to repeat her Errand: *Zelmane*, said she, I came to seek you, and perform an Embassage from one, to whose Commands Nature obliges me to pay a blind Obedience. She wou'd have proceeded, but that *Zelmane*, encourag'd by his own Disguise, and fir'd by the darling Object of his Soul, rose from his Seat,

Seat, and taking the resistless Fair One in his Arms, he seiz'd her Lips, and with a rapturous Joy printed a more expressive Language on them than any Words cou'd form: My eternal Happiness, cry'd he, I know your Father's Suit, and in a proper Time will answer it; but for the present, let me not lose this happy Opportunity to ease my Heart, and vent the mighty Secret which has so long been labouring in my Bosom; and if I am to fall a Martyr to the purest and most generous Flame that e'er inspir'd the Breast of any humane Creature, yet at least allow me your Attention, while I convince you, that, if I am unworthy of your Love, I am not wholly so of being your Slave. This Request was not more earnestly press'd by *Zelmane*, than it was eagerly granted by *Philoclea*; who was so impatient to hear her out, that she would not interrupt her even by making a Reply; but hastily sitting down upon the shady Bank, left her Silence to give a more unbounded Liberty than any Words could utter.

Zelmane, tho' she had so far gain'd her Point, was yet in the highest Consternation; and tho' her Thoughts had before carried her to the utmost Limits of what she had to say, yet she then found her self at the greatest Loss; but recollecting how probable it was that she might never gain another Opportunity if she neglected this, that Thought dispers'd all Apprehensions, but what arose from that killing Reflection; and therefore seating herself by the impatient Maid, Madam, said she, the Greatness of your Birth and Fortune, added to those numberless Perfections and consummate Beauties which you enjoy in Mind and Person, and above all, the Importance of this Discovery, on which my Life, and what is more, my eternal Happiness depends, requires an infinite Caution in the Commencement, and many Circumstances to prove and finish it: But as I am so very wretched as to be necessitated to snatch this Moment, or perhaps for ever mourn the Loss of it, forgive me, O divinest Creature, if I for once pass over that ceremonious Awe which is due to your superior Charms, and my exalted Passion, and hasten to relieve my burthen'd Heart, which cannot long support this Weight of Agonies; and in return, believe the most respectful Adorations of my future Life, I shall esteem too poor to pay the mighty Obligation. If you have ever, tho' but in Speculation, known the wondrous Power of Love, or e'er in Story read what mighty Force it has to conquer and subdue the most exalted Souls, and loosen and unjoint the best united States, grant your Attention, and in me behold a real Proof of its Supremacy, which goes beyond the fruitfulest Inventions of the Poets, and confirms the Power of his Godhead much more than all their Oratory.

But hold, my Tongue, where wilt thou hurry me? And how persuade my Heart to give thee a Permission to reveal the labouring Secret? Yet, O proceed, this Caution comes too late; then hear, thou
beauteous

beauteous Creature, and know, 'tis *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, and not *Zelmane*, that begs this Condescension: For you I've quitted my Parents, Country, and what's more dear, my Fame; for you I cease to be *Pyrocles*; that *Pyrocles*, whom false Report had represented destroy'd by the relentless Waves; behold he lives, lives to revere your Power, and own it far superior to any other that Heaven or Earth can boast. I have escap'd all other Dangers; but those pointed Ones which come from your bright Eyes, have been too mighty for me: I am your Slave; there's ne'er a shackled One cou'd wear your Chains with more Submission; nay, by Heaven, I glory in the happy Servitude, and wou'd not change it to be Protector of the Universe: But, O consider, a Tyrant's Heart wou'd ill besit so fair a Face; if I must perish by your Disdain, gently, O gently, give the Blow, and suffer not that heavenly Form to conceal a Hell of Cruelty; in you I've plac'd my every Thought of Happiness; you are the Goddess of my Vows, the Centre of my Hopes, suffer them not all in a Moment to be dashed, nor let my long unwearied Services turn to no other Purpose than my own Destruction. I see you are astonished at my Words; think what a Shock the Author of them must sustain, and how little they are capable to express the Fullness of that Passion, which wou'd require Ages to explain. Were I a common Lover, then common Phrases might express my Thoughts; but, O thou Angel Fair, believe my Passion soars as much beyond the ordinary Degree of Men, as you excel the Generality of Women; my self, my Parents, Friends, and Country, are trifling Oblations, when put in Competition with your Merit; but yet consider, 'tis all I have to offer; and were the Universe within my Power, with equal Joy I wou'd surrender it, so by it I cou'd gain one tender Word from you. I know I am in my self unworthy your least Partiality; but give me Leave to say, my Passion merits some Return, since 'tis inspir'd by you, and supported by the everlasting Basis of Virtue and strict Honour: But if 'tis otherwise decreed by you and Heaven, and that all my Sufferings shou'd prove ineffectual, yet let me have the Alleviation of receiving my Sentence from your Mouth, since that dear Voice must carry an extatick Pleasure with it, tho' Death is in the Sound.

Not even *Pigmalion*, when he found his darling Image grown warm, and yielding in his eager Arms, felt half the rapturous Joy, as did the listening Fair, while *Zelmane* was uttering the pleasing Tale; each Word she spoke rais'd in her a fresh Extasie; but being work'd up to the height of Rapture, a distrustful Thought came cross her Imagination, and damp'd the glowing Pleasure: Her Judgment represented to her, that it was possible the Story might be feign'd; she had no Assurance but his bare Word, that this was *Pyrocles*; and shou'd that fail, how were her Hopes destroy'd? But in a Moment Love interpos'd to contradict that Underminer of his Power, and perswaded her

her that no base or degenerate Design cou'd lurk under so fair a Covert, and that *Zelmane* and Falshood were wholly inconsistent with each other: Besides, she now began to find a secret Apprehension, a pleasing Fear that play'd about her Heart, when she reflected she was alone with him; and yet cou'd her Wishes have prevail'd, whole Ages wou'd have pass'd without an Interruption: In short, a Crowd of Thoughts all in a Moment throng'd to oppose each other, such Contradictions as struggle in a Mind that has begun to deviate from the strict Paths of Virtue's Ways, and yet cannot quite degenerate into the open Ones of Vice; but soon all her Suspicions vanish'd, except that very natural One, of timorously doubting what she most earnestly desired; therefore with some Diffidence, but more Affection in her Looks, I am, reply'd she, infinitely at a Loss which Way to form an Answer to the amazing Story you have told: To whom must I address my self? If to *Zelmane*, you have deny'd that Title; if to Prince *Pyrocles*, my Senses contradict the pleasing Sound: But this with Certainty I may pronounce, had I behaved as *Philoclea* ought, you either never had borrow'd the Title of *Zelmane*, or never wou'd have ventur'd to throw it off; your Hopes wou'd ne'er have led you to undertake this Metamorphosis, or your Despair wou'd have prevented your discovering it; but much I fear some Flaw in my Behaviour gave you the first Assurance, and the too transparent Veil I placed upon my Inclinations, has since inspir'd you with Courage to pursue the last: Sure some Lightness which you observ'd in my former Conduct encourag'd you to wear this Vizor, and a confirm'd Levity embolden'd you to pull it off. How then shall I behave? Shall I with deep Reserve and female Cunning endeavour to gild o'er my Fault, or generously own my Weakness, (if the Love of you can be esteem'd one,) and by Sincerity and Truth compensate for it? I think the last most eligible, and fain wou'd have you be of that Opinion; therefore, my dear *Zelmane*, for by that happy Name I still must call you, since 'twas the Introducer of you to my Knowledge, and must be the Preserver of that Happiness, with Blushes let me own it, I loved you even under that Disguise, lov'd against all Appearance of ever being gratify'd; and your Desires, which at least you knew there was a Possibility of compassing, cou'd not be more eager than mine, which then appear'd to be against all Nature's Dictates: How shall I then express my self? 'Twould be a vain Attempt for me, to endeavour at persuading either you or my self to think that I am angry at knowing you to be *Pyrocles*, since while you bore the Appearance of *Zelmane*, that was my greatest Torment, and the Fear that I should never find you any other, was my extremest Misery: Accept the Conquest then, and use it nobly, use it like *Pyrocles*; your superior Merit, join'd with uncommon Virtue, gain'd my Inclination; let that still endeavour to preserve it; and if I have that Place in your

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Regards you would perswade me, exert the Power I give you over me, to keep me worthy of it.

Here she stopt, and turn'd her beauteous Eyes from the only Object that cou'd delight 'em, abash'd to find that in a Moment unwarily she had disclos'd the innermost Recesses of her Heart; but *Pyrocles*' Joy at the Confession being much too great for Utterance, he caught the yielding fair One in his Arms, and had but just a Power of saying, O my Soul's perfect Happiness! even *Jove* himself might envy this exalted Bliss, for sure he cou'd not taste a greater. When his Surprise of Joy began a little to abate, his highest Care was how to prove himself worthy of that generous Behaviour the fair *Philoclea* had shewn to him; and in order to convince her more thoroughly of his Quality, he presented her with several Letters (which in the little Casket had been preserv'd safe even from the destructive Waves) that came from *Euarchus*, his gallant Father, and was address'd to him: But needless were those Proofs to her, who wou'd much sooner have question'd her own Judgment than his Integrity; and therefore, Suspicion quite apart, they gave a Loose to their long-confin'd Desires, and with a thousand fond Embraces, and interrupting Dalliances, they pass'd a solemn Promise of marrying each other as soon as e'er they cou'd beguile the crafty Spies, who with more than *Argus*' Watchfulness attended them.

And now *Pyrocles*' eager Love had hurry'd him almost beyond all Bounds, when *Philoclea*, in an obliging Manner, to turn the Fury of it, begg'd him to entertain her with the Story of his Life, from the Time that he and *Musidorus* left *Erona*; for, continu'd she, smiling, I have already had a true Account how you were dispos'd of to that War, and till the End of it, by Prince *Plangus*; but what Occurrences have since happen'd, I am more a Stranger to than I wou'd be to any Thing in which you bear a Part: Therefore, my dear *Pyrocles*, give me the Satisfaction of repeating the Particulars of your Conquests from that Time, till you came to make a perfect One of me; for believe, I can't be better entertain'd than in hearing the Actions of my Hero, especially with the Addition of coming from his Mouth; and don't imagine that my Cowardice will shrink at knowing the Dangers you have past, for since I now am bless'd with having you in Safety in my Arms, I shall rejoice in them, since the Thought of Evils past serves only to enhance a present Good. *Pyrocles* was very sensible of what she aim'd at in this Request; he knew that she only ask'd to be made acquainted with his past Story, to keep him from coming too close to his present Purpose; but yet so timorous is a faithful Lover, he dared not disobey, for fear of forfeiting all future Title to such a private Conversation; and tho' his impatient Love

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was at the most unbridled Height, and waited on by that Seducer of chaste Resolutions, Opportunity, yet his awful Passion would not suffer him to transgress the Bounds of strictest Honour, but enabled him to subdue, or rather restrain, those impetuous Sallies, which the Violence of his Passion would otherwise have led him into; and with an ardent Sigh, and Eyes that spoke the Influence she had over him, My Soul's eternal Bliss, cry'd he, that we might employ these happy Hours in Raptures, too great to be conceived, you must be sensible; and give me leave to say, there hardly is another Man that wou'd not snatch this dear, this precious Moment, to recompence him for all the Pains, the Agonies and Torments he'd endur'd; but so exalted is my Love, and so awfully do I revere the Goddess of my Soul, that rather than venture in the least Degree of injuring her, or forfeiting that Esteem I have so long been labouring to obtain, I wou'd, by Heaven, be destroy'd, and in a Moment cut off from all my future Hopes. I have Ambition, and I value Fame, or I were far unworthy to aspire at being your Choice: And how is it possible that either of them can be more gratify'd, than in commanding your Attention? What Trophies, or what Triumphs, can make me half so proud, or so effectually contribute to the Reward of all my Labours, as your Approbation? *Pyrocles* now with Pleasure will recount his own Performances; and tho' before I esteem'd the highest of them poor and trifling, yet since you think 'em worth the hearing, I shall believe 'em valuable: Know then, thou Summit of all my Hopes and Wishes, that after the Destruction of *Tyridates*, we settled, as we thought, *Erona* in her Government, secure from all the Outrages of Fortune; however, as I find by what you Yesterday related, the Treason and Ingratitude of that undeserving Wretch she made her Choice, has since distress'd her; an Accident I ne'er cou'd have in the least suspected or foreseen: For how was it possible for a Mind not sunk to that Ebb of Baseness as *Antiphrasus's*, to conceive that so perfect a Beauty, as the most partial Judgment must allow *Erona*, cou'd not have secur'd his Truth; and that the Proof she gave him of the most sincere and generous Passion, wou'd not at least have bound him to her Interest by the Tyes of Gratitude? Or had both these fail'd, yet one wou'd have imagin'd, that the Height she'd rais'd him to, wou'd have fully gratify'd his Ambition. But to return to my Story.

Euardus, that gallant Prince, whom Fortune aided me to overcome in *Erona's* Cause, had three Nephews, his Sister's Sons, each of them worthy to stand in the foremost Ranks of Fame; but more especially the eldest, call'd *Anaxius*, to whose Merit every Body would have yielded just Praise, but that he ever was before-hand with them, and bestow'd it upon himself long before they cou'd have an Opportunity of giving it; of so insupportable a Pride, that where his Actions cou'd well have rais'd the highest Envy, his Behaviour rather mov'd Disdain; and

and were the Fiction true that the Gyants made War against Heaven, he might well have serv'd for an Ensign-Bearer to the sacrilegious Herd; for nothing seem'd a Difficulty to him, tho' ever so impossible, nor any thing unjust, so it had but the Sanction of his Liking, knowing no Law but his own unreasonable Humour, and thinking That the best Foundation for any Action. This Man, in *Tyridates'* War against *Erona*, had absolutely refus'd to give his Aid, because his haughty Spirit cou'd not brook the having Prince *Plangus* preferr'd before him in Command; and therefore he stood Neuter in the Quarrel.

But when he came to know that I had overcome his Uncle, disdain-
ing, I believe, that any of his Family shou'd fall by such a Stripling's
Hands, he was determin'd to seek Revenge; and for that Purpose
took (I must confess) a very honourable Method; for sending a Chal-
lenge, he appointed me to meet him in the Confines of the Kingdom
of *Lycia*, where he wrote me Word he wou'd be ready to prove that I
had by Treachery destroy'd his Uncle; for without foul Play he was
certain his Valour cou'd well have resisted a hundred such as me. Youth
and Success made me very ready to accept any such Overture; but I
was more particularly fond of this, because I had heard that your
worthy Cousin, the brave *Amphialus*, who had for many Years born a
universal Character for undaunted Courage and Success, had several
Times fought with him, but ne'er was able to get the better; and that
tho' the World justly esteem'd him superiour in Affability and Courte-
sie, yet *Anaxius* was at least deem'd his Equal in every other Point. To
engage this Man, and, if I cou'd, to overcome him, I thought wou'd
be a worthy Conquest; and therefore I determin'd to go alone, because
I understood he was so; and besides, I had a great Desire to perform
something Noble out of the Sight of *Musidorus*, to whose Example and
influencing Presence I must acknowledge I owed the chief of my past
Conquests: Not that I was above being his Pupil, but in his Absence I
found my self grow faint, and slacken in the great Pursuit of Honour,
occasioned by a Mistrust of my own Strength; and therefore was wil-
ling to break my self of such a strict Dependance, as might render me
contemptible even in his Eye; and for that End, I entreated him to let
me undertake this Engagement by my self; which his Generosity, pre-
ferring my Reputation to his own Tenderness, consented to. After
I had gain'd his Leave, I privately left *Erona's* Court; but my dearest
Musidorus, like a Guardian Angel, ever mindful of his Charge, fearful
of any Treachery in Secret, followed me, and kept retired at a little
Distance from the Place where our Combat was to be perform'd.
Erona was vastly shock'd at parting with us; possessed, I think, with
a prophetick Spirit, how much in Time to come she was to stand
in Need of our Assistance; but however, I disengaged my self from
her Entreaties, and pursu'd my Way to meet *Anaxius*: But e'er I had
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gone half a Day's Journey, I met so odd an Accident, that tho' in itself but trifling; yet I can't forbear repeating it, because by it I was drawn into the utmost Inconvenience.

As I was riding thro' a Land encompass'd so about with lofty Oaks, and all the humbler Produce of the Woods, that it was hardly possible to expect any other Company than the wild Burgeses of the Forest, I heard some confus'd Shrieks; which, coming by Pauses to my Ears from the right Side of the Wood, gave me Assurance that it was a Man's Voice, tho' the Cry seem'd more to answer a Woman's Weakness: I directed my Steps the Way the Sound conducted me; and had not pass'd above half a Dozen Trees, e'er at the Bottom of a large overgrown One, I saw a Gentleman lying half naked, bound Hand and Foot with several Kinds of Garters, and round him nine Ladies with Bodkins in their Hands, which they continually prick'd him with, till they had almost made a Pool of Blood for him to lie in: He had no Defence except his Shirt, in which they had made a thousand Holes; so that the poor Wretch pray'd and cry'd, but all in vain; for the inhumane Creatures sported in his Pains, and took Delight in his Entreaties, as Trophies of their Victory.

This unnatural Sight greatly mov'd my Pity; and much more so, as the poor Creature, the Moment he set his Eyes upon me, call'd aloud to me for Aid, conjuring me either by immediate Death to rid him of his Pain, or else to deliver him from his relentless Persecutors: But e'er I had Time to give an Answer, there came rushing towards me about seven or eight arm'd Horsemen; the foremost of which in a threatening Tone, bid me avoid the Place, and not molest the Ladies in their most just Revenge: With so much Arrogance and Pride he spoke, that I much disdain'd to take such Usage; and therefore reply'd, that tho' I was before undetermin'd whether or no I should deliver that poor Unfortunate from the Lady's Power, yet I certainly would secure him from his Malice; and immediately engaging with him alone, and after his Death jointly with the others, I had the good Fortune to destroy some, and put the rest to Flight; which the Ladies seeing, and not knowing how in my Pride of Victory I might behave to them, they all betook themselves to Flight, excepting one, who was so harden'd in her Cruelty, and eager for Revenge, that neither during the Engagement, nor after it was over, did she in the least give a Truce to her Barbarity, but still employ'd the little Instrument of her unbounded Malice; and at last was just going to prevent his Eyes from being a further Witness of his Misery, which she had only spar'd till then, that they might have the Anguish of the Sight, and give him Light to see how weak an Adversary triumph'd over him. When I came up to her, and had with great Difficulty prevail'd upon her to admit a Conference, (for 'twas

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a considerable Time before she would hearken, much less vouchsafe an Answer,) I pull'd off my Helmet, and begg'd her to stay her Hand, till she had given me to know the Cause of her severe Displeasure. Sir, reply'd she, (in the utmost Agitation of Rage and Bitterness,) 'tis much against my Inclination, that I forbear a Moment the executing of my just Revenge upon this deserving Object of it; but as I see you are young, and probably may have both the Power and Will to perpetrate greater Mischiefs than even this harden'd Wretch has been guilty of, I am mov'd, in Compassion to you, and as a Warning to your future Conduct, to let you know his Crime, that you may own the Justice of his Punishment.

Know then, his Name is *Pamphilus*, and indeed sprung from an ancient and noble Family; but that contributes nothing to his Glory, since it is only a Reflection upon his Ancestors, for having left so worthless an Offspring; not but his Person is without Exception, and so the properest Disguise for his inward Falshood; his Conversation is full of Wit and Gaiety, and the Pains he takes to please, is far from being lost: There is no Perfection, which goes to the Accomplishment of a fine Gentleman, but he is thoroughly vers'd in; as Musick, Dancing, Poetry, and Painting; and, in short, every Qualification that is necessary to make him an agreeable Companion to the Men, and acceptable among the Women: But under this fair Appearance there lurks so much Villainy and Baseness, that I fear you will hardly think my Word a sufficient Warrant for the Truth of it; for taking the Advantage of those Perfections which Nature and Fortune has endow'd him with, he so insinuates himself into the Hearts of weak and tender Women, that hardly any have Fortitude to withstand him; tho' had not I Revenge within my Power, I never wou'd submit to own his Influence; but as the Case now stands, I glory in being conquer'd, because 'tis now my Turn to enslave. But to my Story:

He being, as I tell you, so capable of gaining our Inclinations, never thought he cou'd enough extend his Arts; but no sooner had he betray'd and ruin'd one of us, but without the least Remorse, he spread his Nets to gain another; and so far were we from taking Warning, that we were still fonder of the Deceiver, the last still imagining that she shou'd be the happy Woman that wou'd fix his roving Inclination: But I must own, in that he did not long play the Impostor; for no sooner had he gain'd them, than he wou'd pull off the Mask; tho' not caring entirely to quit one, till he had secur'd another Conquest: He wou'd now and then take a little Pains to make them think he still had a Regard for them, and so work up their Passions, sometimes by exciting their Envy, sometimes their Jealousy, sometimes their Pride, for having gain'd him, and their Fear
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of losing him, till at length he had so secur'd them, that hardly any Usage cou'd make their Passion cease: If he met with one more obstinately virtuous than the rest, then had he double Pleasure in overcoming; her Pride was then to be attack'd, and she was to have that gratified on all Occasions, by being publickly address'd by one, whom the World was very sensible so many sigh'd for: If that prov'd ineffectual, then wou'd he alarm her with the Fear of losing that Heart, which indeed no one ever yet had the Possession of; but his Assiduity was not greater in gaining the Ascendant over us, than his Pride and Arrogance in publishing our Weakness, and his Conquest, to the World: No Body living cou'd be more fawning, or indeed servilely submissive, till he had entirely got Possession of a Woman's Honour; but the Moment that Trust was repos'd in him, he turn'd to the most haughty Tyrant; and, as if he no sooner tasted than nauseated the Pleasure he so ardently desir'd, he wou'd insult, and openly, with all the Inhumanity that was possible, treat the very Woman, at whose Feet a little Time before he wou'd have lain, and suffer'd them to spurn him: His treacherous Tongue took not more Pleasure in publishing the Praises of his Mistress (which he always did to heighten his own Triumph) before Possession, than after to proclaim her Weakness: His natural Inconstancy of Temper is so great, that I have often wonder'd his Soul does not disdain his Body, for having so long inhabited it. We all of us, you may be sure, employ'd our deepest Arts to regain his wandring Inclinations: But fruitless were our utmost Efforts; for instead of returning to any of his former Choices, he daily added to the miserable Number, till at last he grew so harden'd, that he at one Blow quitted us all, and fix'd upon a Lady, whose Merit, I must needs allow, cou'd well have justify'd his Choice, had not that occasion'd his Breach of former Vows: Her Fortune was superior, which I suppose was the strongest Link, and determin'd him to pursue her in an honourable Way, and by Marriage set her as far above us abandon'd Creatures in Reputation as in Happiness, leaving us to the Reflection of our past imaginary Pleasures, and our future certain Misery. This common Injury provok'd us all to rally the little Spirit we had left, and join in a Determination of Revenge, being thoroughly exasperated that he shou'd give his Love to her the Sanction of a Marriage, and by that the more expose our Weakness and Want of Resolution, in not insisting upon that Proof. Being all of us thus determin'd to have Revenge at least, since that was the only Gratification that was left us, we agreed to draw him alone amongst us, which we easily compass'd, he not suspecting that our subdued Minds cou'd work us up to any Thing farther than a railing Resentment.

But as it generally is the Part of the Injurer to insult; so this Wretch, grown proud and harden'd in his barbarous Behaviour, came amongst
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us with so much Insolence in his Look and Manner, as if he thought Fortune had amply bestow'd her Benefits upon us, by influencing him to think it worth his while to ruin us. When we began with moving Words, and all the Marks of a despairing Tenderneſs, to upbraid his Falseneſs and want of Honour towards us; he finding himself detected past Denial, never endeavour'd to extenuate his Crime, but own'd and justified it in so ludicrous a Manner, that tho' he cou'd not in reality heighten it, yet he greatly enhanc'd our Rage and our Resentment. Amongst the rest of his pretty Jokes, I remember he asserted, that to change, was no Proof of Inconstancy, but quite the contrary; for, said he, I always am constant to my own Happiness, and as That consists in Variety, I shou'd be most unequal to my self did I oppose it; but those constant Creatures which you approve, continue faithful to their Mistresses, tho' they grow ever so indifferent in their Persons, alter'd by Sickneſs or the Frowns of Fortune, and so indeed are guilty of a much more absurd kind of Constancy, in changing their Love from Beauty to Deformity, tho' center'd in the same Person: Now I, altho' I change my Woman, yet am constant to the Sex, being a certain Votary to Beauty where e'er I meet it, and perfectly resolute, upon any Terms, to compass my own Happiness. In this scoffing Manner he behav'd himself to us, giving Reasons for his barbarous Usage of each of us, by saying, that the Occasion of his quitting one, was her melancholly and splenetick Disposition; another, from her over Forwardneſs; a third, because she had not Gaiety enough; a fourth, because she was too wanton; a fifth, from that Indisposition which the Grief of his Neglect had brought her into; the sixth, was it seems so foolish, as to be jealous of him, and that when he gave her the utmost Cause; the seventh was so ill-bred, that she refus'd to convey a Letter for him to her Rival; the eighth, was indiscreet; the ninth, too much reserv'd; but to me, whose Name is *Dido*, and to whom he has prov'd a true Representation of *Aeneas*, he cou'd object no other Fault, but that I was not so fair as others he had met with.

When he had thus ended his ill-manner'd Speeches, which we took patiently enough, knowing our Turn wou'd come, we laid Hands on him, and having our Servants to attend, which you have so manfully conquer'd, begun with this trifling Revenge, in which you found us busied; but determining, before we left him, to make him much unfit for any future Mischiefs; and tho' your Valour has routed and dispers'd all my Companions, yet I am resolv'd to stand my Ground; the greatness of my Wrongs, and the Thirst I have, in some Measure, to requite them, setting me far above all Fear of Danger: My Abuse is infinitely greater than the rest's; for not content with deceiving, betraying and leaving me, he must needs prove, and that before all my Competitors, that to my Want of Beauty, was owing his Want of Truth.

Truth. Now, Sir, be you my Judge, if there are some fairer; yet sure my Glass deceives me much, if I have many Equals, at least he once perswaded me he thought I had not; and for that Wretch now to upbraid me with want of Charms, is what I never can forgive. Upon this she flew to him, and, in her eager Rage, wou'd certainly have put out his Eyes, but that I nimbly leap'd from my Horse, and with half Force, and half Entreaties, stay'd her Hand.

But while I was thus perswading her to mitigate her Wrath, there came up several of his Friends, to whom he call'd aloud, entreating of them to destroy that Woman, who had so barbarously betray'd his Person, and sacrificed his Fame; but Oppression of neither Side I did not care to suffer, and therefore left his Cause, and employ'd my utmost Force to protect the Lady, and had so good Success, that in short Time there was a Truce obtained, and their Words given of both Parties, as Hostages, that there shou'd be no future Outrages offer'd on either Side.

Having conducted the Lady to a Place wherein she thought her self secure, I took my leave of her, and pursued my Way to meet *Anaxius*; but when I reach'd the Place appointed, I was oblig'd to wait two Days for his Coming, he disdain'd to attend for me, and therefore wou'd not stir till he had certain Knowledge that I was first there: But when he had that Assurance, he made no Delay, but came, as he had promised, unattended; and, not to fail in Justice to him, because he does himself so over-much, with the Appearance of as much true Courage as any Man I e'er yet saw. The Moment his Eyes encounter'd me, and that he was at a Distance proper for his Purpose, he with great Fury, tho' temper'd with a prudent Skill, ran at me: I, with as much Conduct as I was Master of, resisted him, having kept my self upon my Guard; being before acquainted that 'twas his Character to use no Complements in those Affairs, but what his unbounded Fury dictated to him; therefore putting our Horses into a full Career, we with our Launces hit each other on the Head: I think my Blow was not lost on him; and for my Part, I own I hardly e'er receiv'd so fierce a one; but tho' it almost stun'd my Senses, yet the Resentment my Mind sustain'd, forc'd them soon to recover their wonted Strength, and be upon their Guard, lest he should take me at Advantage, which I had heard he never scrupled doing; and indeed so I found it, for he was turn'd, and coming upon me with his Sword drawn, both our Staves having been broke at the first Encounter; but I was so soon prepar'd for him, that 'twas hard to determine who gave the first Blow; but which e'er it came from, 'twas quickly follow'd by a second; and indeed, to speak with Justice, I must own, that for a Time the Combat was well maintain'd by both; he being a Man of much more than common Valour, and I must needs allow wou'd be very worthy Admira-

tion, but that, as I said before, he bestows it so liberally upon himself: In the Scuffle, we chang'd Places, and his Horse happened to stumble full upon the broken Part of my Spear, which was stuck into the Ground, and running into the Heart of the Beast, he immediately drop'd down dead, which obliged his Master to dismount, who threaten'd, if I did not do the same, he wou'd purposely give my Horse the same Fate, which Fortune had accidentally given to his: I greatly scorn'd to take any the least Advantage, and therefore in a Moment put my self upon a Level with him; and now our Combat on Foot began with so much Fierceness, as promis'd a very bloody End, when there came riding close by us the fickle *Pamphilus*, whom I had deliver'd, with about a dozen arm'd Men following him; before him, upon a Palfrey, he drove the fair *Dido*, that Lady who was so eager in her Revenge, and gave me so particular an Account of the Occasion of it; but now it was his Time, which he made use of with so much unmanlike Cruelty and inhumane Barbarousness, whipping her with Wires, and other Instruments of Cruelty, which he had provided for that Purpose, that I was greatly mov'd with Pity and Indignation, and therefore desir'd *Anaxius* that we might defer our Combat till another Day, and now join in punishing that Tyrant, and delivering the Lady out of his cruel Power: But he disdain'd any Dictates but those of his own furious Passion, told me he wou'd not have me harbour a Thought of escaping in that Manner, or at least postponing for some Time my Fate, for that he would not delay it one Moment; but that after he had destroy'd me, he might possibly go and rescue her. I was pretty well perswaded the Fight would not be put to so short an Issue as he imagin'd, and therefore being determin'd, if possible, to deliver the poor unfortunate *Dido*, I gave him a pretty sharp Blow, and without staying for a Return, flatly run away from him towards my Horse, who was trotting so fast, that he gave me a good deal of Trouble, having the Weight of my Armour to carry in going after him: As I follow'd him, *Anaxius* follow'd me, tho' his proud Heart so much disdain'd that Exercise, that I quickly out-run him, and reach'd my Horse; but not without being a good deal asham'd at having a Number of Country People, who happen'd to pass by that Way, hollow and hoot after me, as at the errantest Coward that ever shew'd his Shoulders to an Enemy. When I leap'd upon my Horse, which I did with a great deal of Agility, they cry'd out, Do but see the Dastard, how Fear gives him Wings; but without regarding their rash Judgments, I rode back to *Anaxius*, and aloud promis'd him, that the Moment I had reliev'd the injur'd Lady, I wou'd return; but he abusing me with all the injurious Words his Malice cou'd invent, or his Contempt produce, I said no more, but assure your self, *Anaxius*, I neither apprehend your Force, nor value your Opinion; and setting Spurs to my Horse, I made the utmost Speed to *Pamphilus*; but the Spectators thought I only meant to convey my self from the Fury of *Anaxius*; which Opinion

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I was so assur'd of, by the Mocks and Jokes they pass'd upon me all the Way I went, that I was more than once tempted to turn back and convince them, at *Anaxius*' Cost, how wrong they judge, who are guided by Appearances.

But the Reflection of the Lady's Misery, o'erballanc'd the Value I had for my own Reputation, and determin'd me to pursue my Way towards her Relief; and after six Hours very hard Riding, through Woods and Forests, and such wild Places, that I think I was more oblig'd to my Horse for hitting the right Way, than to my own Knowledge, a little before Night I overtook them, near an old rusty-looking Castle, where I perceived they meant to finish their unmanly Task; for they had already began to strip her of her Cloaths. When I came up to them, and running the first I met through with my Launce, the Justness of the Cause so inspir'd me against the rest, that in less Time than I had been fighting with *Anaxius*, I quite deliver'd her from those injurious Wretches, and sent most of them to the other World, to witness that Villainy can't always escape Punishment even in this Life. As for *Pamphilus*, the Moment he saw me, he retir'd to the Rereward, and there kept for the more convenient avoiding any Dangers that might ensue. After I had secur'd the destin'd Victim of his Spight, who was some Time e'er she cou'd be perswaded that the Danger which so near pursu'd her, was entirely vanish'd, she told me, that after I had before deliver'd her as she was returning to her Father's, attended with but a slight Retinue; too soon depending upon the ever tardy Honour and feign'd Reconcilement of *Pamphilus*, that he follow'd her, and killing her Servants, convey'd her in the Manner I saw to that Place, where he meant to put her to the most shameful and torturing Death, before the Eyes of her own Father, to whom he had already sent the direful Message; that from his Castle Window (for that adjoining one it seems belong'd to him) he might behold the killing Sight of the Destruction of his only Child: But, continu'd she, the Sight of you, for he immediately knew you by your Armour, made him slack his Cruelty to me, and prepare for his own Defence. I think my self, reply'd I, Madam, infinitely happy, that I have been the Means of preserving so much Beauty from the Ravages of such an ungrateful Wretch, and so unworthy of its Influence. But the Night grew so fast, that it prevented us from further complementing, and oblig'd me to think of some Place to repose in, and spend the Remainder of it; which the Lady observing, with a good deal of Confusion in her Looks, she thus address'd me:

How much, most worthy Knight, I am oblig'd to you, is far beyond the Power of Words to express, since this is now the second Time that I have been indebted to you for nothing less than Life; which

which Generosity, be assured, I ever shall remember; and in Return, my Gratitude wou'd pay that Life you have preserv'd, if it cou'd be of Service to you; but all I can at present show, is to desire you wou'd this Night make my Father's Castle a Place of Refuge from Night-wandering Villains, in which this Country much abounds, and who make it their Livelihood to commit a Midnight Murder on sleeping Innocents: But as the Regard I have to your Safety, obliges me to make this Request, so the same Regard makes me ashamed and griev'd to bring you to a Place where Truth, not Ceremony, necessitates me to say you will not meet an Entertainment in the least Degree fit for your Merit. Upon that, she told me, that tho' it was her Father, yet with Grief she must let me know, that tho' he was in Possession of as plentiful a Fortune as any Man in that Region, yet he was so miserably covetous, that so far from enjoying the Conveniencies of Life, he wou'd scarce allow himself common Necessaries, for fear of wanting that Store, for which alone he thought it desirable. This miserable Humour, continu'd she, descended so much to me, that at last it drove me to put my self under the Protection of a Woman of Quality, belonging to this Country, where I fell into all the Evils I have since sustained, and which have been a lasting Reflection on my self and Family; but my Father, finding I was provided for without being any Expence to him, was contented to bear the Infamy which we both suffer'd from the malicious World upon that Account; which tho' it wrong'd me in many Things, yet I must own in some I gave Occasion for their Censure. I wish your Worth may bring him to pay you that Respect which is due to your Merit, and the great Obligations for which I stand indebted to you; but as I have very little Hopes of that, all I can promise you, is a Shelter from the Dangers of the Night, and as sincere a Welcome from me, as I fear your Entertainment will be bad from him.

I thank'd her for her obliging Offer, and told her I wou'd very willingly accept it; for as Hunger and Fatigue were, in my Opinion, the only Things that cou'd make Food and Rest agreeable, so no Entertainment cou'd want Elegancy that had those two Attendants. Upon this, without further Delay, I went with her to the Castle, which seem'd a very secure one, moted round, and strongly built; the Bridge was drawn up, which made it some Time before we cou'd make the miserable Wretch hear us, or at least vouchsafe an Answer: Indeed he wou'd have admitted his Daughter, more I believe because she bore that Name, than any paternal Tendernefs he had for her; for tho' I had that Moment rescued her from Death, yet he look'd upon me as an Incumbrance: But at last he was prevailed upon, and in we went: I must own, I never car'd for being an unwelcome Guest, and therefore wou'd have turn'd back, but her Entreaties prevail'd upon me. The wretched *Cremes*, for that was her Father's Name, came to us, with
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withered Limbs and shaking Head, half turn'd to Earth already, altho' so fond of heaping more, he scarce wou'd give me Thanks, for fear I shou'd expect Reward; but with a hollow Voice, giving me a more hollow Welcome, I cou'd observe, by the Looks he gave his Daughter, that the Uneasiness of entertaining me, fully ballanc'd the Pleasure of seeing her in Safety. When we had pass'd the Court, he brought us into the House, which seem'd the very Picture of Want and Beggary, tho' the Outside cou'd well have promis'd better Furniture: The Attendants were answerable to the rest, being only a Set of boorish Fellows, cover'd with Dust and Sweat, which he said was occasion'd by their Labour and honest Industry: In short, all the Preparations for Food and Rest were perform'd in such a slovenly Manner, as without any other Motive wou'd have made one detest Covetousness, as a beastly and loathsome Vice. The Niggard himself talk'd of nothing but Poverty, thinking it possible that I might prove some young unthinking Spendthrift, who, taking the Advantage of my Services, wou'd upon the Strength of them become a Borrower: In short, the whole Man was such a Mass, as his worst Enemy cou'd not wish him a greater Curse, than to be still himself: But his Guest, for that Night, I was oblig'd to be, and he constrain'd to show me a little false Civility; but every now and then I cou'd hear him maundring at his Daughter, and bitterly warning her never more to trouble him with such expensive Company. His Behaviour shock'd her so much, that she begg'd to know my Name, in some Degree, perhaps, that she might know to whom she was oblig'd; but more, I really think, with Hopes, that if I prov'd of that Consequence which she imagin'd, it might possibly make even his brutish Disposition soften, and treat me in a more respectful Manner: She press'd me so earnestly, and being then entirely at my own Disposal, I inform'd her who I was; which Knowledge was not receiv'd with more Joy in her Countenance, than her brutish Father's; which I observ'd by a deceitful Smile that wrinkled up his wither'd Face.

But the Causes of their Pleasures were widely different: As the bloody Butcher and the careful Shepherd may both view a harmless Lamb with equal Satisfaction, tho' the one's Design is to destroy, the other's to protect; so the grateful *Dido* rejoic'd to find her self oblig'd to one, the Greatness of whose Birth might well set her above a Thought of Recompence: But his Satisfaction (as I after, to my apparent Danger, found) sprung from a hellish Cause, which was the Hope of gaining the hundred thousand Crowns, which Queen *Artaxia* had by Proclamation promis'd to any one that would deliver me alive into her Power, that she might be reveng'd on me for the Death of her Brother *Tyridates*: This luscious Bait tempted the avaricious Villain so powerfully, that tho' he had twice that Sum lying unmolested by him in his Coffers, yet he determin'd to add to the

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unnecessary Heap, at the Expence of his Honour, Gratitude, and every Thing in Life that should be dear to him; and hearing me say that I intended the next Morning to return directly to the Place where I had left *Anaxius*, he sent a Messenger immediately to the Captain of the next Garrison; for tho' the Place belong'd to the King of *Iberia*, yet knowing the Captain's Prodigality of Temper, which made him lavish away whatever he could compass, and so take any indirect Ways of gaining more, he rightly guess'd, that to go halves in the Plunder, he would willingly share in the Treachery; and that Night they took their Measures accordingly, consulting where they might most easily surprize me; and having agreed upon the Place, the next Morning the surly Churl was of a sudden grown so ceremonious, that he wou'd needs attend upon me some Part of my Way, which might have been a Warning to me, if Nature had given me the least Tincture of Suspicion; since the Civility of a Miser seldom proceeds from any Thing but a View to Interest or Revenge; but not suspecting, I suffer'd him to pay me the awkward Complement; which he did in such a manner, attended by his Set of Clowns, mounted upon Cart Jades, rather than Horses, that if being rich cou'd only be the Consequence of such Husbandry, I shou'd sincerely put up my Petitions, that neither my Friends or Subjects e'er shou'd thrive.

The gentle *Dido* took her Leave of me with much Reluctance; and had she known or guess'd her Father's hellish Purposes, I'm certain I never shou'd have fallen in his Snares: But not having the least Thought of his Design, I went forward with him; while he, innur'd to Wickedness, smiled in my Face, and talked to me with all the Unconcern imaginable, at the very Time he had contracted for my Life. We had not travell'd far, e'er I was suddenly encompass'd round with a numerous Troop, both of Horse and Foot, who cry'd aloud to me, to yield my self to the Mercy of Queen *Artaxia*. They cou'd not have us'd worse Eloquence to perswade me to it, than that Name, well knowing how little Quarter I had to expect from her; and therefore, making Necessity my Sword, and Justice my Shield, with the utmost Use of my other Weapons, I believe I made a good many of them repent their abrupt Attack; who trusting more to their superior Number than their particular Valour, and valuing Money more than Equity, were at last convinced that Honesty, tho' ne'er so weak, can sometimes be too hard for sturdy Guilt. As for the infamous Author of the Fray, he withdrew himself, pleas'd with the Thought that he shou'd soon behold me made a Prey to his avaricious Views.

After opposing them a good while, I grew so faint and weary, that Anger had a much greater Share in my Support than Strength, and a
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very little Time more wou'd, in all Probability, have disarm'd me of the Power even of exerting That, when my dear protecting *Musidorus* come unexpectedly to my Relief; who, having trac'd me, as well as he was able, after I had left *Anaxius*, came at last to *Cremes's* Castle, but after I had left it; where he found it burn'd quite to the Ground, and every thing round it laid waste and spoiled by the Country People; who, all of them hating the ignoble Master of it, had taken that Opportunity, when he was absent, and weakly guarded, to break in, and leave speaking Proofs of their Abhorrence of him and his unworthy avaricious Temper. *Musidorus* did not interpose, but only enquir'd after me; and being told that I had left the Castle some Hours before, in Company with that Villain, who, they told him, wou'd more than probably lead me into some imminent Danger, he staid for no further Information, but spurring his Horse, flew with the Wings of Friendship to my Aid, and found me drove to the last Extremity; but the bare Sight of him reviv'd my fainting Spirits, renew'd my Strength, and doubled all my Courage; and as before I had entirely given over all Thought, but that of boldly meeting a noble Death, I was now inspir'd with the Hope of glorious Victory; as who indeed cou'd doubt, and the great *Musidorus* by his Side: How much he did to serve me, and with what manful Valour he dispersed my Foes, wou'd, in every Particular, be worth your Hearing, and give me infinite Delight in the repeating; but for fear of swelling my Narration to too great a Bulk, let it suffice, what the united Courage of Mankind cou'd prompt them to imagine, his single Arm perform'd.

But notwithstanding that, how their prodigious Numbers might, in the End, have dealt with us, is not easy to be known, had not we been parted by the accidental Coming of the King of *Iberia*, Father to the deserving *Plangus*; who, not being so far advanc'd in Age as to quit his rural Exercises, was at that Time following a Merlin that he had cast a Hawk after, and by Chance led him to the Place where we were treated in this injurious Manner: He having a great Number of Courtiers in his Train, was immediately known by the Soldiers to be their King, which made them immediately stay their Hands.

As soon as he came up to us, he enquir'd of the Captain the Cause of this Outrage; who, being aw'd by his Presence, confess'd the real Truth: He was greatly enrag'd that such cruel Violence shou'd be offer'd in his Country, to Men of our Condition; but more so, as it was done upon Account of his Niece, to whom (tho' I must say with great Injustice) he bore a mortal Hatred, because, as he imagined, she supported Prince *Plangus* against him: For this Reason, he order'd the Captain's Head to be presently struck off, and the wicked *Cremes* to be hang'd; tho' I did my utmost to gain his Life, thinking it Misery enough for him to subsist and be himself; but to answer his Character

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to the last Moment of his Life, neither the Death of his Daughter, who was promiscuously destroy'd with every thing else that belong'd to him, nor his ignoble End, did half so much affect him, as the Loss of his Coffers, and the burning of his House, which he bewailed with the most moving Exclamations, all the Way as he was led to Execution; which much more excited the Laughter, than the Commiseration of the thronging Spectators.

This Piece of Justice being finish'd, and we set free, the King with Princely Generosity invited us to Court; which we accepted, and were entertained so Royally, as I shall always own the Obligation; tho' in the End his Civilities led us into a very troublesome Affair: For after we had been there some Days, curing our Wounds, and making Enquiries after *Anaxius*, who had left the Country, boasting in every Place how he had made me quit the Field, we were introduced to Queen *Andromana*, whose Character your beauteous Sister painted in such lively Colours, that I need not tire you with the Repetition. This Woman had made herself so absolutely Mistress of her Husband's Humour, that at first he did not care to manage any thing without her Directions, and at last had scarce a Power of doing it; till at length, giving entirely the Reins to Indolence, he follow'd nothing but his Pleasures, leaving the whole Conduct of the State to her Disposal; which might have prov'd a Help and Blessing to his Age, had she been possess'd of that heroical Spirit which some Ladies may justly boast; but as she behav'd, it was the greatest Curse that cou'd have light on him: His Subjects having so many Years been us'd to obey her Power, it wou'd have been very difficult for him to re-assume it; so that either content with that mean Submission, or else not caring to exert himself to throw it off, he suffer'd every thing to be at her Dispose, and hardly knew what was transacted in his own Apartments, but as it was related by her Instruments.

After we were introduc'd to the Acquaintance of this wicked Woman, she grew intimate with us, e'er we had Time, had our Will been e'er so good to sue for that Honour: Were we a Moment out of her Apartment, a Messenger was dispatch'd to seek us, and we never cou'd be sure of an Hour to our selves without an Interruption. It was some Time e'er we suspected what was at the Bottom of the more than common Complements she paid us; for as she never was particular to either, we cou'd not imagine she meant any thing more than general Civility; but the Violence of her Passions disdaining any Restraint, and finding us slow of Apprehension, at least to her, she came directly to the Point; and hurry'd on by her impetuous Inclinations, told us in plain Terms, (after having in vain us'd many indirect Methods) that she had the utmost Regard and Passion for us both; that there was not any thing in her Power which she wou'd not do to gratify it, using a
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thousand subtle Arguments to influence us; but withall reminding us how far her Power extended in the Realm, and how greatly she was capable of revenging any Neglect; but rather insinuating, that she had more the Power than Will to do it: Till at last, we being quite recover'd of our Wounds, and fit to travel, when she saw us make all necessary Preparations for that Purpose, she began to renew her Importunities. Indeed, she scorn'd to add Hypocrisy to her Guilt, but openly, before us both, avow'd the Contention, which she said arose in her Mind, between the lively Brown of *Musidorus'* Complexion and mine, which her Partiality entitled Fair. Her Eyes, like a luxurious Glutton's at a Feast, wander'd from one to t'other; each Sentence which she utter'd, began with *Musidorus*, and ended with *Pyrocles*; and finding what a Friendship there was between us, she had the Assurance to desire us to be an Intercessor to each other for her preposterous Hopes; often wou'd she, sighing, wish that she might be the Angle, where the Lines of our Friendships might find a Centre, and the Loadstone that might more powerfully attract us to her, and to each other. Believe me, my Soul's eternal Hope, I shou'd not expose this Lady's Weakness, or be half so particular in relating the Advances she made to us, but to convince you that no common Beauty cou'd have subdued my Resolution, nor any Charms less powerful than yours have prevail'd over me, tho' cloath'd in the becoming Drefs of Kindness. Therefore, my Angel, think I am not wholly unworthy of the Favour which you have shewn me, since I am not to be prevail'd upon by any light or sensual Passion. To this Digression, the beauteous Creature answer'd only with a Smile; and he proceeded: When the Queen had try'd her utmost Arts to gain us, and found them flung away on both, her Love, if at least it might deserve that Name, was converted to the most inveterate Hate; and as she knew she had the Power of putting her Revenge in Execution, she was resolv'd, since 'twas impossible to gratify her Love, to satiate that; and therefore contriv'd to have it told the King, that we in private were contriving to undermine his State; which, he knowing what strange Successes we had had in the Kingdoms of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, was the more easily prompted to believe: Besides, he had not us'd himself to look further than the Surface into any thing, but always left the Proof to his injurious Wife; who, using her Authority according to the Dictates of her Humour, and not with the least regard to Justice, immediately order'd us to be seiz'd and put in Prison, having first by Treachery, while we slept, depriv'd us of our Arms; tho' had not Confinement made us sensible that we were Prisoners, we cou'd not have imagin'd our selves to be so, for every thing about us was provided with all the Luxury imaginable; which the Queen had order'd, hoping, I suppose, by that to soften our Minds, and make them fitter for those Impressions she desir'd to inculcate; and the more to forward her wicked Purposes, our Place of Durance was almost adjoining to her Palace, that she might,

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with the more Security, at all Hours, come to us unobserv'd: At length, finding how vain her Flatteries prov'd, she began to try the most inveterate Threats. How to behave in such a Strait, we knew not, or how to brook such undeserv'd and mean Captivity: To submit to her Desires, and so wrong that Prince to whom we were oblig'd for Life, our Nature much abhor'd; and to accuse her to him of that Passion which we inspir'd, was what we esteem'd almost equally dishonourable; and yet there was no Mean between these two Extremes to free us. It wou'd be much unfit for me to offend your Ears with the loose and obscene Manner she made use of to draw us to her Lure, while Eagerness wou'd bring into her Cheeks a Colour that might well resemble Modesty; and Heat of Constitution teach her Eyes a down-cast Languishment, which, to the Unobserving, might pass for shy Simplicity: But all her Arts were far from affecting us in the Manner she design'd; and we continually assur'd her, that we wou'd never condescend to answer her Passion at the Expence of her Husband's Honour, to whom we ow'd so many Obligations. Finding us still harp upon that String, she went to him, and so prevail'd upon the good old Man, and work'd him up to such a Pitch of weak Credulity, that he sent us his express Commands, to act in every thing as she directed, little imagining that instead of our plotting against his Government, she was contriving to overthrow his Honour: But when she found his Folly rais'd our Pity, and that Obedience did not follow, she then began to treat us with the most unbounded Tyranny, too ignorant to know that Love is a free Agent, and ne'er on any Terms will be constrain'd; but all her Malice cou'd not work us up to turn Accusers, or betray her to the King, tho' we suffer'd the utmost Anxiety for being forc'd to waste our Time in such unprofitable Idleness.

But while we were employ'd in regretting the Time past, and doubting what was to come, Love, which in the whole Course of my Life, as I think, made it his Sport to poyson me with Roses, and then as unaccountably heal me with Wormwood, contriv'd a Way to remedy that Evil we labour'd under: But tho' he brought me out of that Distress, yet the Consequences proved so fatal, that while I have the Use of Memory, I must regret the being so deliver'd, and esteem it a greater Misery than Destruction. The King had by this Queen a Son, who being then but green in Years, yet fill'd the Nation with Expectation of his ripening Glories: This Youth was brought up by his Parents, and receiv'd by the inconstant People, as Successor to his Father's Crown, every Way deserving of it in himself, tho' unworthy, in respect to the Injury done to the ever noble *Plangus*, whose high Deserts were now either forgotten, or ungratefully remember'd; all Men spreading their Sails to the favourable Wind, which blew with sprightly Gales upon the Fortune of this young Prince. Whether their Hearts were so truly attach'd to him, is hard to say; but his Interest fill'd their Mouths, and all they now cou'd

could spare the injur'd *Plangus*, (who a few Years before they look'd on as their only Champion and Defender,) was the poor Relief of unavailing Pity. This *Palladius*, for that was the Prince's Name, was desperately in Love with a young Lady, who was educated in his Father's Court, call'd *Zelmane*, Daughter to that undeserving and unhappy Prince, *Plexertus*, that you have so often heard me mention, and whose Name I oftner must make use of, tho' seldom, I fear, to his Advantage. He being unsettled in his Throne, left his Daughter, for her greater Safety, with Queen *Andromana*, to whom by the Mother's Side he bore the Relation of a Brother, and therefore was more willing to entrust her with the Care of his darling Child: But as Love is not always to be accounted for by Reason; so, tho' *Palladius* had every Perfection to recommend him, yet cou'd not this Lady bring her self to give him a Return to that Passion, which he so sincerely profess'd for her: His hard Fortune he bore with that Degree of Pain, which is incident to a despairing Lover; but because he would not entirely give himself up to that consuming Passion, he pursued her with unwearied Constancy, hoping that Time might make some Alteration in his Favour; till our accidental coming to the Court put an End to it, which ever must exact of me the utmost Sorrow and Regret, and more than I can well either by Words or Tears sufficiently express.

For so malicious was the Influence of my Stars, that this unhappy Lady (like some who are too prodigally liberal, and take more Pleasure in making unnecessary Presents, than discharging their just Debts) chose rather to bestow her Love on me, where 'twas so far from being merited, that it came unsought for, than to return that generous Passion *Palladius* pay'd her: And as 'tis very natural for a sincere Affection to sympathize in every Thing with the Occasion of it, so *Zelmane* was grown a Partner in my Cares; she felt my Chains, and shar'd in my Captivity; a thousand Ways she rumour'd in her Mind to give me Liberty, and consequently mitigate her own Uneasiness: But all seem'd ineffectual, till she determin'd to make *Palladius* of the Party, he being so far engag'd as to pay a blind Obedience to her Commands, never considering the Nature of them; but the Moment she made it her Request, he us'd his utmost Influence with his Mother to procure our Liberty: Indeed, she told him that Compassion was the only Source of her Anxiety, on our Accounts; which he, poor Soul, believ'd, and acted on that Foot; but all his Interest with his Mother, (and her Tendernefs for him was what a Parent ought to feel, howe'er she err'd in other Points,) cou'd not prevail, and he was reduc'd to gain by Stratagem, what he found openly he never shou'd effect; and being often allow'd to visit us, for our Restraint was intermitting, according to the Ague of her Passion, he took an Opportunity to deliver us in the following Manner:

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The Anniverfary of the Queen's Marriage was every Year, by the doating Fondnefs of her Husband, publickly solemniz'd, and the fawning Courtiers always took that Opportunity of paying their particular Compliments, prolonging the Rejoicings, and doing her all the Honours they were able; and as no Diversion was more grateful to the People, or more noble in itfelf, than Jufts perform'd both with Sword and Lance, they maintain'd that Amufement a whole Week together, that Nation being particularly skill'd in that Exercife, and fo famous, that it drew together the Excellent in that Art from all the neighbouring Countries, fome of whom came to contend, others to learn, and all of them to admire.

But that particular Time, it happen'd that feveral famous Profefsors of that Diversion came from the Court of *Helen*, Queen of *Corinth*, a Lady whom Fame was fo particularly defirous of honouring, that ſhe borrow'd the Sound of all Men's Voices to join in Confort with her Trumpet, and proclaim it to the World; for as her Beauty had long indifputably bore the Prize from all the Fair Ones who flood within the leaft Comparifon, (the two inimitable Sisters of *Arcadia* being infinitely beyond all fuch Degrees,) fo has her Government found an equal Veneration in all Men's Judgments, as her Beauty in their Eyes; for coming by Right of Birth, a Woman young and fair, to govern a People, by Nature mutinous and proud, and always us'd before to be hard rul'd and guided by the Sword, yet did ſhe for ſome Years fo artfully behave her ſelf among them, that the Delicacy of her Sex more rais'd their Admiration than Contempt; and tho' almoſt all the neighbouring Countries were embroil'd in Wars, and feveral of them retain'd old Grudges to *Corinth*, fo that every Body expected their Fury wou'd terminate there; yet ſhe fo wiſely manag'd her Affairs, that the Threatners always ſubmitted to the Threatned: Her People, by her wiſe and prudent Conduct, even in Peace, experienc'd the Arts of War; her Courtiers were flatter'd into Knowledge; and through the ſmooth and flippery Ways of Pleaſure, infenſibly convey'd into the neceſſary tho' rugged ones of Learning: In her Ladies were united the uſual Oppofites of Chaſtity and Love; for by continual martial Exercifes ſhe made the common People, without the Expenſe of Blood, Proficients in the Myſteries of War: The general Sports of her Nobility tended to the Improvement of their Minds; and the Behaviour of her ſelf and Ladies, plainly ſhew'd their Chaſtity was not built either upon Pride, or Self-Opinion, but ſtood upon ſuperiour Merit in their Lovers: In ſhort, her Court was eſteem'd the Receptacle of Love and Virtue; and in her ſelf were join'd the different Attributes of *Venus* and *Diana*. This Character, for which I am oblig'd to Fame, my Eyes as yet not having been bleſs'd with beholding that meritorious

rious Fair; I take more Pleasure in repeating to you, who are acquainted with her, that you may, by her Example, reflect that Folly is not always the Source of Love, nor Reproach the Consequence; for surely never any Woman ever gave her self more entirely up to his Dominion, than she has done since her Acquaintance with your Cousin, the brave *Amphialus*; and yet her Wisdom is not call'd in Question, nor her Honour in the least Degree blemish'd: And how indeed can it be esteem'd a Reproach to Wisdom, to distinguish Merit; or any Flaw in Goodness, to love it, when distinguish'd? And what can more exalt and prove a noble Soul, than to be constant in a well-grounded Choice? But as at that Time the Queen's particular Passion was not so publicly known as the unhappy Fate of *Philoxenus*, and her Pursuit after *Amphialus* has since made it, she seem'd to have Leisure to send some of the most approv'd of her Nobility in the Skill of Chivalry, who might bring her at least the Knowledge, and more than probably, the Honour of the Triumph. For the first three Days they behav'd so gallantly, that they bore the Palm away from all the Court; which *Palladius* much regretting, and yet having never wore Arms himself, and so incapable of redressing it alone, he prevail'd upon the Queen, in order to regain the Honour of her Nation, to admit us Two to have the Use of our Horses and Armour, that with our Aid he might endeavour at retrieving their lost Honour. This she agreed to; but first obliging us by Oath to go no farther than her Son, nor ever to abandon him; which Caution she took with equal View to the confining us, as her Son's Safety; and for the more Security, she plac'd a Guard at some Distance, that they might take Care we went not beyond our appointed Limits. In Complaisance to the young Prince, whom we saw had a particular Regard for us, we accepted the Proposal, and the fourth Day we came into the Field; where the Manner was, that in the Morning we should run a Tilt one after the other, and in the Afternoon engage in a broad Field, in the Manner of a Battle, till either the Strangers, or the Knights belonging to the Country, got the Victory.

The first that ran was a Knight, whose Device was the Picture of himself in Chains, led by a fair young Maid; the Motto I've forgot; but against him came an *Iberian*, whose Manner of Entering was with Bagpipes instead of Trumpets; a Shepherd's Boy ran before him for a Page, and on each Side of him were half a dozen Men, who carried his Launces, dress'd in the Manner of Shepherds, tho' the Stuff of their Cloaths was vastly rich; each Lance was order'd so as to represent a Sheep-Hook. The Reason, as I after found, of this Disguise, was to compliment a Lady that was present, who had enjoin'd him to come in that Manner. There were several more Knights came into the Field that Morning, but it would be an unnecessary Digression to particularize them all; let it suffice, that I inform you the *Corinthis-*

ans, that Morning, as they had done the preceding Days, gain'd the Victory; *Palladius* neither suffering us, nor engaging himself till the Afternoon, when we were to fight in Troops, differing in nothing from a real Battle, but that the Sharpness of our Weapon's Points were taken off. In the Tryal, the brave *Palladius*, led on by *Musidorus*, and a little aided by me, behaved so gallantly, that no one wou'd have guess'd it was his first Essay; and both that Night and the succeeding Day, the Honour was wrested to the *Iberian* Side; till an Hour being arriv'd, which he thought proper for our Delivery, he call'd aloud to us to follow him, which welcome Summons we immediately obey'd; and the Guard not daring to interrupt his Passage, we follow'd him upon the Spur to a little Cottage in a neighbouring Forest, which he thought wou'd be the fittest Place to unsuspected Rest, until we cou'd go beyond the Reach of his Mother's Fury, which he was no less eager to secure us from, than to give Proof of his Obedience to *Zelmane*.

The Queen being inform'd (as I after heard) by the Guard of our Flight, forgetting her State, and submitting all her Modesty to the Violence of her Passion, flew from her Throne, and call'd about for some Body to attend upon her, for that she herself wou'd follow us; but being quite o'ercome with the Vehemence of her Rage, she spake so confusedly, that for a long Time no Body understood what she meant; and it was so long e'er her Excess of Passion wou'd suffer her to explain herself, that we were past the Confines of her Dominions before she cou'd reach us: But in the Kingdom of *Bythmia* she overtook us; and without any Regard to Shame or Danger, having about a hundred Horsemen with her, she strait commanded them to take us alive, and not mind either her Son's Threats or Promises; which at first they attempted to do by fair Means; but finding that ineffectual, they try'd Force; but neither their Eloquence nor Arms were of any Signification, for Prince *Musidorus* exerting himself in a manner almost incredible, withstood them so artfully, that in Effect we had gain'd the Victory, without the Expence of Blood on either Side; when *Palladius*, heated with the Fight, and enrag'd against his Mother, both for her Injustice and Indiscretion, flew amongst the Crowd, and one of the Queen's former Lovers, that she had discarded since our Coming, having an imperfect View of him, and taking him for one of us, being determin'd to revenge the Loss of his Mistress, with a traitorous Blow at once depriv'd his Prince of Life: We seeing him fall, and conscious that we were the innocent Occasion of his Death, judge whether Rage or Anger might not, in such a Case, be term'd Justice and laudible Revenge; and so much it influenc'd us, that almost in a Moment we sent the Souls of several of his Subjects to wait more faithfully upon him in the other World.

During

During all this Encounter, *Andromana*, strengthen'd by Disdain, and supported by the Violence of her Passion, stay'd at a little Distance to wait the Issue; but when she saw us light from off our Horses, which we did to see if any Care cou'd restore the unhappy Prince, she flew up to us with all the Madness of disappointed hopeless Love; but when she found it was her Son that we were employ'd about, and that all our Care was insufficient to recal his fleeting Life, then did her Guilt begin to reflect upon itself, and the Terror of so shocking a Misfortune serv'd as a Mirrour to represent the Foulness of her Crime; and finding the Accident had only heighten'd our Detestation of her, and that all her Entreaties for our Stay only serv'd to confirm our Resolution of Departing, cut off from the least Gleam of Hope, and robb'd of every Thing in Life that cou'd make it sufferable, she snatch'd the Dagger from her Son's lifeless Course, and e'er we were in the least aware of her direful Purpose, struck it to her Heart: And now Compassion began to play its Part in ours; and considering my self in some Degree the Cause, tho' the innocent one, of both her Guilt and Misery, I left *Musidorus* to the vain Care of *Palladius'* Body, and went to her; but she had given her self the Blow with so good a Will, that it was past all Cure, and I cou'd be of no Use but to receive her dying Words, which were full of Imprecations on her hapless Fate and ill-judg'd Passion, wishing, that if e'er I liv'd to prove Love's Force, it might, if possible, drive me to worse Extremities than she had suffer'd. With this Curse she clos'd her Eyes, leaving me to the Consequence of her Imprecations.

The Noise of the Fight, and the dreadful Issue of it, being by the Country People blaz'd abroad, several Noblemen, with their Retinue, came to us; and finding that the Injury was first offer'd to us, after hearing the Story, they suffer'd us to pursue our Journey; but first we recommended to their noble Pity those Royal Bodies to be convey'd to the King of *Iberia*; which they giving us their Promise to see perform'd, we departed.

Philoclea all this while looking earnestly upon her *Pyrocles*, observ'd the falling Drops unsummon'd flow from his beauteous Eyes, at the Remembrance of *Palladius*; and all unartful as she was, her Innocence made no Scruple of drying them with her Kisses, which rais'd him from his lethargick Grief, and made him pay them back with Interest on her Lips; at which she blush'd, tho' guilty Wishes cou'd find no Room in her chaste Bosom, or give a Cause for Shame; yet Virgin-Modesty rais'd a Confusion in her, which she strove to hide, by again repeating the Occasion; for to conceal her Blushes from the observing Lover's Eye, she join'd her Cheeks to his, which tempted him to leave his Subject, and fall upon another Theme;
but

but with so sweet an Awe she check'd his Transport, and commanded the reassuming his Relation with so majestick and rigorous an Air, that he knew not how to dare to disobey her, tho' his contending Passions fain wou'd have rebell'd; but she again insisting upon the Conclusion of his Story, he compos'd himself, as well as he was able, and proceeded: When, continued he, we had left this melancholy Scene, we had not rode far, e'er we saw sitting upon the scorching Sands, a fair young Lady; and tho' the Sun was then near his Meridian, and consequently caus'd a very hot Reflection, yet the Anxiety of her Mind seem'd to render her insensible of any Pain or Inconvenience her Body might endure; and so attentive was she to her Sorrows, that we came near enough to hear distinctly what she said, without being perceiv'd; she sat for some Time perfectly motionless; but of a sudden, as if her Woes were grown too big to be confin'd within the narrow Limits of her Bosom, she burst into the following Exclamation: False and inhumane Man! Why must my Life be made thy Sacrifice? To die a Martyr to thy Ease, I shou'd esteem a Happiness, but for thy Hand to give the Blow, is double Murder: O *Pamphilus*! Have I deserv'd such Usage? How often didst thou swear the Sun shou'd lose his Brightness, and the cumbrous Mountains frisk and skip about, like little wanton Kids, e'er they should be a Witness of thy broken Vows to me! Behold the Heavens and Earth preserve their wonted Order, yet thou art false, false to a Maid that lov'd, and trusted to thy Truth her All of Happiness: But I am justly punish'd for my weak Credulity; as well might I have hop'd to grasp the Wind, or stem the Flowing of the impetuous Seas, as fix thy roving Mind: Fool that I was, not to be arm'd against thy soothing Flatteries, and warn'd by the Example of so many Wretches as thy deluding Arts have made. O why did the all-gracious Powers create their Creatures with so much Frailty, and so little Reason, to repel it! 'Twas Vanity, that great Ingredient in unhappy Women's Composition that undid me: I thought I shou'd have Power to fix the Wanderer, and charm him into Constancy; I was not satisfied with seeing others perish by his Wiles, but must my self be making the sad Experiment: But after all my Injuries, my Tenderness so far prevails, that were it in my Power, he shou'd not be unhappy, tho' he's false. This Favourite of his Heart, this Darling *Baccha*, shou'd give him all the Satisfaction he has robb'd me of; but well I knew she will a thousand-fold revenge my Wrongs, and be as false to him as he has been to the undone and lost *Lucippe*; but cruel Maid, remember his Breach of Faith to others will be a vain Excuse for thine to him, therefore preserve it to him, and may the Almighty Powers keep him free from those Sorrows and Agonies of Heart which he has heaped on me.

By

By the Purport of her Words, I found this was the very Lady that the false *Pamphilus* had contracted himself to, and by it work'd up his former Mistress to that Height of Rage and Indignation which I before recited; and being curious to know what was become of him, I went up to her, and after speaking to her in the gentlest Terms that I was Master of, I begg'd her to inform me. She answer'd, in a very obliging Manner; and as she knew that his imprudent and unjust Behaviour must unavoidably publish her Story to the World, she made no Scruple of making me acquainted with it; letting me know, that neither her Merit, which in all Appearance seem'd to be very superiour, nor the Sufferings he had undergone on her Account, which generally the more indears one to an innocent Cause, cou'd secure his wavering Inclination; but that the very Night before his Nuptials with her were to be solemniz'd, he was publickly married to that *Baccha*, whom I heard her name; a Woman, which I had before been told was one of the most notorious Prostitutes in all *Asia*; join'd to that, she was possess'd of such a haughty and imperious Temper, that she never scrupled to employ her present Lovers as Baits to draw in more; and glory'd as much in the Number of her Men, and the Subjection she kept them in, as Generals do in a well-disciplin'd Army; peevishly froward, and so harden'd in her Impudence, that openly she'd avow her Guilt and justify it: And with all these infamous Qualities, nothing to ballance them but a little superficial Beauty, chiefly made up of Art, and some slight and wanton Phrases, which she impos'd upon her keeping Cullies, for Wit and Humour; yet for this Woman, had the ill-judging *Pamphilus* given up the fair *Leucippe*, and broke the solemn League had pass'd between them; whose least Regards, in the Opinion of a worthy Mind, wou'd have been more desirable, than the utmost Favours the other cou'd bestow. The Reflection of the barbarous Usage he gave to the unhappy *Dido*, added to this last Proof of his consummate Villainy, almost tempted me to pursue him, and deprive him of that Life which he had made so vile a Use of; but considering that his unworthy Partner wou'd likely give a more compleat Revenge, I determin'd to leave him to the Punishment of his deprav'd Choice; and in Compliance to *Leucippe's* Desire, we convey'd her to a Nunnery hard by, which was dedicated to Vestal Virgins; where she took the Vow, determining to spend her future Years, which her Youth might well perswade her wou'd be many, in bewailing the Wrongs she labour'd under; yet praying for the Happiness of him who had impos'd them on her.

The next Morning, after we had thus settled the fair Unfortunate, contending with the Sun in Earliness, we pursued our Way, and were scarce got beyond the Prospect of the high Turrets which graced that stately Building, when there evertook us a young Gentleman, or at least one who bore that Appearance; but in reality it prov'd to be the fair *Zelmiane*,

Plexertus' unhappy Daughter, whom irresistible Desire, unfortunately fix'd on me, had hurry'd on to leave the Decency of Dress her Sex required, and borrow the Appearance of a Page; and taking the Opportunity of the Confusion which the Queen's Pursuit of us occasion'd, with cruel Ravage, cutting off her flowing Hair, supply'd the Place with a Head-piece; upon her Back she wore a Shield, and in her Hand she held a Launce, which was all the Arms she had: Her little Coat was white, studded with Bugles; her Horse seem'd full as much as she could manage, and yet she appear'd undauntedly to pursue her Way, and rode in such a Manner, as plainly shew'd that Resolution was the chief Spur that she made use of: She came directly up to me, and with Eyes that spoke no less emphatically than her Tongue, begg'd that I wou'd admit her into my Service, telling me, that she was Son to a Nobleman of *Iberia*, and her Name *Daiphantus*; that the Reason of her Request proceeded from a Desire she long had had of following Arms, which her Father still refus'd her; but being taken with my Behaviour in the *Iberian* Court, and perswaded that I would use her nobly, she had stolen from her Father to follow me. I very earnestly observ'd her while she was talking, and could not perswade my self but that I had seen her Face before; but the wide Distance in the Appearance of their Fortunes, made me far from suspecting who she was: However, I found something in her that strangely gain'd upon me, and without the least Hesitation, I took her for my Servant, whom had I known, I should my self have been her Slave, and bless'd the happy Bondage. Well did she make it appear, that no Diligence is equal to that which is created by Inclination; for tho' she was a Princess, and educared in all the Softnesses of a Court, unapt from the Tendernefs of her Sex to rude Employments, and confus'd in the Hurry of her Thoughts upon the unequal Change; yet so did Love inspire and strengthen her, that no Prentice Boy, no hir'd Slave cou'd be more ready to perform any Commands that I impos'd, and even to postpone them, than that delicate and tender Maid. How often did her Eyes, swimming with Tendernefs, tell me that she loved; yet so dull was I, and so unus'd to the mute Language, that I could not understand them; how pleas'd, yet timerous, wou'd she look when near me! It often gave me Thought to see her receive my Orders with Sighs, and yet perform them with the utmost Chearfulness; sometimes she wou'd answer in such Riddles, as I must at least have taken particular Notice of, but that I look'd upon it as owing to her childish Unexperience; but when I have since reflected on her Language and Behaviour, 'twas impossible for me to avoid accusing my self of the utmost Stupidity, and want of Penetration. You must, my only Wish, forgive me for dwelling so long upon this Subject, since so strange a Conduct, and so uncommon a Regard as this dear unhappy Creature paid to me, commands that the utmost Respect be given to her Memory.

In

In this servile Manner did she attend upon me for two whole Months; in the Kingdom of *Bythinia*; in which Time we had brought to a happy Crisis a long and bloody War, which had been maintain'd between the King of that Place and his Brother; for the ever successful *Musidorus*, and my self, dividing between the two Parties, we at last gain'd such Credit with each of them, that we brought the Matter to a friendly Issue; which being concluded, we determin'd to return through the Kingdom of *Galatia*, call'd *Thrace*, to ease the Apprehensions of our Parents, who, after the Account of our Shipwreck, and many other Dangers we daily prov'd, we well knew wou'd have but little Peace, till they found us safe within their paternal Care: But e'er we were enter'd into that Kingdom, we were guided by the Sound of clashing Weapons towards a pleasant Valley, which was inclos'd on either Side with rising Hills, as if Nature had meant to make a convenient Situation for idle Gazers. From that Place we beheld the most cruel and gallant Fight that martial Story ever was adorn'd with; for some Time we stood lost in Wonder, and then again fill'd with Delight at the equal Skill and Valour of the Combatants, till seeing them almost drown'd in Streams of Blood, we gallop'd on with a Design to part them, but were prevented in our Purpose by a Dozen arm'd Knights, or rather Villains, who taking the Advantage of their extreme Faintness, had set upon them; their common Danger oblig'd them to forget their particular Quarrel; and still high in Courage, tho' low and weak in Person, with a little of our Assistance, for we soon came up to them, they drove away or destroy'd those Coward-Murderers, among whom we had the good Fortune to take their Principal alive; but going to take some Care of their Wounds, and to disarm those two gallant Knights, we found them, to the equal Astonishment of us both, to be those famous Brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose Story, as we after made that Wretch confess whom we had taken, was as follows:

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had, by his Father's Death, succeeded in the Kingdom of *Galatia*, prompted by his natural Lenity of Temper, and forgetting all former Injuries, he received into his Favour that Parricide *Plexertus*; his Goodness being as unapt to harbour Suspicions, as the other's malignant Nature was prone to give Occasions for them; till at last, convinc'd by speaking Proofs that the ungrateful Wretch design'd to poyson him, he wou'd not even then suffer the Rigour of his Justice to get the better of the Mildness of his Disposition; but sending in private for him, *Plexertus*, said he, it gives me great Concern to find that all my Clemency has no Effect upon thy harden'd Temper, and that thou art so lost in Wickedness, that my Subjects are necessitated to address me to take thy Life, as a Security for my own; but when I reflect whose Son thou art

art, I have not the Power to comply with their Requests; and since possibly it may be the Instigations of thy Ambition that tempted thee to pursue such bloody Purposes, I will endeavour to gratify that, and try whether that once satisfy'd, it won't put a Stop to thy inglorious Measures; and in order to it, know that, not far from this Place, is the great City of *Tribisond*, which, with the Territory about it in ancient Times, belong'd to this Crown, now unjustly possess'd and abus'd by those who have neither a Title to the Government, nor Justice or Wisdom to rule it as they ought: To that Place therefore go, and learn to gratify your Ambition at a less Expence, than the prostituting your Honour and Humanity; for which Purpose I will send you Forces, and resign all my Pretensions to your Right; and when that is done, set your self to the Study of Virtue, and if possible learn to acquire that only solid Good on Earth.

Plexertus, joining false Excuses with falser Promises, very willingly embrac'd this Offer; and sending Post for those two Brothers, who were at that Time with us defending *Erona's* Cause, chiefly by their Assistance, if not entirely, he gain'd the Conquest over those fair Dominions; and they being the greatest Instruments, it gave them such Authority, that though he had the Title, yet in Effect they had the Government, the whole Nation shewing them particular Honours, as having given Demonstrations how much they merited them; a great many of the People too imagining That a very effectual Way of paying their Court to *Plexertus*, since he had such infinite Obligations to them; while they, assured of their own Sincerity, openly received all the Address which was paid to them, not in the least suspecting *Plexertus* wou'd envy them any Power, since they had given him Demonstration, that the greatest Pleasure they had in it was the exerting it for his Service.

But that was thinking (as they did in every thing) much too generously of him; for his narrow Mind knew no Way of judging others, but by itself, and therefore always believ'd that no One's Views cou'd go beyond their own Interest; and finding the two Brothers had so much the Power of injuring him, his suspicious Temper strait concluded that the first Opportunity wou'd see it done; yet dreading their Valour, and the Regard his Subjects held for them, he durst not openly attempt to remove them; and to take any secret Method to destroy them, was equally impracticable, being always follow'd by a numerous Train, which their Merit draw'd to them. After he had revolved both these Ways in his villainous Imagination, and agreed them ineffectual, he concluded that some Stratagem must be form'd; and pitching upon one the most horrid and inhumane that e'er was thought of, he delay'd no Time to put the execrable Thought in Practice; which was laid in this Manner: The new King of *Pontus* and he
had

had never had any great Friendships pass'd between them, since he join'd against him with us and *Leonatus*, which the two Brothers were very sensible of; and therefore he had an Opportunity of laying his Story the more plausibly; and sending for each of them separately, he told them, that the King of *Pontus* had privately sent him a Challenge, and tho' it was not altogether so answerable to their Grandeur to act any Thing so clandestinely, yet he had so far engag'd his Word, that 'twas impossible for him to think of going back. Having thus laid the Train, he let it pass till the appointed Day drew near, when, pretending to be seiz'd with a severe Illness, he again call'd the destin'd Victims of his ungenerous Surmizes, but separately as before, and conjur'd them to take his Place, which they very readily consented to; but making them both pledge their Oaths not to deliver the least Tittle of it even to each other. When this was done, he told *Tydeus* that he shou'd know the King of *Pontus* by his being in blue Armour, and bid *Telenor* expect him in a black: After that, he subtilly contrived to make *Tydeus* go in black, and *Telenor* in blew, directing them to go such different Ways, that 'twas impossible they shou'd meet each other till they reach'd the appointed Place; where both promis'd to be silent, for fear the King shou'd discover it was not *Plexertus*; and there he order'd those Murderers to lay in wait, that which ever of those valiant Men surviv'd, they shou'd destroy: He did not care to trust more; and he thought them too few to conquer so much Courage, till weaken'd and quell'd by each other's Force.

This Account we chiefly learn'd by the Leader of those Villains, after the Death of those two inimitable Brothers, whose Affection to each other equall'd the rest of their meritorious Qualities; it surely wou'd have affected the most harden'd Breast to have heard their moving Exclamations, when they came to know each other, and find that their Wounds were not only past all human Help, but even given by each other; bewailing one another in the most tender Words, and feeling the Agonies ten thousand times more sharp in each other than themselves; cursing their own Hands, and wishing they had rotted off e'er they had been guilty of the execrable Crime; lamenting their mis-spent Time, in serving such a horrid and ungrateful Monster, and condemning the Depravity of their Judgments, in believing he cou'd be just to them, who knew not how to be so in himself; advising us to be very careful how we plac'd our Friendships upon any Basis but innate Virtue, since the longest Acquaintance, join'd with mutual Secrecies, and the highest Obligations, were not of sufficient Weight to bind a savage Nature; no Man being capable of making a sincere Friend that was not possess'd of just and faithful Principles. In this bewailing Manner they spent their few remaining Moments, each of them, while there were the least Remains of Hope, entreating us to

disregard him, and bestow our Care upon the other ; but when they had the melancholly Assurance, both from themselves and us, that our utmost Care was vain, they begg'd us to convey them near each other, and closely embracing, and begging that Pardon from each other which they deny'd themselves, they left us griev'd Spectators of their Deaths, leaving few Men behind them of equal Merit, had they but soon enough known to fix their Friendships on a more worthy Cause. We immediately had their Bodies convey'd to the next Town, which was *Bythinia* ; and there after we had learn'd from the Ringleader of the Assassins, the sad Occasion of their Destruction, we had him by a publick Execution secur'd from being guilty of any more such Villainies.

All this Time the poor *Daiphantus* seem'd to labour under the most cruel Agonies ; which, tho' her Looks confess'd, I was much surpriz'd to find the Affairs, as I thought, of perfect Strangers affect her with such a deep Concern, especially after the first Shock was over : But indeed she had a cruel Cause ; for the Regret her noble Nature suffer'd for her Father's Villainies, and the Anxiety she underwent for fear the Deregulation which I had so justly conceiv'd against him shou'd extend to her, whenc'er I came to know whose Child she was, so sensibly affected her, that her Spirits began hourly to decay, her beauteous Colour faded, and in every thing she said and did there appear'd Suspicions of the most severe Despair. I often press'd her to let me know the Cause of her Disorder, which she, not more possess'd of Love than Fear, as oft evaded ; yet still she waited on me, and perform'd the Duties of a Servant with so much Care and Diligence, as might well have prov'd, that no Service is half so well perform'd, as where Love is the Commander.

And now we had again determin'd to return and embark for *Greece*, when we were told that the great *Otanes* (Brother to *Barzanes*, whom *Musidorus* slew in the Battle of Six Princes) had invaded the Kingdom of *Pontus*, under Colour of contending for the Crown, which he had some Pretensions to, but more in Reality with a Desire to revenge his Brother's Death ; for knowing the Regard we held for that King, he rightly judg'd, that when we heard of his being in Distress, we wou'd not long be absent, but make our swiftest Way to his Relief ; which, notwithstanding, he did not doubt gaining the Victory, confiding in some Degree upon his own Strength and Conduct, but more especially trusting to the Valour of two gigantick Men that follow'd in his Train, Sons to a Couple whom he had slain in that Realm, they by Accident being absent at their Father's Death, and now return'd, very willingly list'd themselves in his Service, hating if possible, with more Inveteracy than he, both us and the King of *Pontus*. Upon hearing this Piece of News, we alter'd our Determination

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of going to *Greece*, and took proper Measures of meeting there as soon as possible; but in the Interim an Accident happen'd, which (unless I were divested of all Humanity) as often as I reflect upon, must wring my Heart with Grief, and suffer me to feel Affliction even in your Presence.

The poor *Daiphantus* upon the Journey was taken exceeding ill; yet so far did she conquer the Delicacy of her Constitution, that she wou'd not submit to the Confinement of her Bed, but waited upon me with her usual officious Tendernefs; till one Day, as we drew pretty near *Pontus*, we met a Courier, riding in great Haste, to seek *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose Deaths the Messenger was as yet unacquainted with; it seems he had been their Servant, and knowing the great Regard they had for *Plexertus*, he was going to inform them that he was then in the utmost Danger of a cruel Death, unless their Valour timely rescu'd him. We enquir'd no further into the Matter, being greatly rejoic'd that he shou'd now find, to his Confusion, that his Politicks were as false as his Honour, in so treacherously depriving himself of two such valuable Friends; and letting the Messenger into the Knowledge of his Masters Destruction, by the Falshood of *Plexertus*, we suffer'd him to go on his Way.

But not so careless an Impression did this Account make in the sad *Daiphantes*; for the Grief of that, added to the weak State of Health she before was in, flung her into successive Swoonings, never coming to herself longer, than to make the most moving Exclamations, and to faint again. This Behaviour rais'd us to the highest Pitch of Wonder, being far from guessing the real Cause; but finding her Illness increase so violently upon her, that there was scarce the least Hopes of her Recovery, we made all possible Haste to convey her to the next Town; but by that Time we cou'd get her into Bed, the Tyrant Death had sent his cruel Harbingers to take Possession of that lovely Form; which she perceiving, rais'd herself up a little, and seeming something more relieved at the Thought of her approaching Death, which wou'd free her from those Evils that her tender Frame was much too weak to bear, she call'd us to her, and desiring us to draw near the Bed, and suffer no other Body to be present, with pale tho' lovely Lips, and Death triumphant in her Eyes, she spoke the following Words: My Lords, said she, and more particularly my much-lov'd Master *Pyrocles*, let me conjure you to grant me your Attention for a few Moments; it is the last Request I e'er shall make you; and had not the Knowledge of my inevitable Death work'd up my Resolution, I never shou'd have acquir'd Courage to declare what I am now going to speak; the suppressing of which has not been the least Spur to urge me on to this brief End of my untimely Days. Know then, thou Miracle of Nature, brave *Pyrocles*, your Page *Daiphantus* is no more that happy Creature,

Creature, but the lost undone *Zelmane*, who for your dear Sake influenc'd my Cousin and unhappy Lover, the unfortunate *Palladius*, to quit his Father's Court, and consequently occasion'd both him and my Aunt, his Mother, to loose their Lives: For you I have forgot that I was born a Princess, and put my self in voluntary Servitude; and in that Slavery thought my self more happy than being Queen of Nations; my Love to you made me forget the Shyness of my Sex, and wear a masculine Appearance: But judge not hardly of me, or think that with the Dress I parted with that Modesty which is the Ornament of Women. For my part I was almost thunderstruck with her Relation, and cou'd have curs'd a thousand times my Stupidity, for not before knowing that Face to be *Zelmane's*, which I had been so well acquainted with in the *Iberian* Court; I more than shar'd her Pains, I felt them all, but wou'd not let her see my Agonies, lest she shou'd be too sensibly affected with them; but begg'd her to mitigate her Sorrows, and live to be assur'd, that were it in my Power, they shou'd be more than recompenc'd.

No, my Lord, reply'd she, I neither hope nor wish to live; I know it morally impossible I ever shou'd be happy in your Love; (with that the Tears flow'd from her beauteous Eyes) I am too many Ways unworthy of you; the utmost of my Ambition is, that this strange Method I have taken, may be a lasting Witness to your Memory of my chaste Love; and that the Choice I've made, rather to die than venture at the discovering my aspiring Passion, may convince you, that I was not hurry'd on by any loose Desires, but prompted by Wishes, pure and unfully'd, as your own glorious Honour. Believe this of me, and I shall esteem my Loss of Life the greatest Happiness I e'er enjoy'd. With that, casting a languishing Look upon me; and I conjure you, continued she, by these dying Eyes, which only grieve to close, because that shuts your much-lov'd Form for ever from their aching Sight; by all my Sufferings, and by all that Service my tender Passion strove to render to you, howe'er my Power was short, think of me when I am no more, with tender Pity, tho' you can't reflect on me with Love; and whenever you shall make a more deserving Lady bless'd in your Regards, if you shou'd repeat to her my melancholly Story, treat not my Memory with Scorn, but excuse my Weakness, and mitigate my Follies, by telling her that none but you cou'd e'er have draw'n me on to act so contrary a Part, and deviate so far from those strict Paths a Maid of Honour ought to tread. Be assur'd, thou eternal Source of all my future Happiness, that the Words, the Manner of the dear lovely Sacrifice, and the Reflection that her Love to me destroy'd her, in her most blooming Promises of Beauty and Perfection, gave me such Heart-piercing Pangs, that tho' I had before prov'd many Evils, and those severe ones, yet I ne'er before was sensible how much Sorrow is capable of enfeebling the strongest Resolutions; for tho' I did my utmost

to suppress my Grief, that the dear Creature might not still be more affected, yet I had not the Power to command my Tears, but yielded to the Weakness, and suffer'd them to flow, like Torrents, down my Cheeks; and so sincere was my Concern, that at that Moment I wou'd, with the greatest Willingness, have parted with my Life to have given her the least Relief.

But when she saw my Tears, which I had not a Power of concealing, O Heavens! cry'd she, how greatly am I recompenced for all my Sorrows: I think, my Lord, I now may take the Liberty to make some few Requests; and flatter my self, that in Regard to the lost *Zelmane*, you will see them punctually perform'd. I begg'd her to proceed, and be assur'd that she shou'd be gratify'd, tho' it were at the Expence of both my Life and Fortune. At this Assurance, she appear'd greatly pleas'd, and struggling to re-assume her Spirits, which were just upon the Point of leaving her: First, reply'd she, my much-lov'd Lord, receive my Thanks for this kind Condescension; and next, let me intreat that you wou'd pardon my unhappy Father, and forget the just Abhorrence you have conceiv'd against him; and for this once, help to relieve him from the hard Extremity which threatens him: I hope his future Conduct will be more deserving. But however, when you reflect on him as the injurious and false *Plexertus*, remember also that he was Father to *Zelmane*. My next Petition is, That when you are arriv'd at happy *Greece*, you will for some time assume the unlucky Name of *Dai-phantus*; (but O! may her Misfortunes never reach you,) and that may possibly sometimes bring me to your Memory; and if you can prevail upon your noble Cousin, let him be call'd *Palladius*, that I may at least make some Recompence to that unhappy Prince; and which I surely shall in a great Measure do, if I can be the Cause of his Name's surviving upon the Earth in so excellent a Person; and by this Means, between you both, I shall rest satisfied, that your faithful, tho' unhappy Page, will some time (with a Sigh perhaps) be mention'd. The last Trouble I have to give you, is, That you wou'd see me buried obscurely in this Place, not suffering my Friends to know my Fate till you are return'd with Safety into your own Nation; and then I beg you will suffer my Bones to be convey'd thither, and laid in a convenient Place, where you may sometimes make a Visit to my sad Remains. How small were these Requests, in Comparison of what she merited from me? And yet she thought them of such Consequence, that she made me solemnly swear to the Performance of each Particular: And then with a last Embrace, often conjuring me not to charge her with Lightness or Wantonness of Heart, she in my Arms resign'd her weary Soul, pure as the happy Place it went to prove; leaving me as full of Agonies, as Compassion, Gratitude and Sorrow, all united, cou'd work up in any honest Heart; and had not my better Stars reserved me wholly for you, I surely then shou'd have begun to love;

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and what was still more strange, my Passion wou'd have been lighted up, when that of other Lovers is extinguish'd; I mean in the cold Arms of Death. But what will make it much less surprising, is the Resemblance she bore to you, tho' she came as short of your Perfections, as her own dying Beauties were inferiour to her more sprightly Charms; yet some Similitude there was between you, which when I first saw your Picture, brought her Idea to my Mind, and made my Heart as apt to receive the Impression, which the heavenly Powers decreed your Influence shou'd occasion, as your Beauty had an irresistible Power of making it.

After I had a little recover'd the first Shock, I gave Orders for her Funeral, attending it my self, but after the most private Manner, according to her Desire; and then made Enquiry after her Father, of whom we learn'd for Certainty, that if he was not speedily reliev'd, he wou'd be past all Help: Upon hearing this, we determin'd to divide our selves, I, in Justice to my Oath, and the Memory of *Zelmane*, to aid *Plexertus*, and *Musidorus* to assist the King of *Pontus*, who stood in no less Need of present Help; and being ready to take our Leaves of one another, there came a Messenger from him to let us know, that depending upon our Coming, he had appointed a Combat, and fix'd a Day for the Performance of it, by him and us, against *Otanes*, and the two Gyant Brothers; and at such an unlucky Time was the Day prefix'd, that it was wholly impossible for me, both to relieve *Plexertus* and be there, where my Honour was not only so far engag'd, but by the Malice of my injurious Fortune, I was necessitated to quit my Friend, and leave him to apparent Dangers, whom more than Life I loved, to go and stand by him whom more than Hell I justly hated. But my Word was given, and to *Zelmane*; *Zelmane*, who was not only dying, when she engag'd it, but dying for me; which prevail'd more with me, than my Friendship to *Musidorus*; tho' I must allow, that had much the Precedence of any thing in my Breast; but I was the easier in dispensing with it, because he himself insisted upon my not breaking the least Tittle of my Promise upon his Account; and so with heavy Hearts we parted, more anxious for each other's Safety than our own. I took my Way directly to the Place where I understood *Plexertus* was Prisoner to an ancient Lord, absolute Governour of a well fortified Castle, with a large Territory about it, whereof he acknowledg'd no Sovereign but himself. This Man's Inveteracy to *Plexertus* arose from the Death of a Kinsman of his, whom he had basely murther'd; because in the Time that he reign'd in *Galitia*, he found him adhere to the Interest of his noble Brother, the brave *Leontus*. This old Knight still thirsting for Revenge, for that Purpose made use of a Stratagem, which the following Occasion offer'd to him: *Plexertus* in his greener Years married *Zelmane*'s Mother, and she dying of that Child, left him a young Widower; and he not being then in Possession

Possession of a Kingdom, continually haunted the Court of *Armenia*, where, with artful Subtilty, he greatly gain'd upon the Inclinations of *Artaxia*, which he pursu'd till he was sent for home by his Father, and treacherously got Possession of his Crown; and in that Greatness forgot his former Love; till being again depriv'd of it, and at last settled in *Trebisond*, and hearing that *Artaxia*, by her Brother's Death, was become Queen of *Armenia*, he pursued her more strenuously than ever; which this old Knight being inform'd of, he forg'd a Letter, and sent it as from *Artaxia*, wherein he appointed him to come in the most secret Manner immediately to her Court, and that she wou'd repay his Journey with her self and Kingdom: Tho' this was a very unlikely Thing, she having made publick Proclamation, that she wou'd never marry, except it was with some Prince that wou'd give sure Credentials that he had destroy'd us; yet *Plexertus*, vain of his own Merits, and possess'd of very little Penetration, bit greedily at the Bait, and as privately as possible took his Measures to make the utmost Speed towards her; but in the Way he was met by this Knight, who was by much the best attended, and prepar'd to give him a rougher Entertainment than he at first expected; for laying hold of him, he chain'd and convey'd him to his Castle, where he condemn'd him to the most cruel Death, if any thing that is but Justice may bear that Epithet; for throwing him into the most loathsome Dungeon, he let him know that his Life was to be prolong'd but till an appointed Day, at which Time he wou'd deliver him to be devour'd by a monstrous Beast, of a formidable Shape and Size, arm'd like a Rhinoceros, strong as an Elephant, fierce as a Lyon, nimble as a Leopard, and cruel as a Tyger; this Beast he had kept in a strong Place from his Youth, and now thought there could not be a more equal Match than such a beastly Monster, and such a monstrous Tyrant; but withal, ordering a Proclamation to be issued out, that if any Body had so great a Regard for him, as to venture their Lives against this Beast in his stead, if they overcame, he shou'd be redeem'd; and by this Liberty, he thought to entrap the great *Tydeus* and *Telenor*; for knowing the Friendship they had for *Plexertus*, he did not doubt but they wou'd engage for his Rescue, and so be first destroy'd; his Hate to them being full as inveterate, because they had been the principal Instruments of the other's Power.

I am very certain, that had *Zelmane* foreseen what Dangers my Promise wou'd have led me into, she wou'd much sooner have let her Father perish, than have engag'd me in such a terrible Adventure; but my Word was given, and I determin'd at any Rate to make it good: And indeed the Hardness of the Enterprize was much rather a Spur to forward me, than a Bit to restrain me, well knowing that the Road to highest Honour lies not in plain and open Ways; therefore

fore going directly to the Place, and taking good Security that if I was victorious *Plexertus* shou'd be freed, I undertook the Combat; and in short, not to affect your tender Nature with recounting the Particulars of so terrible an Engagement, so predominant at that Time was my good Fortune, that without any dangerous Wounds, I slew the Monster: Which Action was so extoll'd by all the Number of Spectators, that there were Orders given to have the Fight, both by Sculpture and Picture, celebrated in most Parts of *Asia*; and the old Nobleman so approv'd my Valour, that upon it he grounded a sincere Friendship for me, only lamenting that it had been employ'd to save one that he esteem'd a worse Monster than that I had destroy'd; whom, nevertheless, according to his Honour given, he deliver'd, and then went with me to the Kingdom of *Pontus*; whither I went with the utmost Speed, hoping some Accident might have delay'd the Day, and that I might possibly come time enough for the Combat.

But long e'er I arriv'd, it had met a final Determination; for the meritorious *Leonatus*, hearing that two such worthy Friends of his were in such imminent Danger, voluntarily offer'd himself to make a third, and indeed behaved very gallantly, and so did the King of *Pontus*; but both of them were so severely wounded, that the Stress of the Combat lay upon the inimitable *Musidorus*, who finish'd it, by the Death of both the Gyants, and the taking *Otanes* Prisoner; of whom, by giving him his Life, he purchas'd a noble Friend, for so he gave his Word he ever after wou'd be; and he had often given Proof, that he thought himself greater in being a Slave to that, than in the Government of all his Principality.

After the Battle was thus happily decided, there came (chiefly indeed in complement to us) vast Numbers of the Princes and Nobility belonging to the neighbouring Nations, and particularly those that had been in the least oblig'd to us; as the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Bythinia*, the two Monarchs of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, *Otanes* the Prisoner, to whom *Musidorus* had given immediate Liberty; to fill the Company, also came *Plexertus* of *Trebisond*, and *Antiphilus*, then King of *Lycia*, with Numbers of other great Princes; that altogether, I believe, in many Ages that Part of the World had not been honour'd with so Royal an Assembly; while nothing was wanting to do us the highest Honours, each of them striving which shou'd pay us the greatest Complements; and indeed many more than my Modesty wou'd suffer me to repeat, or the Time give me Leisure to describe.

But we were quickly weary of this voluptuous Way of spending Time, and therefore address'd our selves to make our quickest Way to *Greece*, partly to satisfy the Anxiety of our Parents; but the principal

pal Cause of our Haste proceeded from our being inform'd that *Anaxius*, with open Mouth of Defamation, had been there to seek me, and had at last reach'd *Peloponnesus*, where he went from Court to Court making Enquiry after me, behaving himself so nobly in his Way, as might give an Appearance of Reason for some People to give Credit to his Slanders. Upon this Account, we admitted but of very short Delays, being desirous to take this Country in our Way, so renown'd in all Parts of the World, that no Prince was ever yet so great, or Beggar e'er so mean, but that the Fame of it has reach'd their Ears, celebrated for the Produce of every Virtue; but in nothing so happy as in the Possession of those two Godlike Men, *Argalus* and Prince *Amphialus*, except in the Fame of such unexampled Beauty as you and your Sister have in such an indisputable Degree, as makes this Nation esteem'd by every other a perfect Repository for all Perfection. Urg'd on by this Motive to come through this Land, we determin'd to embark at the next Port, to which Place all the Company, except *Antiphilus*, (who pretended that he cou'd not bear to be longer absent from his *Erona*,) paid us the Compliment of attending us; at which Place we found a Ship ready riding in the Harbour, waiting our coming, and royally furnish'd by *Plexertus*' Order, who had contriv'd every thing so convenient both for our Ease and Safety, that his Care and Management was greatly admir'd by all the other Princes: He appear'd so alter'd, as if he were quite another Man; Repentance in his Eyes, the Appearance of Truth and Friendship in his whole Behaviour, and the Sound of Virtue continually in his Mouth, which made us not only forgive him, in Regard to the Promise we had given *Zelmane*, but begin to have a real Love for him. Press'd on by that weak Credulity, incident to Youth, we imagin'd it was possible he might not have been altogether so culpable as he was represented to us; or at least, we firmly believ'd that he was now thoroughly sensible of his Errors, and by his future Conduct wou'd make Atonement for them all. When we came to take our Leaves, the Princes felt so great Regret at parting with us, that even they brought their Tears to be a Witness of it; but in particular, the virtuous *Leonatus* show'd a deep Concern, who, with the King of *Pontus*, wou'd fain have attended us; but that in Regard to the Concern it must necessarily give to his young Consort, and the Inconvenience their Absence might draw upon both their new settled Kingdoms, we wou'd not suffer it. Whole Fleets were offer'd to convoy us; but when they found that we desir'd nothing more than the going in the most private Manner, they forbore to press us; and again making ten thousand Acknowledgments of their Gratitude and perpetual Friendship, we committed our selves to the Mercy of the uncertain Winds, leaving the *Asian* Shore almost lin'd with Princes and their Train, who on their Knees implor'd the Powers for our Protection, and recommended it to their keenest Wishes; but none among them seem'd more

earnest in his Devotions for our Safety than *Plexertus*, tho', I dare venture to affirm, his Heart was far from joining in the Petition, and our Destruction took up his greatest Hopes.

After we had sail'd about two Days, and expected every Hour to reach the Land, there came into our Cabbin a grave old Man, one of *Plexertus*' Favourites, of great Trust about his Person, and whom he had sent with us for our principal Guide; and with a good deal of Confusion in his Looks, mixt with a kind Concern, he began a very long Harangue, by telling us, That our Behaviour, our Youth, and gallant Actions, had so far gain'd upon him, that tho' he was a Servant sworn to obey his Master, and so loved and trusted by him, that to his Knowledge he had committed the most important Secret of his Heart, and which was with the utmost Caution kept from the Knowledge of every other's Breast, yet being brought to such a cruel Strait, he chose rather to reveal his pernicious Purposes, than by concealing them be the Means of destroying those for whom his Judgment oblig'd him to have the utmost Honour. After this he proceeded to inform us, (who with Astonishment were waiting for the Sequel of his Discourse,) that *Plexertus*, determin'd at any Rate to enjoy *Artaxia*, (since so great a Kingdom as *Armenia* was annexed to the Possession of her Person;) had enjoin'd him to murder us e'er we had reach'd the Porte of *Greece*, charging him to surprize us asleep, and without our Arms, knowing that otherways it wou'd be pretty difficult to get the better of us: But be assured, most worthy Princes, continued he, I wou'd much sooner make a Sacrifice of my own Life, than live to have my Mind oppress'd with the Remembrance of such a Villainy; and therefore, were I only in the Secret, you surely wou'd not want a further Confirmation; but the King hinted his Intention to the Captain, putting the Occasion of it upon an old Grudge, which had pass'd between you, without mentioning his Design upon *Artaxia*: Since, I have let him into the whole Affair, being as then determin'd to pay a blind Obedience to my Master's Will, and thinking him the most proper Instrument to perform it; but a nearer Knowledge of your more than humane Excellencies has otherways determin'd me; and therefore, be firmly on your Guard, and rest assur'd, that whatever I am capable of doing for your Safety, shou'd Things come to the worst Extremity, I will, with the Venture of my Life, perform. After thanking him in the most grateful Manner for his Intelligence, we delay'd no Time, but arm'd our selves; and from that Moment we neither of us slept without the other's watching. This Precaution delay'd the Execution of their execrable Purposes, while they imagin'd it wholly owing to Accident; but when we came within half a Day's Sail of the Shore, and they found that their Execution must be speedy or not at all, in the Night, about the first Watch, the Captain came to our honest Friend, and whisper'd him that

that they had no Time to lose, while he seem'd to dissuade him from it; but the Captain, who had been bred a Pyrate, and inur'd to Blood and Slaughter, swore, in a loud Tone of Voice, that if *Plexertus* had enjoin'd him to destroy God himself, had he the Power, he wou'd not stick to do it; and calling his Men, he charg'd them in the King's Name, to secure us either alive or dead, encouraging them with Hopes of plundering our Stores; which, he justly observ'd, would very richly reward their Trouble. The Gentleman before-mention'd, according to his Promise, generously interpos'd, and commanded them to desist from so great a Piece of Villainy, assuring them that he wou'd secure them from the King's Fury: Upon this the Captain was so enrag'd, that he cry'd out, Nay, if it is come to this, we must first dispatch that Traytor, and through him make a Passage to the rest; and without any more Words struck him a violent Blow upon the Head, which he return'd with equal Fury.

But now we thought it Time for us to interfere, and rather to encounter them, than stay to be first attack'd; and making up to the Captain, who by this Time was environ'd with most of the Soldiers and Mariners, several of them, mov'd by the Courtier's Exhortations and Example, or perhaps pitying our hard Case, and doubting whether it was the King's Command, revolted to our Side; so that in a very little Time, from an Assassination, it was grown to a confus'd Fight; the Straightness of the Place, the Darkness of the Night, and the Difficulty in such a Tumult to distinguish Friends from Foes, made us be rather guided by our Swords, than direct them where to strike. As to *Musidorus* and my self, I think we never perform'd so few Exploits in any Engagement; for the utmost we attempted was the defending of our selves; for not being capable of knowing who was for, and who against us, we chose much rather to spare an Enemy, than by an unlucky Blow deprive a Friend of Life. And now the Outrage was grown so high, that there was nothing heard but Skreiks and Groans of dying Persons; and at last I happen'd to engage the Captain, but was soon forced from him by the Cries of the old Counsellor, who receiv'd a mortal Wound, by a Mistake, from one of his own Party, which made my Help come much too late.

By this Time, some of the most Considerate among them, began to demand a Parley; but while the Word of Peace was in their Mouths, the Instrument of Death was in their Hearts, so that not one of them cou'd hope to escape, unless by the utmost Accident; and therefore, every Body was oblig'd to make room for himself, by removing his Fellow; so that the great Number which late fill'd that floating Mansion, was reduc'd to an exceeding few; and of those few, the most Part were so tir'd, that they leap'd into the Long-Boat, which was fasten'd to the Ship; but while they that went first were cutting the
Rope,

Rope, some others came jumping into it, in so disorderly a Manner, that they sunk the Boat and every one within it.

But while the little Remnant of us, like the Children of ancient *Cadmus*, were continuing to slay one another, we were call'd from our general Quarrel to attend our general Safety; for whether contriv'd by private Malice, or whether it happen'd accidentally in the Hurry and Confusion, I know not, but on a sudden a most furious Fire broke out in several Parts of the Ship, and in a Moment we were all of us as busily employ'd in resisting the common Enemy, as if we ne'er had been so to one another; but our Care came much too late, for already it had taken Possession from the Stern to the Waist; so that after labouring as long as we were able, to no sort of Purpose, we were constrain'd to get up to the Prow of the Ship, prompted by Nature to preserve Life as long as possibly we cou'd; it certainly was the most shocking Sight that e'er my Eyes encounter'd, to behold so great a Fire as that quickly encreas'd to be, floating in the midst of the Ocean, and in the darkest Night, as if it were sent for no other End but to light us to our Deaths. And now the Mast, which all this while had proudly born the Sail, the Wind supporting it, as he were pleas'd to carry two such Contraries in his Teeth, being at last o'er-come, and fallen over-board, the Fire grew so much nearer us, that it was not only terrible, in respect of the Destruction we every Moment expected from it, but insupportable from the intolerable Heat. At last, not able longer to endure it, we disarm'd, and stripping off our Cloaths, laid ourselves upon such Things as we imagin'd might help our swimming to Land, which was too far for us to think of reaching without some Help. After we had flung ourselves into the Sea, I had swam but a very little Way, when my Wounds grew so painful, that I found it wou'd be impossible for me to reach the Shoar; and seeing the Mast, whose Tackling had been burnt off, floating quite clear from the Ship, I swam up to it, and getting upon it found my Sword, which when I threw it away, had accidentally caught by a Piece of Canvas, and hung to the Mast. I was very glad of the Purchase, because I valued it; but much more so, when I saw sitting at the other End of the Mast, the Captain, that villainous Cause of all the Mischief; who having a long Pike in his Hand, had probably supported himself with that till he had got upon the Mast; the Moment I beheld him, Villain, cry'd I, dost thou hope to escape, when so many brave Men have perish'd by thy Treachery? With that, animated by my most just Resentment, I got a-stride upon the Mast, and by little and little went up to him; as soon as ever he found my Intention, possess'd of much more Courage than Honesty, he endeavour'd to resist; but in a Moment, with a lucky Blow, I put him past the Power, and sent him to make that Entertainment for the Fishes, which he design'd I should furnish out. As to my self, I remain'd in that melancholy Condition
till

till I was taken up by Pyrates, and amongst them carried Prisoner into *Laconia*.

But what, interrupted *Philoclea*, became of your Cousin *Musidorus*? Why, reply'd he, unable to swim to Shoar, he was, to my eternal Grief, devour'd by the undistinguishing Waves, insensible of his superior Merit.

Nay, my *Pyrocles*, return'd *Philoclea*, laughing, now I find you are a Lover, at least you have given the usual Proofs of it, deceiving; but have a Care you meet not a Detection, for be assur'd I have some Penetration, and can distinguish a Prince from the Off-spring of a Shepherd. Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul, reply'd *Pyrocles*, what e'er belongs to me, even to the innermost Recesses of my Heart, you have as great a Right to know as I, and equally may command; but my Friend's Secrets are not in my Power to dispose of, without his Leave; but since you seem to be already acquainted with the most important one his Life can ever prove, give me leave a little to extenuate the Falshood, and say, That if I had urg'd his being lost, I had not altogether been guilty of a Deceit, since he has long been no more his own; but I find, my Princess, you, and your fair Sister are not nearer ty'd by the Relation of Blood than Friendship, and sure you only can be worthy of each others; in your own Sex I mean. Forbear your Complements, cry'd *Philoclea*, and pursue your Story till the Time of our happy Meeting, for that to me is the only agreeable Part of it. O thou transporting Creature! reply'd *Pyrocles*, How can you think this dear, this precious Moment, fit to be employ'd in repeating an idle Tale? Are those inspiring Eyes, whose every Glance dissolves my Soul in Love and Tenderness, to be calmly gaz'd on, like distant Stars, which give no other Pleasure but the Sight? Can you imagine that my raging Love can always be at my Command, or that my Soul can be compos'd enough, in your dear Presence, to only play the Part of an Historian? Think not so poorly of my Love, nor tie him up to these hard Rules, who prefers your Honour far beyond his own, and wou'd not even attempt to sully it, to gain eternal Happiness: Therefore, continued he, seizing her Hand, permit me, my eternal Charmer, to take those reasonable Liberties which inspire me with an extatick Pleasure, and which the nicest Maid might suffer without the least Impeachment to her Honour. No more, my *Pyrocles*, interrupted *Philoclea*, with a Look of seeming Anger, young and unpractis'd as I am in the Affairs of Love, yet I know that it is dangerous to transgress the smallest Bounds of that severe Dictator, and harder much to stop, than not to enter; therefore let me conjure you, nay, if I have any Power, command you not to let that Passion suffer the least Blemish, which very shortly will, I hope, receive the Sanction of the World. *Pyrocles* wou'd fain have answer'd to this Point; but

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she

she still interrupted him, by insisting upon the Remainder of his Story. Nay, reply'd he, this is inhumane to the last Degree; but at least allow my Thoughts a little Respite, and since this long wish'd-for Time must be so idly spent, kill some of it with your angelick Breath, so shall the Murder be the less observable, and I at least have the Satisfaction of hearing the Musick of your Voice, and not be tyrannically deny'd the Gratification of every Sense: Therefore let me intreat you to inform me how the fair *Erona* was betray'd into so much Danger, and to what Purpose *Plangus* went in Pursuit of me. I will comply with you in this, cry'd *Philoclea*, smiling, provided you promise me to command your Hands that they give no Interruption. I must obey you, answer'd he, let the Injunction be ever so severe, I am no longer in my own Disposol; but the Words had no sooner 'scap'd his Lips, but his Actions contradicted them; for the Moment she address'd herself to speak, he cou'd not, with all his Resolution, forbear putting her Lips to a softer Office; whilst she struggling to get from him, wou'd fain have chid him for the presumptuous Rapture, but that he stop'd the Passage of her Words; Nay, cry'd she, how is it possible I shou'd commence my Story, if you won't suffer me to speak? I will, cry'd he, if it be possible, command my self; but not so far, but that your Hand shall pay me for the hard Restraint your Rigour lays me under: But there was soon an Interruption put to his promis'd Pleasure, by the unwelcome Approach of *Miso*, who taking the Opportunity of *Basilus's* Back being turn'd, came in great haste to them, muttering all the Way, and telling *Philoclea* that she deserv'd to be severely punish'd for leaving her Mother so ill at Ease, to entertain a Stranger. *Philoclea* mildly reply'd, That what she did was in Obedience to her Father: But *Miso* not content with that reasonable Answer, protested that if she had Life and Breath, she wou'd do her Business with her Mother, and so went directly up to *Gynecia's* Apartment, whom she found in the utmost Consternation, occasion'd by a Dream which she was just awak'd from. She thought that she was in a Field full of Thorns, so exceeding sharp, that she cou'd neither bear to stand still or go forward; when of a sudden she saw *Zelmane* at some Distance, upon a delightful Hill, calling to her to come thither; which when she had done, treading over the Thorns with infinite Pain and Anguish, she thought *Zelmane* was vanish'd, and in her Room lay a dead Corps, which bore the Resemblance of her Husband, and which seem'd to cast forth such a noysome Smell, that she was ready to expire with the Stench of it; when it arose, and taking her in its Arms, cry'd, enough *Gynecia*, leave thy unprofitable Labour, here is thy only Rest.

Upon this she wak'd, and call'd aloud, with a trembling Accent, upon *Zelmane*; but recollecting her self, and seeing her Husband by, her guilty Conscience, more suspecting than suspected, turn'd her Enquiry to *Philoclea*. *Miso* looking at *Basilus*, as if she wou'd speak,

Speak, tho' her Life depended on it, told her that her Daughter had been two or three Hours in private Conference with *Zelmane*; and, continued she, so finely are they taught Obedience, that I cou'd not be heard, or at least observ'd, tho' I sufficiently told her how much it was against your Royal Pleasure. O, my Lord, hastily reply'd the Queen, turning to her Husband, what do you mean by trusting these young Folks to their own Discretion, so unfit to manage for themselves? *Basilus*, who had not the least Guess at the real Cause of her Suspicions, took her in his Arms, and tenderly embracing her, My Dear, cry'd he, you certainly are much to be commended for this filial Care you shew towards your Daughter; but, believe me, it must be a Youth of other Metal than *Zelmane* that can injure her. O, but— hastily interrupted *Gynecia*, and there she stopt; the Conflict in her Mind, between the Force of Love and Rage of Jealousy, not suffering her to proceed: Oft was she just upon the Point to gratify the latter, and convince *Basilus* how much he was mistaken; but when she recollected how fatal that might prove to her own Love, she still paus'd on; fain wou'd she have prevented her Daughter's Happiness, but knew not how to do it, without at one Blow destroying her own Hopes: Not able to determine, she hastily call'd for her Cloaths; and as if her Life had been depending upon her Haste, weak as she was, she left her Bed, and put them on; from which *Basilus*, with seeming Kindness, fain wou'd have dissuaded her, telling her, that she was much too ill to venture into the Air, and that he wou'd not suffer her to run the Hazard of a Relapse, by catching Cold: But, deaf to all his Admonitions, she continued to dress her, which in a few Minutes she had done; and leaving *Basilus* under the utmost Uneasiness, (not in Reality from his Tenderness to her, but because he did not care his Daughter and *Zelmane* shou'd be disturb'd,) she dismiss'd her Attendant, and went towards the Place where *Miso* had inform'd her her Daughter and *Zelmane* were retir'd.

As she went along, her busy Thoughts, which never since her first Acquaintance with *Zelmane* had suffer'd her to take a Moment's Rest, were all employ'd in ruminating on her present hapless Fortune; O Jealousy, cry'd she, thou Phrenzy of the Wise, Offspring of Love, tho' Bane of Lovers Happiness, thou self-tormenting Evil, which suffer'st for the Faults of others, yet findest thy Misery in their Happiness, how near is thy Alliance to every destructive Passion; for tho' thou art the Child of the most generous One, yet art thou Parent to a Train of Dæmons, which daily haunt my tortur'd Breast; Envy and Hate at once possess me, even Nature is displac'd by thee, thou Bane of human Virtue; the Happiness of my once darling Child is now become my heaviest Curse; the Beauties of her Face, where once I plac'd my greatest Pride, is now much more offensive to my aching Sight, than the meagre Representative of Death: How cou'd this De-

vil get Possession of my Heart, that Heart, which once was thought by the deluded World a Centre for every Virtue; nay, even I myself have been deceived, I thought I could be fully Proof against the Attacks of the united Merit of Mankind; but so far am I from that Degree of Virtue, that I resign myself e'er I am su'd to: Curse on the Thought, to what an Ebb of Pride and Resolution am I sunk; but 'tis in vain to struggle, the Net is fallen; and since Resistance will but enhance my Slavery, I must seemingly submit to it; and try by Stratagem to gain my End, or make my Grave my Refuge, and lose the Thought of it in the cold Arms of Death. Lost in these cutting Reflections, her active Mind o'erpower'd the Weakness of her Body, and made her walk so fast, that she was got up to them e'er she was aware; who, after *Miso* was gone, had deferr'd the Remainder of their Story to consult what Answer should be given to *Basilus*. *Philoclea* no sooner encounter'd her Mother's Eyes, in which she read the utmost Marks of Spite and Jealousy, but her guilty Conscience fill'd her Cheeks with Blushes, which till that Moment never knew Occasion for them: Tho' *Gynecia*'s Blood boil'd o'er with Rage, yet so far did her Love o'erpower it, that tho' upon *Zelmane*'s Account she detested and abhorr'd her Daughter, yet in Regard to her she us'd no more Severity, than with a haughty Air to bid her go immediately and attend her Father, whom she had left alone.

The obedient Fair One made no Reply, but presently retir'd; and as soon as she was past their Sight, *Gynecia* taking her Place, a Complement *Zelmane* cou'd well have spar'd her, began abruptly to explain her deadly Passion, when of a sudden the Noise of a confus'd Multitude gave *Zelmane* a just Cause to interrupt the Conversation; for she was very apprehensive that such a mutinous Sound must proceed from some dangerous Design, and therefore begg'd the Queen that they might hasten to the Lodge; but e'er they could get to it by twenty Paces, they were overtaken by a rude Sett of Clowns, and other Rebels, which, like a violent Flood, were hurry'd they knew not whither: But the Moment they saw the Ladies, (for *Philoclea* had not yet reach'd the Lodge) enrag'd and furious, without Regard to their high Quality, or Pity to their Sex, they all flew towards them, like consummate Villains, thinking a Power of doing Mischief a sufficient Warrant for it; yet hardly were they more in Number than Opinion, while some cry'd, Take them alive; others, Kill; and others, Save: But even they whose Words had Mercy in them, their Actions proved the contrary; for they hurry'd on with those who meant to massacre; each one commanded, but none obey'd; and he only seem'd their Chief, who had his Commission from the greatest Rage.

Zelmane,

Zelmane, whose watchful Courage ever was in Readiness, drew out her Sword, which made such Havock among those unskilful Churls, that she kept them at Bay while the Ladies recover'd the Lodge, out of which *Basilus*, having put on an Armour, which had long lain by, came to prove his Authority among his Subjects, or at least to share the Danger with his fair Championess, to whom he brought a Shield; but *Zelmane* soon made them know that even Numbers in a wrong Cause might be too weak to withstand what they thought defenceless Innocence; for with so much Skill and Magnanimity did she manage, that while one was retreating through Fear, her Sword perform'd the desir'd Execution on his Fellow: But soon her Courage and her Power was encreas'd, by the appearing of *Dorus*, who having been making Hurdles for his Master's Sheep, heard the horrible Cries of this rude Multitude; and unable to judge certainly from what Quarter they came, Love strait represented to him that his *Paimela* might be in Danger; and therefore he immediately went to her Lodge, but found that she was retreated into a Cave hard by with *Mopsa* and *Dametias*, who was so possess'd with Fear, that at that Time, I dare say, he wou'd not have open'd the Passage to his own Father; and leaving them there, being assur'd it was a Place of Safety, as well for the Strength as Secrecy of it, he follow'd where the Noise guided him; but when he saw his Friend in such apparent Danger, Anger and Contempt of his scoundrel Enemies, made him fly among them with no other Weapon but his Sheep-Hook; and with that overthrowing one of the Villains, he took away a two-hand Sword from him, and at the same Time put him past a Possibility of ever regretting the Loss of it: Then forcing himself among the thickest of them, and flashing Darts of Terror from his Eyes, he made them be a Forerunner of that Execution which his victorious Arm perform'd; but the Numbers still encreasing upon them, weary with conquering, and fearing that in the End the Rout might be reinforc'd, and so prove too many for them, they judiciously retreated towards the Lodge; but drew back in such an artful Manner, that the Terror of them still went forward.

But among the Rebels, there was a dapper Fellow, a Taylor by Occupation, whose Courage being founded upon their retreating, began to bow his Knees, and in a very Fencer-like Manner approach *Zelmane*; but as he came within Reach of her, flourishing his Sword about his Crown, *Basilus* with a Side-blow directly cut off his Nose: He being in Love with a Sempstress' Daughter, was much more griev'd at the Blemish than the Smart; and having heard that if it were fresh put to, it wou'd close again, he stoop'd down to pick it up; but as his Hand was on the Ground to bring it to his Head, *Zelmane*, with a hasty Blow, sent his Head to meet it; which a Butcher seeing that

was next him, he lifted up a great Cleaver, and calling *Zelmane* all the vile Names which his brutish Eloquence cou'd invent, thought immediately to revenge the Death of his Fellow; but she dexterously avoiding the Blow, hit him such a Stroke upon the Side of his Face, that she left nothing but the under Jaw, where the Tongue still moved, as having a good Will left to rail, but that its Master's Remembrance fail'd him: O, cry'd out a Miller, who was half drunk, now you shall see the Prosperity of a good Fellow, and with that run with his Pitchfork at *Dorus*; but the Lightness which the Wine occasion'd in his Head made it go swifter than his Feet, and made him fall just between *Dorus'* Legs, who setting his Foot on his Neck, notwithstanding he offer'd two Milch Kine and four fat Hogs, by way of Ransom for his Life, thrust his Sword quite through him, while leaving him to vomit out his Soul in a black Mixture of Wine and Blood, with his two-hand Sword struck another off at the Waste, who the Night before had dream'd that he was grown into two distinct Persons; and interpreting it that he shou'd be marry'd, had bragg'd of it that Morning among all his Neighbours: But his Death so astonish'd a poor Painter who stood by, that he grew quite motionless; it seems he was to draw the Skirmish between the *Centaur*s and *Lapithes*, and had been very desirous to see some lively Wounds, that he might be the better able to draw the like; and this Morning being carried by the Stream of his Companions, the foolish Creature was overjoy'd at the Effects of their inhumane Blows; but this last Accident happening so near him, amaz'd him so prodigiously, that he stood stock still; while *Dorus*, with a Turn of his Sword, cut off his Hands, and made him return well skill'd in Wounds, but unable by the Loss of his Hands to put that Skill in Practice.

At last *Zelmane* and *Dorus* both recover'd the Lodge, and gave the Rebels only a Face of Wood, which when they found, not more furious than they were before, because that was impossible, yet more outrageous; when they saw themselves baffled, they went out with Pixaxes to the Wall, and Fire to the Gate, to force themselves an Entrance. The Ladies were almost dead with Fear, and the Apprehensions they were in for their dear *Zelmane* vastly encreas'd their Fright; and more especially *Philoclea's*, who hung about her, and by that unseasonable Fondness prevented her taking proper Methods for their Safety: But *Zelmane* finding there was no immediate Way of Defence, and that it was impossible to gain Time for Deliberation, the Number of those Wretches still encreasing, and their Madness increasing with their Numbers, thought she had nothing left for it but to surprize them with an unexpected Boldness, and by the utmost Hazard avoid a certain Danger; and therefore opening the Gate, *Dorus* and *Basilus* standing ready for the Defence, she issued out among them; and tho' before she had dealt her Blows in general among them, yet it made

made each particular one take time to breath; and coming out before they were aware, or in the least thought of it, she slip'd through them up to the Judgment-Seat, which, according to the Manner of that Country, was plac'd before the Gate of the Court. Being seated, she paus'd for some Time, making a Sign to them with her Hand, and then speaking aloud, told them that she had something to propose to them, which wou'd be very much to their Advantage; but for a considerable Time she was answer'd with nothing but Shouts and Cries, and some of them not daring to approach her, began to throw Stones at her; till at last a young Farmer, who had great Interest among the ordinary kind of People, being struck with the beautiful Appearance of *Zelmane*, and hoping she might one Day remember his Kindness, desir'd them, if at least they wou'd be thought honest Men, quietly to hear the Maiden speak: For Shame, my Fellows, cry'd he, What will all the young Women of our Town think, if so many stout Fellows should show themselves afraid of hearing the Words of a fair young Wench? I swear to you, by no small Oath, I had rather forfeit my best Team of Oxen, than have such a Scandal come among us, or prove our selves such uncivil Wights. Beside, to say the Truth, I have heard it said by old experienc'd Men, that to hear much, and speak little, is accounted the greatest Sign of Wisdom. This sententious Speech so much prevail'd, that the greatest Numbers of them began to listen; and *Zelmane* taking the first Opportunity of their Silence, with awful Majesty in her Deportment, and a calm Magnanimity in her Face, tho' seated in the midst of Perils, she made the following Harangue.

Gentlemen, said she, It is no small Satisfaction to me, having something to deliver to you, relating to your own well-being, to find that I have to do with Men, which in themselves appear to be possess'd of the true Spirit of Valour; which, as it leaves no Violence unattempted, while its Appetite is nourished by Resistance; so when the Subject of their Wrath does unexpectedly put it self in their Power, they make at least some Pause before they determine cruelly. First then, (before I come to the principal Matter which I have to say to you) know that your Prince, *Basilus*, is himself in Person within this Lodge, and was one of the Three whom your unwary Courage lifted a sacrilegious Arm against. [This she said to them, not that she at all doubted their already knowing it was he, but because she wou'd not have them imagine that he believ'd they wou'd have lifted an Arm against him, had they been assur'd of it.] From him am I sent, as from a Prince to his best-belov'd Subjects, or rather as from an indulgent Father to his darling Children, to know what Grievance 'tis that thus has moved your noble Spirits; what Wrong you have sustain'd, or what Injury has been offer'd you; or how he may redress your Grievances, which, if real, he promises to do. This he requires, and indeed commands (well knowing
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your

your Obedience) that you wou'd all sit down, and choose out one among you to represent the rest, declare your Grievs, and make your just Demands.

This Condescension from their Prince, being so much more than they cou'd hope for, asswag'd their Fury; and most of them agreed (but more especially urg'd by the young Farmer, who was determin'd to ask *Zelmane* for a Wife, as one of his Demands) to admit a Parly. But when they began to unfold their Grievs, never did a Set of swarming Bees ever make so confus'd a Humming. The Townsmen demanded the putting down the Imposts; the Country Fellows laying out of Commons: All cry'd out that they wou'd have new Counsellors; but when they came to name them, they were as much as ever at a Loss: In particular, they wou'd have the Treasury look'd to, that there might be no more Subsidies rais'd. At length they fell into direct Contraries. The Artisans wou'd have Corn and Wine set at a lower Price, and bound to be continued so; the Ploughmen, Vine-Labourers and the Farmers wou'd have none of that: The Countrymen demanded that each of them might have a Liberty of being Free in the chief Towns; but the Burgeses oppos'd that Question: The Peasants were for having all the Gentlemen destroy'd; the Citizens, and more especially the Cooks, Barbers, &c. who chiefly got their Livings by the Gentry, were but for having them reform'd. On every Side there was Divisions; one Neighbourhood accusing, and bitterly enveighing against another: But nothing bred more Confusion than particular Partialities, one condemning such a Minister, whom another equally extoll'd; and as great a Disturbance as any arose about who shou'd be their Speaker. The better Sort of Burgeses, as Merchants, Cloath-workers, &c. valuing themselves upon their Riches, disdain'd the baser Occupations; and those meaner Businesses equally contemn'd them, because of their superiour Numbers; but all of them join'd in despising the Countrymen's Ignorance, and the Countrymen were very uneasy in the Suspicion of their Artifice and Cunning. So that *Zelmane* finding that their united Rage was now grown to a Division among themselves, and that their private Janglings had lessened their Inveteracy to her, again beckon'd to them to hear her; they now grown jealous of one another, were willing enough to listen to her, each of them striving who shou'd show most Readiness: Which *Zelmane* perceiving, and being very well acquainted with those kind of Humours, with a steady unmov'd Countenance she again spoke to them.

How unusual a thing is it, O ye *Arcadians*, and indeed unparallel'd, that a Woman, unknowing in your Laws and Customs, and a Stranger to your Nation, besides a private Person; that such a one, I say, shou'd be necessitated to fill the Royal Throne, will to succeeding Ages appear monstrous: But the Strangeness of your Behaviour makes that
esteem'd

esteem'd a Virtue, which otherwise wou'd be the greatest Crime; for certainly a Woman may justly take upon her to admonish Men, who lay aside all Marks of their Humanity. A Stranger may reasonably pretend to instruct such Subjects, as publickly break all Ties of their Allegiance; and when consider'd, it will be found no Wonder, that a Stranger fills your Throne, when your own lawful Prince, after thirty Years Government, dares not trust his sacred Person among his People. Hear therefore, O *Arcadians*! Hear, and be confounded at your own Behaviours: Against whom is it that your jealous Rage has been exasperated? To whose Destruction have these Warlike Instruments been aim'd? This quiet Lodge harbours no *Argians*, your ancient Enemies, nor conceals any *Laconians*, your present dreaded Neighbours; these peaceful Walls conceal no griping Landlords, or biting Uferers; there's none inhabit there, but such as both your Interest and Duty obliges you to reverence, or such whom with Justice you can find no Fault withal: Your King, his Queen, and Family, are all whom it secures, except my self: Am I then, O *Arcadians*, the Mark of your Displeasure? If it be so, and Innocence is no Security against your desperate Fury; if the Laws of Hospitality, so long and holily observed amongst you, can be no Security to a Stranger fled to your Arms for Succour; if, I say, the Courages of so many valiant Men can be so highly rais'd against one silly Woman, I willingly will give my Life a Sacrifice to your Resentment; in my Blood quench the Fire of your Indignation, but take heed it go no farther: I shall be very well content to pay my Life, not altogether worthless, in return for those Favours I have received among you. Take it then, O *Arcadians*, I here present it to you, Heaven knows how willingly, if that at least may make Atonement for your Wrath, rather than any Set of such a glorious People, admir'd o'er all the World for their wise and prudent Management, shou'd attempt an Outrage, which even the rest of their own Nation must abhor: Therefore much sooner wou'd I give my self up to inevitable Destruction, than you shou'd prove your selves so inconsiderate and so ungrateful, as to forget the Fruits of so many Years indulgent Government; so unnatural, as to suffer a rash receiv'd Opinion to overpower that Duty you owe to the Commands of your virtuous Prince; for such a hellish Madness, I am certain, cou'd never enter in your Hearts, as to intend any thing against his Person; a Villainy, which no Successor, tho' ever so infamous, wou'd, for his own Sake, leave unreveng'd: Neither can I think your wonted Valour is turn'd to such a Meanness of Soul, as to think of bearing, in the room of your Princes, the Yoke of one of your Fellow-Subjects, whose innate Baseness will necessarily produce in him the most ravenous Covetousness, and his unusual Greatness the most suspicious Cruelty. Do but imagine what greater Curse cou'd your worst Enemies wish to see you involv'd in, than being your selves the Underminers of your own flourishing Sate? What wou'd your Forefathers say, cou'd they look

out of their peaceful Graves, and behold their Offspring striving to overthrow so excellent a Constitution, which they, at the Expence of so much Blood and Treasure, had labour'd to establish? They were no Fools, who judiciously foresaw that 'twas impossible for any Nation to have the peaceable Enjoyment of their Wives and Children, and quietly sit under the Shade of their own Vines, without some regular Government; and I believe you'll all of you allow, that there can be no Government without some superior Magistrate, and no Magistrate without a due Obedience; and surely that can't be term'd Obedience, where any private Person takes upon him to judge and contradict the Actions of their Ruler, and exasperated by private Passion, misinterpret his Injunctions. Do but seriously reflect upon your present Proceedings, let them read a Lecture to your cooler Judgments, and that will soon convince us how greatly you have err'd. What wou'd you have gain'd, had you lost *Basilus*? Under whose Banner wou'd you go, shou'd your Enemies invade you? You find great Difficulty in agreeing upon One barely to speak for you; how much harder will it be to pitch upon a General than a Spokesman? One is troubled, another is griev'd, and all for they know not what: Pray tell me, did the Sun ever shine bright enough to produce a fruitful Harvest, without being sometimes hotter than was quite pleasant? Are any of you bless'd in a fruitful Progeny, that have not at some Time or other given you Pain? Even the most indulgent Father may now and then incommode us with his Humours; but for that Reason shall we blasphemously curse the enlightning Sun, abhor our Children, and disobey our Parents? But what need I use more Words, or urge this Matter further, since I see in your Looks, now settled into a commendable Calmness, nothing but Signs of Love and Duty to that Prince, who only for your Sakes bears the Weight of Government? For this past Rashness, you not only have his Pardon, but his Thanks, judging your Actions by your Intentions, not your Intentions by your Actions; your Grievs and your Complaint all in due Time he will consider; and to whose Redress can you so well refer them? To conclude; 'tis his Belief that the Uncertainty of his Well-being was the first Motive of your taking Arms; let the Certainty of that equally prevail upon your Affection towards him to lay them down: If this Tumult end here, (which I make no Doubt of,) he will think no farther of it, than as the Effect of a vehement (tho' I must confess a too rash) Zeal for him, which nothing but the Continuance can turn into a Crime: But that I am sure you have no Thoughts of; but as your ill-tim'd Loyalty prompted you to begin, so the same Loyalty, duly consider'd, will oblige you here to end.

The artful Manner which *Zelmane* us'd in this Oration, added to her natural Eloquence; and the Influence of her Beauty, join'd to the Proof she had given of her Courage; struck such an Awe into their wild

wild Imaginations, that they all stood gazing on her with open Mouth; and when she ended, instead of roaring Cries, there was nothing heard but a buzzing Murmur, which arose from a Dispute whether her Advice was proper to be taken. Divided between Fear to pursue, and an Unwillingness to leave off, they wou'd most of them been contented that they had ne'er engaged; but how to end it, (each Man being afraid of the Reproaches of his Fellow,) they knew not, being now, to their Cost, convinc'd, that it is much easier to enter into a Labyrinth, than disengage ones self from it. *Zelmane* very well knew, that 'twas no ill Politicks in such kind of Mutinies to give the People an Opportunity of performing some Service, which in their own Opinions might countervail their Faults, and so assure them of a Pardon; and being willing to fix their Minds, which she fear'd began afresh to waver, Noble *Arcadians*, cry'd she out aloud, now shall I offer to you a certain Way of proving your till now unquestion'd Loyalty; all you that have taken Arms only with a View to your Prince's Safety, turn your Backs to the Lodge, and bend your Weapons against those who wou'd attempt to hurt his sacred Person! O weak Security, which lies in the many-headed Multitude, whose Truth only proceeds from Inconstancy: Who can place a Confidence where Numbers take away Remorse, and each Man has an Opportunity of laying the Fault upon his Fellow? This Reflection, or something to the same Purpose, was made by a crafty Fellow among them, nam'd *Clinias*, upon observing that the Words were no sooner out of *Zelmane's* Mouth, but that there were heard several Shouts of Joy, attended with a Cry of, God preserve *Basilus*, Long live *Basilus*; and a great Number of that rude Herd were with loud Huzzas become his Guard, who not an Hour before were among the first that wou'd have murder'd him.

This *Clinias* in his Youth had so far been bred a Scholar, as to learn Words rather than Matter, and was better acquainted with the Number of them, than how to dispose them aptly; he had oft been used to play a Part in Tragedy, where he had learn'd a Softness in his Language, made acquainted with the Appearance of every Passion, and taught to frame his Looks accordingly; long inur'd to the Observation of Mankind, and to believe that nothing cou'd be justly esteem'd so great a Fault in real Life, because so on the Stage, as Bashfulness; a most notorious Coward, yet strangely vent'rous in private Practices, tho' assured that a Discovery must cost his Life.

This Fellow had been of late much encourag'd and trusted by *Cecropia*, *Amphialus's* Mother; she made him privy to all the mischievous Designs which she laid, with an Intent to ruin *Basilus* and his Family, in order to advance her Son to the *Arcadian* Crown; and tho' both by Nature and Education Talking was his Talent, yet the innate Love he had for Mischief oblig'd him in that Case always to be secret: His

Mistress

Mistress finding him of so apt a Humour for her Purpose, had employ'd him (ever since *Basilus's* strange Retirement) to kindle Factions, and whisper Rumours in the People's Ears; and at that Time finding them ripe for any desperate Attempt, he was the first that had begun the Uproar, tho' quite without either the Knowledge or Consent of *Amphialus*, who, had he known it, wou'd not for ten thousand Worlds have put the Life of *Philoclea* in such apparent Danger: But *Clinias* now perceiving that the Flood of their Fury was almost arriv'd to an Ebb, thought it but politick to take the first of the Tide, and therefore exalted his Voice with the Loudest in Favour of *Basilus*; and finding that some of the sturdiest Rebels yet stood out, he made two or three of his Companions, that were at his Command, lift him up above the Crowd; and, as if he had been before a peaceful Audience, to whom he was going to speak a Prologue, he with an affected Gravity, demanded to be heard; but very few of them giving any Attention to him, he began to exalt his Voice with such a vehement Tone and Gesture, as if he would rend the very Stars, speaking so loud, that not only *Zelmane*, but *Basilus*, cou'd distinctly hear him. Unhappy Men, cry'd he, perversely obstinate, even to your own undoing; more mad than the rash Gyants; who wag'd War with Heaven, and wou'd have tore even *Jupiter* from his Throne! how long will your blind Rage continue? How long will you persist in your pernicious Purposes, and not fling down your Arms, when Mercy is offer'd to you? When will you wisely submit your selves to the Clemency of your gracious Prince, the great, the good *Basilus*, the *Pelops* of true Wisdom, and *Minos* of all good Government? When will ye take Example by me, and the rest of his faithful Subjects, who have used their utmost Power to quell your headstrong Fury?

The young Farmer, who had taken such a Fancy to *Zelmane*, cou'd not bear this Fellow's Preaching any longer, for he design'd that Task for himself; hoping that if he was the first that yielded, and brought the rest to Conditions, that he shou'd have great Rewards, and amongst the rest, his Request granted of having *Zelmane* for his Wife: But now perceiving that if the People were once turn'd from the Ascent of their Fury, (which they seem'd almost to be,) they wou'd in all Probability never stop till they came quite to the Bottom of absolute Resignation, and that his most promising Hope must be turn'd to Fear of Punishment, he determin'd stoutly to stand out, enrag'd that *Clinias*, who late had been the Chief of the rebellious Crew, shou'd now set up for the most faithful Subject, he cut him with his Sword a great Gash over his Face; the cowardly Wretch, frighted out of the little Wits he had, fell down, crying aloud for Help, and scrambling between the People's Legs till he reach'd the Throne, where *Zelmane* took him up, endeavouring to staunch his Wound, and revive his Courage in the best manner she was able.

This

This Blow was no sooner given, but, as if the whole Company had been Partakers of it, every one's Arm was lifted against his Neighbour, each one killing him that stood next, to prevent his doing as much by him; and being only divided in Opinions, and not in Company, the Loyal and the Rebel were so intermixt, that the latter being desperate, thinking that they were ruin'd however, and the former willing to show their utmost Zeal, the Quarrel was now turn'd among themselves, and by a just Judgment they became the Instruments of their own Punishment: Those that had been the Leaders of the Mutiny were among the first that met the due Reward of their Villainy; several of them were destroy'd by their own Faction, the Fury of their Rage rendering them incapable of distinguishing Friends from Foes.

Zelmane taking this Opportunity, came down amongst them, and *Basilus* issued out with *Dorus*, endeavouring sometimes to draw those of their Party together, and at others striking promiscuously, and among them *Zelmane* with her Sword finish'd the Wound in the young Farmer's Breast, which her Eyes in a gentler manner had begun, and with one Blow obliged him to lay his Life a Sacrifice at her Feet. To be short, in a very little Time all the Rebels were put to Flight, returning to some Woods that were upon the Frontiers, where they were oblig'd to feed upon the Produce of them, quenching their Thirsts with Water; having been well disciplin'd for their drunken Riots, most of them being slain upon the Spot, and those that escap'd, which were not above a Dozen, oblig'd to live in that hard Manner: But when the rest, who late were Rebels, but now metamorphos'd into loyal Soldiers, were return'd from the Pursuit, *Basilus* calling them together, in some Degree because he thought it Policy, but more because *Zelmane* had before promis'd it, whose Words were to him as divine Oracles, he pronounc'd a general Pardon, ordering them to return to their separate Dwellings, and be more circumspect and better advis'd in their future Proceedings: But believing *Clinias* the chief Instrument in this Accommodation, he gave him his particular Thanks; but withal ordering him to give an Account how this Phrenzy got footing among the People, and from whence it took its Rise.

The insinuating Villain determin'd to tell the Truth in every thing, except that which related to *Cecropia* and himself, first dipping his Hand in the Blood of his Wound: By this Blood, said he, which is much more dear to me than any that fills my Veins, since it was spilt in your Majesty's Defence; this Tongue, tho' unfortunate in not prevailing, shall yet be true, nor lye unto my Lord. Then stretching out his Hand, making a thousand odd Grimaces, such

as he was us'd to on the Stage, he made the following Relation:

Yesterday, said he, being your Highness's Birth-day, and as such to be joyfully celebrated by all honest Hearts, there met in the delightful Green, two Miles from this Place, before the City of *Enisfus*, about four or five thousand People, of all Ranks and Conditions, intending, I really think, to do Honour to the Day, spending it in Dancing and such innocent Amusements. When the Evening approach'd, they pitch'd their Tents and Bowers, in order to add the Night to lengthen out the happy Day. *Bacchus*, the Learned aver to be the Child of Thunder, and surely that has made him ever since so full of Wrangling and Disturbance; for he indeed it was which first founded the Trumpet to this rude Alarm; for that barbarous Opinion being receiv'd among them, that they cou'd no way so well express their Loyalty, as by Excess of Vice, nor prove so much that they wish'd their Prince his Health, as by pledging it in Draughts which must of Necessity destroy their own, and debauch their Reason: Heated with the Wine, having spent all the Night, and good Part of the Morning in Revelling; and fearless, from your retir'd Manner of Living, that it shou'd ever reach your Ears, there was nothing which uncertain Rumour had handed to their Knowledge, either relating to your self or Ministry, which they did not make the Subject of their drunken Conferences: I call the Gods to witness, who ne'er escape the Punishment of Perjuries, that I full often check'd their Insolencies; and when my Admonitions prov'd of no Effect, I stop't my Ears, because I wou'd not hurt them with the Sound of their abominable Blasphemies, till by Blows they forc'd me to have both my Eyes and Ears defil'd by their infamous Proceedings: Publick Transactions were rated by private Grudges; no Man was thought to prove his Wit so well as by finding Fault; Railing and scurrilous Language were esteem'd the Produce of Freedom; and those few that were inclin'd to Silence, the most favourable Sentence that was pass'd upon them, was Ignorance and Stupidity; till at last, O Misfortune that ever I shou'd live to speak it! how have I Breath to utter it! your sacred Person was not exempted from their sacrilegious Jest: I ne'er cou'd have the Power at any Time to repeat their monstrous Insolencies, much less in your Royal Presence, but that your Commands enjoin me to a strict Obedience, and your Orders are to know each Particular of their Proceedings, which at last grew to such a monstrous Degree, (O Presumption eternally to be remember'd!) as to condemn your Actions, and find a thousand Flaws in your Way of Life, from which it wou'd be tedious to repeat all the unreasonable Constructions which they drew; but the Sum of them were these, that you disdain'd your People, and that he cou'd never be justly esteem'd a Prince, that absconded from his Throne, and liv'd like a
private

private Subject: Then many of them, whose Fortunes were desperate, and their Minds much more so, and that hardly any Change cou'd injure, began to cry out that your Government shou'd be look'd into; that the great Sums which were continually from among them levied, ought to be accounted for; that they did not see why none but the Nobility and great Men shou'd be admitted into Counsel, and that the Commons shou'd be debarr'd giving their Opinions, when it was their Blood and Treasure that must pay for each Consequence; that for their Parts, they were uncertain whether you was not betray'd into this Retirement, and by Force confin'd or possibly destroy'd; and therefore it was high Time for them to come and find out the real Truth; and if you were here, to know from your own Mouth, whether *Arcadia* was grown loathsome in your Sight; and if it was, why you did not entirely give it up, since there were People enough who wou'd take the Care of the Government which they could nominate, since you thought it not worth the Trouble; that if indeed you were not to blame, and only practis'd on by Villains, then it was their Duties to come and deliver you, or at least begin that in which all *Arcadia* wou'd quickly join. Let us, cry'd they, bravely attempt what all the rest imagine, and not be afraid, or dread the Power of those vain Titles which we ourselves create. At last, having both said and heard so much as wou'd equally have put them into each other's Power, with the most fierce Attempts, they were resolv'd to go through with it; and borrowing the glorious Name of Liberty for their Standard, like a furious Torrent they issued forth; whatever I and a few more well-inclin'd People cou'd do to stop them, was no more than throwing Stones against the Wind. The Madness grew so general, that there needed no Drum nor Trumpet to proclaim it. Thus was their Banquet transform'd into a Battle, and their flowing Cups of Wine into Streams of Blood; their zealous Prayers for your Health and Length of Days, into Threatenings against your Royal Power; the Solemnity of your Birth-Day, into Preparations for your Funeral. But as a drunken Heat is always as rash and unadvis'd as Wicked, and considers as little of the Means to injure as to right, so they never consider'd how to accommodate themselves with proper Weapons, but took up every Instrument that offer'd to their Rage; some got Swords, some Pikes and Bills, and others Pitchforks and Rakes, converting the Tools of Husbandry to the Use of War; some catch'd up Spits, making Things, serviceable to the Preservation of Life, Instruments of Death; and one of them took the very Pot, in which he had just been drinking Bumpers to your Health, with a Design to use it to your Destruction. Thus madly arm'd, thus govern'd, and thus inflam'd, encouraging those who were willing to follow them, and threatening the rest, their Rage encreasing as they run along, as Balls of Snow gather in rolling, they hasted towards this Lodge; not one of them, I dare say, knowing where he design'd to stop, or where begin; but as it is the very Nature

ture of Mischief to multiply it self till 'tis crush'd with its own Weight; so their Minds once past the Limits of Obedience, knew no Let; and they who at first pretended only to preserve you, then to reform you, at last grew to such a Pitch of Wickedness, (with a bleeding Heart I speak it) that they determin'd there was no Safety for them, without murdering you; and if the Gods had not, in a miraculous Manner, preserv'd you for the Protection of *Arcadia*, we shou'd by this time have out-liv'd our only earthly Happiness, and our selves destroy'd that peculiar Blessing, for which we have every Moment reason to bless Heaven that we were born *Arcadians*.

Here the Fellow began to wring his Hands, forcing out a few Tears, insomuch that *Basilus*, who was not the sharpest Penetrater into Men's real Opinions, took a great Fancy to him; and a great deal more so, because he had flatter'd him in the Presence of his Mistress; and therefore compassionating his Wound, he order'd him to go Home and have immediate Care taken of it, and withall, to enquire into this Affair, and if he found any farther Depth in it, to make him acquainted with it, and rest assured he should be very well rewarded for his Pains. But before he was gone away, some of the Shepherds being come, (for that happen'd to be the Day appointed for the Pastorals) *Basilus* sent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to some other of the principal Noblemen, with Orders that they should make a thorough Enquiry into this Matter, and place such Garrisons in the Towns and Villages all round about him, that he might for the future enjoy his Retirement unmolested, or at least upon any Attempt be able, upon the Sound of a Bell, to have immediate Help. *Clinias* having his Eyes one way and his Ears another, quickly observ'd this Order, and therefore resolv'd to make the utmost Haste to inform *Cecropia* of it, and advise her to be speedy, both in her Determinations and the Execution of them; or else 'twas probable that such a strict Examination wou'd discover them, and ruin her. Eager with this Thought he went his way, leaving the royal Company embracing and thanking *Zelmane*, extolling her Valour and praising her Conduct to such a high Degree, as if it had been more than Humane, using such emphatical Expressions, as nothing but the most sincere Regard cou'd e'er have dictated. The Apprehensions they all were under, while she was in Danger, were now more than paid by her Safety and their own, with the additional Joy of being purchas'd by her Hand; and all the Blessings and Deliverances of their past Lives, they esteem'd Trifles, in Comparison with this last, which so manifestly set forth the Courage, Fortitude and Resolution of their Favourite *Zelmane*.

But as they were thus agreeably employ'd in caressing and paying her their unfeign'd Acknowledgments, they were interrupted by the Sound of a Cittern ill-play'd upon, and attended by a worse Voice, who seem'd to sing

sing, maugre the Opposition of the Muses. This made them turn themselves the Way the Sound directed; where coming towards them, they 'spied *Dametas* strutting, as if he had walk'd triumphant over the dead Bodies of his Enemies, and equally valuing himself, because he had made Use of the natural Strength of the Cave, as if he had rais'd the most artful Fortification, which wou'd much longer have secur'd him; it being ever his Maxim, that after a Storm, there generally falls, for some time, a few scattering Drops. The fair *Pamela*, who now had dearly bought the Experience of those anxious Cares which hourly solicit a love-sick Heart, when the dear Object of it is but within the Reach of Danger, was glad to take the most immediate Opportunity of going to her Parents, as well to enquire of their Safety, as by that Means to inform herself in what Situation her Shepherd was, and how employ'd. *Basilus*' Thoughts had been so taken up, that he quite forgot *Pamela*; but upon the Sight of her, his Mind was struck with a superstitious Resemblance of the Oracle; which, flatter'd with the false Insinuations of delusive Hope, he now interpreted to his own Advantage, and deluded by the erroneous Opticks which his Passion presented to him, he imagin'd, that because *Zelmane* seem'd to him the only Thing on Earth of Consequence, that the Gods cou'd have a View to nothing in their Oracles, but what she must be principally concern'd in.

While he was deeply revolving these Things in his disorder'd Mind, one of the Shepherds came to acquaint him that *Philanax* already waited his Commands, attended by a hundred Horse, who having by Accident pass'd not far from the Desert, hearing of the Uproar, had gathered a Company of Gentlemen as precipitately as possible, and was come upon the Spur to aid his Master. *Basilus* was very well pleas'd to find him so diligent, but unwilling to run the hazard of his or any other Nobleman's seeing his Mistress, he would not suffer them to come into the Lodge; but went himself out to them, and ordering *Philanax* to place Garrisons, and make a thorough Search into the Grounds of the Affair, he took that Opportunity, with submissive Duty, earnestly to press his quitting that strange Way of Life, which already had lik'd to have proved so fatal to him. Well, reply'd *Basilus*, 'tis possible, that e'er 'tis very long, I may condescend to your Desires; but in the mean Time I expect you to take all proper Measures to prevent my being any more disturb'd in my Retreat. Your Highness, answer'd *Philanax*, may be assur'd of my utmost Care: But might I presume once more to speak — Enough, reply'd the King, I already know what you wou'd urge; I suppose you well remember how earnestly you before exhorted me in your Letter not to give Credit to those Oracles, whose Authority occasioned this Resolution of Retirement. I well remember it, answer'd *Philanax*, for tho' your Highness did not think fit to make me acquainted with the Parti-

culars of that, yet all Oracles hold in my Opinion the same Degree of Estimation. Well, said *Basilus*, give me your Attention, and I will now repeat to you the particular Words, that when the Predictions are all fulfill'd, as some have been already, you may be asham'd of your Incredulity; with that he proceeded to repeat the following Words.

*Thy elder Care shall from thy anxious Sight
Be stole by Princely Force, yet not be lost;
Thy younger shall embrace in Nature's Spight,
A seeming monstrous Love, who yet is Nature's Boast.
A worthy Husband each of them shall wed,
But e'er their promis'd Joys are half compleat,
They at thy Bier, as at a Bar, shall plead,
To shew the Cause why thou thy Death did'st meet.
A foreign Power upon thy Throne shall sit;
But e'er thou shalt sustain these heavy Ills,
Thy lawful Wife Adultery shall commit,
Tho' she no other's Arms but thine shall fill.*

I don't, continued *Basilus*, expect you to think this of any Consequence, because I full well remember, that when I told you, how that alarm'd with continual Visions, which were confirm'd by strange Prefages, I had been at *Delphos*, and there receiv'd this Answer, you reply'd, That you could not at all believe there was any Thing Supernatural in any of those Things; but that instead of Visions they were only incoherent Dreams, which proceeded from a disorder'd Constitution; how slightly you esteem the Oracle, your Letter is a sufficient Proof; but for my Part, I am now more than ever convinc'd of its Infallibility, since a thousand evident Proofs have concur'd to confirm me in that Opinion, which hereafter you shall be made acquainted with, but at present shall only tell you, that the thing I most fear'd, which was that of a foreign Prince's filling my Throne, is now happily pass'd, since that has been done by *Zelmane*; and so blind are we to the Decrees of Providence, that what I most dreaded has proved the only Means of my Preservation: He had no sooner nam'd *Zelmane*, but that he proceeded on the pleasing Subject with such Vehemence, and bestow'd such unbounded Praises on the minutest of her Actions, that *Philanax* soon guess'd he went upon some other Motive, than the Regard he had for general Merit; and his faithful Heart being shock'd at the Thought of his Master's Weakness, he was willing to break off the Conversation; and therefore begg'd he might have Leave to go about those Matters of Consequence, which 'twas necessary there should be immediate Care taken of.

Basilus

Basilus return'd in to his Lodge, greatly pleas'd that he cou'd thus happily construe the Oracle, which, being by himself, he did after this Manner: He imagin'd that the two first Lines of it were made already out, since the Passion *Zelmane* had inspir'd him with, had in Effect forc'd from his Heart the paternal Tendernefs he once bore toward his Daughter; but yet she was not quite lost to his Affections. After this blind Manner he made out the rest; but what gave him the utmost Pleasure, was the Interpretation that he put upon his Wife's committing Adultery, for by that he firmly thought was meant *Zelmane*, whom afterward he shou'd marry. As to his Daughters' Marriage, which threaten'd him with Death, he was very easy about that, being determin'd for ever to keep them immur'd from the Sight and Conversation of all Mankind, and so prevent a Possibility of their ever changing their Conditions. Having, as he thought, so notably explain'd the Oracle, he determin'd to dedicate three Days to the Service of *Apollo*, and made his Wife and Daughters join in the Rites; which being ended, the privileg'd Shepherds came to know if he wou'd be pleas'd to admit of their Performances: He being perfectly satisfisd in *Philanax's* Care, was very glad to relieve his Mind with their rural Pastimes; but while they were preparing themselves to perform in the best Manner that they were able, he call'd his Daughter *Philoclea*, and taking her aside, with such Eagerness as if he scarce had Power to stay the Repetition of her Words, he begg'd of her to tell him how she had succeeded with *Zelmane*; to which she reply'd, in a respectful Manner, (as they before had agreed between them,) that she had so far influenc'd *Zelmane*, that upon her Account she wou'd so much recede from her former Severity, as to give him a patient Hearing whenever he pleas'd to speak; and for any further Favour, continued she, as I am sure *Zelmane* will never grant it, so I must be so sincere as to tell your Highness, I never can prevail with my self to press it. *Basilus*, taking her in her Arms, thank'd her ten thousand Times; and eager to make Use of the Permission which she had gain'd for him, giving her an affectionate Embrace, he left her, and hasted to *Zelmane*; but she not having fully determin'd in what Manner to behave to him, would not suffer him to speak; and to prevent him when he attempted it, she softly whisper'd him, that she thought it a very improper Time to fall upon such a Subject, when they were furrounded with Company; and to employ him, that he might not press it any farther, she told him how far his Daughter had given her an Account of the Distress which the fair *Erona* was involved in, whom in her Travels she had the Honour to be known to, and received great Obligations from: Therefore, continu'd she, I beg your Highness will be so good as to give me the Conclusion of her Story, as far at least as *Plangus* related it to you; such severe Misfortunes coming to a Lady, who bating that invincible Error of
blinded

blinded Love, she in no Degree deserv'd, greatly moving my Pity and Concern. *Basilus*, proud of receiving her Commands in any thing, but more so, that in excusing her self from hearing him at that Time, she did as good as promise him her Attention at a more convenient Season, he readily obey'd her, in pursuing *Erona's* Story, which he did in the following Manner :

I must confess, said he, that since I have been capable of judging what justly merits Pity, and what not, I never found my self so fully possess'd of that Passion, as when I accidentally met with that unhappy Prince, who, strong in Fortitude, and Proof against the keenest of his own Misfortunes, which as you have heard have not been light ones, was yet so subdued by the Violence of a generous Passion, as to sink under the Pressure of another's Evils. I will not waste the Time, and tire your Ears with the Repetition of what you already are acquainted with. But, to begin where my Daughter ended, know that *Antiphilus*, being crown'd and freed from the Observation of those two valiant Princes, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, who were oblig'd to leave that Court, upon a Challenge sent to one of them by *Anaxinus* ; who is now in some of our *Grecian* Provinces, dishonouring the lost *Pyrocles's* Fame, as far at least as in him lies ; but that is far above his little Malice to hurt : But, as I said, *Antiphilus* being fix'd on his Throne, and deliver'd from their Presence, whose Virtues, while they were near him, restrain'd his vicious Inclinations, he had not long a Strength of Mind sufficient to conceal his natural Meanness of Soul ; but raised so far above his groveling Sphere, he quite forgot that he was born a Man, but only look'd on himself as an absolute Monarch, and was not to be perswaded they had any Analogy to each other : He never once consider'd, that tho' he was a King, yet his Dominion was over reasonable Creatures, and who wou'd expect to be treated as such, and very sensibly despise his Follies, and repine at the Injuries he offer'd them : But he imagining that Sovereignty was a Plea for every thing he cou'd commit, made a perfect Tennis-Court of his Kingdom, where his Subjects were the Balls for his wanton Play ; presuming so much upon his Greatness, as to believe that any Action which he cou'd commit, tho' in itself ever so absurd, must be esteem'd extraordinary, because it was his, and that even his Disgraces must be taken for Favours. To feed and nourish this unreasonable Humour, there wanted not fawning Sycophants enough about the Court ; some, who were so innately fond of Flattery, as to love it purely for the sake of the Deceiver ; and others envying his undeserv'd Success, deign'd to take that Method of destroying him ; like the artful Bird that soars aloft with the Shell-fish, that he may be sure to break it in Pieces with the Fall : But his soft and penetrable Mind, apt to receive any Impressions that bore the Weight of Flattery, forwarded their Designs ; and his Head turning
round

round to the Measure of their false Musick, he was fully perswaded that he was the wisest King, the truest Patriot, and the greatest Darling of the People, that ever fill'd the Regal Throne; and tho' he was so obscurely born, yet there wanted not exalting Heralds to prove him of Royal Blood, nay, even true Heir to the Crown, but that his Ancestors had been unjustly deposed by those of *Erona's*: And now, like the foolish Bird that hides its Head, and rests satisfied that because its own Eyes are blinded, no Body else can see; so this vain-glorious Man imagin'd, that while his View was turn'd from the Meanness of his Birth, other People wou'd ne'er be sensible of it.

At length his Vanity (that Bane of Gratitude) was grown to such a Pitch, as to make him despise the Author of all his Happiness; and in return to all that Love and generous Affection which the fair *Erona* hourly paid him, he us'd her with the utmost Contempt and Inhumanity; and after half a Year's Marriage, pretending that she was barren, introduced a Law for Polygamy, which was publickly allow'd; and still keeping *Erona* in the most servile Manner, he by publick Embassies made Proposals to *Artaxia*, who, tho' she bore as great a Hate to him, as she did sincere Affection to the equally unworthy King *Plexertus*, yet to further some private Views, she judg'd it proper to draw him on a little, and let him feed upon false Hopes; which so puffed him up, that already in Imagination he was in Possession of her Person, and crown'd King of *Armenia*, which Throne he look'd upon but as a Step to more Monarchies; as if Fortune had no other Use for her Wheel, but to turn it to his Advantage: But in the Interim, there being a great Assembly met together, consisting of most of the Princes of *Asia*, with an Intent to pay their Complements to those two inimitable Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, he wou'd by all Means make one, not out of a grateful Purpose of acknowledging the Obligations which he had to them, which were equal to the greatest that any of the other Princes had sustain'd, but because he imagin'd that he shou'd by them be as much courted and cajol'd, as among the Underlings that swarm'd about his own infested Court: But he was greatly baulk'd; for the Opinion that Royal Company held of him, came much nearer to Disdain than Honour; which he quickly found by their Behaviour to him, so different from that they shew'd to one another. Upon this he began to be confounded in himself, till the Tribe of fawning Sycophants, that follow'd in his Train, perswaded him that their indifferent Behaviour to him, proceeded from nothing but their Envy of his growing Greatness, and advis'd him immediately to leave them, and forward the Treaty with *Artaxia*; which he readily agreed to. Blind and credulous! to imagine that a Queen, and such an accomplish'd one, wou'd be content to share a Husband, or submit to the Embraces of such a mean unworthy Crea-

ture; but so far his Pride and Self-sufficiency prevail'd, as to perswade him he was sure of it, while his injur'd Wife, the poor *Erona*, was so subdued and brought to such an Ebb of Resolution, as quietly to submit to all this monstrous Treatment, urg'd on either by the Violence of her Passion, or else determin'd (as it often happens in the greatest Minds) to justify her Choice, and patiently abide the utmost Consequence of Evil, which that could draw upon her; for so surprisingly did she behave, as not only to bear his Insults, but her self to be the Tool to forward them, and at his Request, to write to Queen *Artaxia*, that she was very willing, in regard both to her Husband's Welfare and the People's, to have a second Place in his Bed and Throne, and yield the Preference in Both to her superiour Merit: Nay, so far did she carry her mean Obedience, as not only to consent to his injurious Treatment, but to paint out his Perfections, (or at least those which her Partiality assign'd him) and even woo *Artaxia* for him.

But that Queen retaining a mortal Hatred against them both, upon Account of her Brother's Death, did yet skreen it till she could have an Opportunity of putting it in full Practice; and therefore pretending that all her Rage was pointed at those two Mirrors of Perfection, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, she even forwarded their Excuses of her Brother's Murder, as not being the principal Actors, tho', driven by irresistible Necessity, they were the sad Occasion; and so artfully did she manage, that tho' in Reality she promis'd nothing, yet *Antiphilus* was perswaded of all she wou'd have him think, and a solemn Interview was appointed; but to speak in the Poet's Stile, *Hymen* forgot his Saffron-coloured Robe; for *Artaxia* having privately laid a Party of Soldiers in wait, which she could easily do, he being fully perswaded that she was forwarder than he for the Alliance, when he came up to her with open Arms, tho' with a haughty Countenance, as if he rather accepted than sued for the Possession of her, instead of meeting him as he expected, she gave the Signal for her Guard, who all rush'd out, and having much the Advantage of *Antiphilus's* Retinue, both in Number, Strength and premeditated Preparation, they soon put all his Train to the Sword, except those few that were swift of Flight; and taking both him and *Erona* Prisoner, by *Artaxia's* Order they were loaded with Irons and carried to a Dungeon, near her Brother's Tomb, where she designed to sacrifice them to his Memory, placing the Regard she held for That between her Breast and any Impulse of Compassion, from which by Nature she was far from being alienated.

And now the different Effects which hard Adversity produces in a base and noble Mind, began to shew itself; for *Antiphilus*, who knew no Greatness but what his Power gave him, being divested of that, his own ignoble Mind sunk him farther than Calamity could drive him, meanly begging Life, where Reason might assure him his Entreaties

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ties wou'd be vain; and poorly bemoaning his unlucky Fate, when he must necessarily know that his Cries wou'd be the most pleasing Musick his Enemies cou'd hear; making ten thousand Promises and Protestations, which he must know wou'd be of as little Use to him, and be as little regarded, as if he made them to the whistling Wind. While the poor betray'd *Erona*, griev'd indeed, but in such a Manner as shew'd that she was inur'd to Sorrows and Adversity, and being already wounded in the tenderest Part of her Happiness, was rather willing to meet, than avoid that End of her unmerited Miseries; greatly disdaining to sue for her own Life, yet condescending to speak for *Antiphilus*; but in all Extremities behaving with an undaunted Courage, and shewing an equal Degree of true Majesty in a Prison, as on a Throne.

But now I must turn my Subject to Prince *Plangus*, who being continually in Queen *Artaxia's* Court, happen'd to be present at the taking of *Erona*; her Beauty, Youth, and resolute Behaviour charm'd him; Compassion for her unhappy Fate urg'd on the Prepossession he found for her, and being permitted by *Artaxia* now and then to visit her, it very soon grew up to the most violent Passion; and knowing that he had no Time to lose, he took the first Opportunity of declaring it to *Erona*, assuring her that there was no Dangers he would not prove to preserve her valued Life, in which his own was interwoven. She heard him calmly out, and then reply'd, That as to what concern'd her self in the black Tragedy, she was entirely easy; that Life to her was but of little Consequence, being constrain'd to play a Part on the World's Stage, that she was weary of performing; and therefore begg'd him not to throw away his officious Care on her, who never cou'd deserve it from him; but if he would really prove himself possess'd of that Friendship for her which he pretended, she begg'd he wou'd employ it to save *Antiphilus*, and in that she assur'd him he would do her a real Service. *Plangus* cou'd not forbear representing to her how great a Flaw it was in her Judgment, to regard the Safety of a Wretch who had treated her so inhumanely, without Sense of Love, of Gratitude, or Honour. But she, deaf to any Remonstrances that were not in his Favour, resent'd whatever *Plangus* offer'd upon that Head, excusing all his Actions, or at least endeavouring to do it; and when *Plangus* objected some of the most notorious of them, which it was impossible for her to extenuate, she only answer'd, That he was her Husband, and that both Duty and Inclination oblig'd her to be solicitous for his Safety, which she did and ever shou'd a thousand Times prefer before her own. The Prince was sadly griev'd to find her so obstinate in her ill-judg'd Love; but being as great a Slave to her, as she was to *Antiphilus*, the Power she had over him oblig'd him to use his utmost Efforts to obey her hard Injunctions; and tho' he had not only look'd upon *Antiphilus* as a Traytor to the only Woman in the World that he re-

garded,

garded, but the Possessor of that Woman, and consequently a Bar to all he hop'd of Happiness; yet his generous Inclination so far prevail'd, as to make him use his utmost Interest with *Artaxia* to preserve his Rival's Life. But she, whose tender Breast (once the Receptacle of Pity and Compassion) was now fill'd with Fury and Revenge, which her Judgment represented to her as highly laudable, wou'd hear no Intercession in either his or *Erona's* Favour, but confin'd them still the more, the more she was urg'd to their Deliverance; only prolonging their Lives till a prefix'd Time; and on the Birth-Day of *Tyridates*, which was very near, she design'd to execute *Antiphilus*, and upon the Anniversary of his Death, which was about half a Year after, she determin'd that *Erona* shou'd undergo the same Fate. *Plangus* was infinitely griev'd that he cou'd meet with no better Success in behalf of *Antiphilus*; but when he thought of *Erona's* Suffering, he grew distracted; he knew not what Course to take, or how to turn himself in this great Exigence; at last he resolv'd to go to *Lycia*, and try whether he cou'd rouze up the Spirit of the People to take Arms, and by Force rescue their Queen. But that Hope was soon destroy'd, for the immediate Heir had taken that Opportunity to usurp her Place; and using a thousand Insinuations to make her odious to her Subjects, upon Account of the unworthy Choice which she had made, settled himself upon her Throne; and not content with that, wrote to *Artaxia* to urge her on to her Destruction, which was the only Thing that cou'd secure him in his illegal Power, and give him a Face of Justice. When *Plangus* came to find this, and that there was nothing to be done that Way, he engag'd some of his nearest Friends to join with him in getting *Antiphilus* out of Prison, his Fate being so much nearer than *Erona's*; and apprehending that his Death might possibly hasten hers, without the Help of *Artaxia's* Cruelty, he determin'd first to deliver him, and for that Purpose order'd Matters as privately as he cou'd. *Artaxia* having employ'd several of *Tyridates's* old Servants to observe his Actions, and consulting with *Antiphilus*, which by his Authority he found Means to do, they agreed upon the Time and Manner of his Escape, which was to be compass'd by the Death of his Goalers, every thing being now in a Readiness, and *Plangus* voluntarily putting himself in the utmost Danger to save a Wretch, whose Life was not worth his least Hazard: When the Time came, the abject Villain, who in his Prosperity was like a Bladder over-fill'd, ready to burst with the empty Breath of Vanity, and now in Adversity meanly submitting his Neck to be trod upon, just upon the Point, his cowardly Heart fail'd him; and tho' with running a very little Hazard, he might in all humane Probability have secur'd both his Life and Honour, yet he durst not run the Venture; but always placing his Hopes and Fears on the wrong Byass, he very judiciously thought, that if he discover'd this Plot to *Artaxia*, she would undoubtedly give him his Life for a Reward: And accordingly, just before the Time that the Signal was to be given of his

his Escape, he discover'd all he knew to his Keeper, with unavailing Tears, falsely protesting that he would much sooner submit to be put to Death by *Artaxia's* Command, than make his Escape against her Pleasure; but withall, begging that his Life might be granted him, tho' upon the hardest Terms, and with any the most wretched Impositions that she thought fit to lay upon him. Having made this villainous Discovery, the Keeper took his Measures accordingly; and when *Plangus* came, he was very near being taken; but having some Reason to believe his Purposes were discover'd, he hastily retir'd, and calling his Friends about him, stood upon his Guard, which he had need enough of doing; for *Artaxia* being told of his Attempt, and thinking him possess'd of the very Spirit of Ingratitude, having ever been, by both her Brother and her self, not only skreen'd from the Fury of his Father, but us'd with all the Respect that was due to his Birth, she sent a Party of her Guards to apprehend him; but he had so greatly gain'd upon all the Military Men, and so high were the Regards they held for him, that he not only secur'd himself from the Fury of the incens'd Queen, but moved great Compassion in them for poor *Erona's* unhappy Fate.

But when he mention'd the Safety of *Antiphilus*, not one wou'd join with him: The Contempt which his ignoble Actions had implanted in them, was not to be effaced; and the Queen found no Difficulty in glutting her Revenge on him, by giving him up to the most torturing Death, which was inflicted by the Women of the City; who hating him with the utmost Inveteracy, upon Account of his introducing their most detested Law, Polygamy, petition'd the Queen that they might have the executing of him, which she granted; and after they had griev'd him with all kind of Tortures, they throw'd him off a high Pyramid, which was built over *Tyridates' Tomb*, obliging him to end his Life in as despicable a Manner as he had spent it.

Plangus being now well assur'd that *Artaxia* only waited the appointed Day, when in the fair *Erona's* Ashes shou'd be writ the compleating of her Revenge, he summon'd all his Friends, (for tho' in a strange Nation, his Virtues had gain'd him many,) and determin'd by Force to tear her from the Destruction which so near approach'd her. On the other Side, *Artaxia's* Anger inspiring her with more Courage than the Timorousness of her Sex did with Fear, us'd all her Royal Power to quell their Mutiny: But *Plangus*, who is by the whole World allow'd to equal the expertest Soldier, as well in Politicks as Courage, in the first Engagement got a considerable Victory, tho' the Odds was greatly on the Queen's Side; and among the rest, took Prisoner a natural Son of her Brother's, for whom she had the utmost Value; and confining him close Prisoner, sent her Word that he shou'd share *Erona's* Fate, whate'er it was; and therefore she might proceed in the Manner

she approv'd. This Message stop'd her Hand, or otherwise she wou'd have hasten'd *Erona's* Death, in order to put an End to those intestine Broils.

At length some Principal Noblemen of the Country interposing, there was a Peace concluded; all Persons pardon'd on both Sides, and all Prisoners, except *Erona*, deliver'd up: But it was agreed she shou'd be put under the Charge of an honourable Nobleman, who was in Possession of a Castle of great Strength, upon his being bound under Oath, that if by the Day two Year from *Tyridates's* Death, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* did not appear in Person to engage and overcome two Knights, which *Erona* wou'd appoint to fight with them, that then she shou'd upon that Day be deliver'd up to be burn'd to Ashes; but if they came, and were victorious, that then she shou'd be free; but upon no Terms be either deliver'd or executed till that Time. To these Articles a solemn Oath was taken on all Sides, and a Peace was proclaim'd. *Plangus's* Party obliging him to agree; which he was much the willinger to do, not at all disputing but those two meritorious Princes wou'd very readily take up the Challenge; and he did not in the least doubt but they wou'd get the better of any two *Artaxia* shou'd appoint.

Artaxia, on her Side, was still better satisfied with the Agreement, having had private Intelligence from *Plexertus*, that he had accomplish'd their Ruin, and given them a Prey to the relentless Waves. But this heavy News *Plangus* was a Stranger to; and finding his Party not spurr'd up with half his Eagerness, he was, as I said before, oblig'd to accept the Peace, and *Erona* was deliver'd into the Custody of that noble Lord who was to be her Keeper, of whom *Plangus* easily obtain'd Leave to visit her. But when he came, instead of being receiv'd according to what he had merited from her, she fell into successive Faintings, as if she look'd upon him as the Occasion of *Antiphilus's* Death, because he wanted Power to hinder it; to whose Memory she paid the most excessive Grief, and suffer'd neither his Want of Merit, either to her or in himself, at all to alleviate her Concern; glorying in her Affliction, and shunning every Overture of Comfort, and taking every Method to destroy her self, and lay down her hated Life, without making her own Hands accessary. When *Plangus* press'd her with all the Eloquence of a sincere and tender Passion to mitigate her Sorrows, and told her the Conditions which were made, begging her to write to the two Princes, that they might come to her timely Aid, she reply'd, That she own'd her self greatly oblig'd to him for the Care he took about her, but that Life was now grown so great a Burthen to her, that so far from sending to the Princes, she wou'd not lift a Finger to preserve it; and that if he had any Regard for her, he wou'd shew it much the most, by letting her, undisturb'd, hasten to follow her still dear, tho' lost *Antiphilus*.

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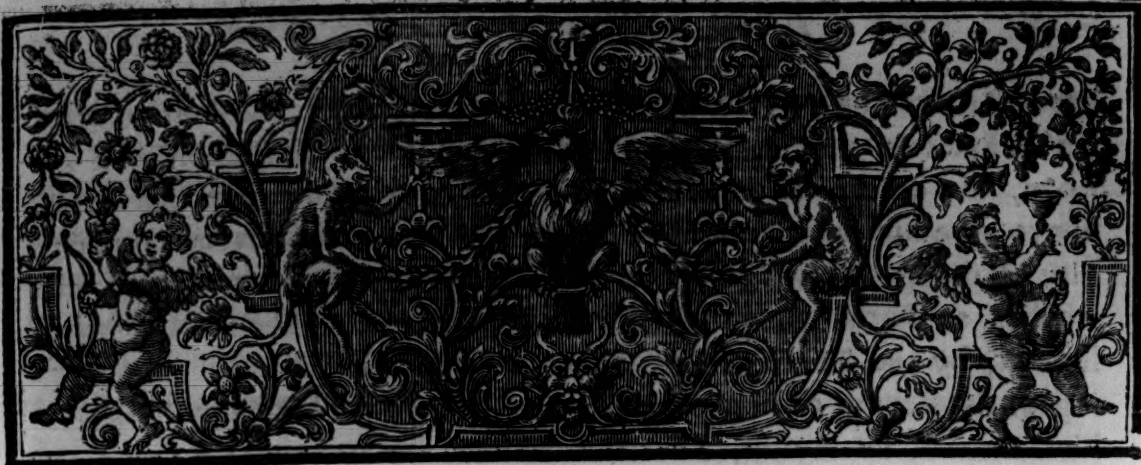
This was all the Answer she wou'd give to his most pressing Arguments ; but, ungrateful as she was, he still had too deep a Passion for her, to bear she shou'd be made a Sacrifice to *Artaxia's* Rage; and therefore only paying himself with a ravish'd Kiss from her Hand at parting, he determin'd to go into *Greece*, for which Place he was inform'd *Pyrocles* and Prince *Musidorus* were embark'd, and implore their Assistance; but by the Way he accidentally intercepted some Letters, which were wrote from *Artaxia* to *Plexertus*, wherein she gave her self up to his Disposol, assigning the long Inclination she had had for him as one Reason of her Condescension, but confirm'd by his bringing to condign Punishment her greatest Enemies, and so entitling himself to the publick Promise of her Crown and Person, extolling his Conduct and Management in over-reaching them, and thanking the Seas for concurring with him in such a manner, that *Plangus* soon found there had been some Treason used in the Ship, which *Plexertus* furnish'd them with: Whereupon, determin'd to know the Truth of it, he took Ship himself, and made his Way directly to *Laconia*; and upon enquiring, found that there had such a Vessel been lost, and that by Fire, but how it came about no Body knew; that as for *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, they must undoubtedly be destroy'd, since it was almost impossible for two such Princes to be conceal'd in any Quarter of the World, much less in any Part of *Greece*.

Stunn'd with this News, and grieving without Measure for the Loss of two such Men, who had now left no Pattern of Perfection in the World, the unhappy *Plangus* pursued his Way, not knowing what Course to steer, doubly lamenting their Overthrow at that Juncture, which at one Blow dash'd his most sanguine Hopes of *Erona's* Safety; but even that cutting Anguish was soon augmented by the Arrival of some Posts, which were sent to him by the Nobleman that had *Erona* in Custody, to inform him, that *Artaxia*, taking the Advantage of his Absence, had besieg'd him in his own Castle, demanding him to give her up, who yet in Regard to his Honour given, he had defended, and was determin'd, if it were possible, to secure her till the appointed Day; but that he much fear'd he shou'd be necessitated to comply for want of Provision, which, trusting to the General Oath, he had neglected to lay in, unless he came very soon to his Relief with a strong Force, for that all his Friends in *Armenia* were dispers'd, and *Artaxia* had increas'd her Power by marrying *Plexertus*, who now crown'd King, publickly avow'd and glory'd in the Murder of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, to which he urg'd the revenging his Sister *Andromana*, her Son, and his Daughter *Zelmane*, all whose Deaths he unjustly charg'd them with. *Plangus* was before in the utmost Consternation, but this killing News almost distracted him; he was in the cruellest Strait, and knew not which Way to turn himself.

himself. To return to *Armenia* was wholly vain, since his Friends were far from being in a Capacity of serving him; sometimes he thought of applying to his Father, but he had ever since the Death of his Step-mother, the wicked *Andromana*, been attempting to regain his Favour without Success; for those People who had join'd with the Queen to keep him out, knew there cou'd be no Safety for them if he return'd, and therefore were continually forging new Treachery to make him odious to his Father; so that *Plangus* wisely considering, that he must defer that Work to a more convenient Season, and that it would take up longer Time than the present Exigence wou'd admit, he at last determin'd to address himself to the great and good King *Euarchus*, who had just at that Time, to his eternal Fame, not only conquer'd his Enemies, but with unparallel'd Clemency establish'd Peace and prudent Government in all their several Countries. Of him *Plangus* hop'd to have immediate Assistance, not only in Regard to the Justice of his Cause, but also to revenge his Children's inhumane and unnatural Murder.

Reliev'd a little with this Thought, he went with the utmost Diligence to seek him; and in his Way passing through my Country, I chanc'd to meet him, the most possess'd with Grief of any Man I hope I e'er shall see: Continually *Erona's* Image presented itself before his Eyes, bound and burning at a Stake, so deep an Impression in his Fancy had the Apprehensions of her Danger made; which, spight of all the Comfort I cou'd give him, broke out into such violent Agonies and deep Complainings, that I was determin'd not to let him pass till he had given me a full Account of the Occasion of them. Fain wou'd he have influenc'd me to undertake her Cause; but that being impracticable, upon Account of the Resolution I had taken, I only conducted him in Safety to the brave *Euarchus*. His Words made so deep an Impression in my Mind, that when I return'd I committed 'em to Pen and Ink, as you have seen. And now, Madam, I have given you, as you commanded, the Particulars of this Story; on which, if you will take the Trouble to reflect, you will find that Love is too powerful a Deity to be resisted by the strongest Mind; and, influenc'd by that Truth, be prevail'd upon, not only to pity the Principles, but think more favourably of the unfortunate Historian. *Zelmane* was greatly mov'd at *Erona's* unhappy Case; but assuring her self that *Euarchus* would not refuse to undertake it, more especially since he cou'd at the same Time revenge the imagin'd Death of his Children, she hop'd the best; and *Basilus* having finish'd his Narrative, to prevent his falling upon a more disagreeable Subject, she begg'd the Shepherds might be call'd, who had for some Time been in Readiness to begin the Eclogues.

The End of the Second Book.



Sir *PHILIP SIDNEY*'s
A R C A D I A,
M O D E R N I Z ' D

By Mrs. *STANLEY*.

B O O K III.



THE Shepherds having, with great Applause on all Sides, finish'd their rural Sports, and the Night being far spent, *Basilus* gave them Permission to retire; and waiting upon *Zelma* to her Chamber, which Complement she wou'd much rather have paid to *Philoclea*, they all separated under Pretence of going to Sleep; but that takes little Place in Lovers Eyes; and so far were they from sharing any Degree of it, that their busy Thoughts wou'd scarce suffer them to counterfeit it, but kept their Eyes upon the Watch all the long weary Night; and more particularly flew the fair *Pamela*, whose anxious Thoughts had never had a Moment's Respite since the Time that her dear Shepherd's Danger had put them in Agitation; she ne'er before was sensible how tenderly she lov'd him, and how insupportable Life wou'd be to her without his influencing Presence; her lofty Mind, made soft and yielding, by her Apprehensions of losing all on Earth she valued, would no longer suffer her to carry on that cold indifferent Behaviour, which she had hitherto maintain'd to her humble Lover; spight of her self, her Eyes and Words confess'd that Passion, which before

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her Heart was only privy to; and fearing, by every sad Particular of his Behaviour, that his Despair must very shortly triumph o'er his Love, she determin'd not only inwardly to compassionate his Cares, but to give him outward Proofs of it; which she took every Opportunity of doing, by not only hearing all he had to say, but making such Replies as suited with the most sincere Regard. When speaking of himself, by the Name of *Musidorus*, as a third Person, and complaining of the Rigour of his Fate, she wou'd, with healing Pity, mitigate his Sorrows, by saying, That had she been the Lady whom that meritorious Prince had lov'd, she wou'd have us'd him with more Gentleness, and not have suffer'd such a disinterested Passion to have gone without Reward; since certainly that Love cou'd never justly be condemn'd, that had Virtue for its Basis. Several Things she urg'd to this Purpose, e'er *Dorus* cou'd perswade himself that they were meant to him; but when each Day's Behaviour confirm'd him more than other in the happy Certainty, his Joy at the unlook'd-for Change exceeded all reasonable Bounds, and pain'd him almost equal to his late Despair. As a poor Wretch, who has long been abus'd to the Sun's Brightness, upon being restor'd to a View of his enlightening Beams, finds them too powerful for his tender Opticks to support; so our Lover's Spirits were scarcely strong enough to bear the Effusion of Delight, which *Pamela's* Looks and Words shower'd on him. But when he had a little recover'd the first Excesses of his Rapture, he thought himself now assur'd of the Summit of his Happiness, and therefore could not perswade himself to delay a Moment reaching it, not considering that then he was most likely to tumble headlong down the vast Ascent; but arbitrary Love, like a haughty Tyrant, not content with possessing a Kingdom, without making it an unlimited Monarchy, and prescribing no Bounds to his Proceedings, urg'd *Dorus* on, by one rash Action to be depos'd, and in a Moment dash'd the full Measure of his Happiness, and made him through his own rash Error sling away that Jewel, he had with so much Assiduity been labouring to obtain: For being one Morning, by Accident, left alone with *Pamela*, his raging Passion, like a mighty Fire that has long been pent, burst out in the most violent Manner; and not regarding any Thing but that Opportunity he had been waiting for, he took her in his eager Arms, and upon her Lips attempted, in some Degree, to recompence the Agonies which she so long had made him suffer. The frighted Fair was so astonish'd at his presumptive Rashness, that for some Time, without Resistance, she permitted him to hold her; but as he, who at that Moment was insensible to every Thing but the Dictates of his transported Passion, was proceeding on to profane that Love which she had trusted to him, she hastily sprung from his Arms, and darting Flashes from her Eyes, more fierce than the red Lightening from the hissing Thunder-Bolt, and which struck him with far greater Terror, looking at him with a fierce Disdain: Be gone, she cry'd, thou Poyson to my Sight, Stain of my Judgment,

ment, and lasting Monument of my too easy Faith; O! how I hate my self for trusting to thy tardy Honour; but be assur'd I loath, detest, and hate thee more for thy presumptuous Breach of it: Be gone, fly far away, and never more attempt to come within my injur'd Sight, which through the utmost Limits of the Earth can never find so loath'd an Object. Upon this, without giving him Time to make the least Reply, she call'd aloud for *Mopsa*; and chiding her for having left her, she retir'd, leaving the poor Shepherd almost dead with Shame, Grief and Resentment against his own rash Love, for having hurry'd him on to snatch at once that Happiness, which by Degrees 'twas highly probable he might have well secur'd, but which he now believed to be for ever lost.

Distracted with that cruel Thought, scarce knowing which Way he took, he flew into the Woods, and throwing himself down at the Root of a shady Elm, he lay for some Time motionless; then starting up, Wretch that I am, cry'd he, how am I fallen, and in a Moment sunk from the greatest Height of Bliss that ever Mortal prov'd, to the last Degree of Misery; and that by no unlucky Chance, no Blow of Fortune, but my own incorrigible Folly! Monster that I was, not to be sensible that her diviner Virtue wou'd shrink at the unhallow'd Touch, and fly the Stain of impious Wishes and unbridled Love! To bear the Weight of her Displeasure, on any Terms, was what I never cou'd have undergone without the last Regret; but to be conscious that I have merited her Frowns, and in so high a Manner, that I can scarce hope to be forgiven, tortures my Breast with more than mortal Agonies, and shocks my Reason almost past its Use. Torn with these killing Thoughts, he wander'd up and down the Woods all the long tedious Day, careless of his needful Food; and when the Night approach'd, incapable of Rest, he wou'd have let that pass in the same neglectful Manner, but fearing the impertinent Enquiries of *Dametas*, he retir'd to the Lodge, where Sleep was distant from him as his Joys; and revolving ten thousand Ways how he might make his Princess sensible how dear his rash presumptuous Love had cost him, and that his bold Proceedings were spur'd on by That, and not the Effect of a lascivious Purpose, or Wantonness of Heart, he at last determin'd to write to her, despairing that he e'er again shou'd gain her Presence; and taking Pen and Ink he sat him down, the only Moment's Rest that he had prov'd since his unlucky Trespass: Long he remain'd irresolute what Stratagem to fix upon, by which she might insensibly be drawn in to read it; for much he fear'd, that if she knew abruptly that it came from him, she wou'd certainly commit the Perusal of it to the Flames; at last he concluded it wou'd at least be necessary to counterfeit his Hand, which she was too well acquainted with, not to know on the most superficial View: A thousand Times he set his trembling Hand to the unsully'd Paper, and as often drew it back; at last he

wrote

wrote a Line, then in a Rage defac'd it, as not half expressive of his Meaning; then he began another, but that he thought still poorer; this Sentence was too brief, that too prolix, this too unintelligible, that too plain; in short, at length tir'd with not approving, yet unable to make it better, he finish'd it: After it was done, he was a thousand Times about to tear it; but at last reflecting that he could not possibly be in a worse Condition, shou'd she reject it, he determin'd to let it go, and folding it up, all the Time devoutly praying that it might meet the wish'd Success, he watch'd his Opportunity, when they were all gone to the other Lodge to Dinner, and going with time-rous Steps up to *Pamela's* Chamber, he laid it in a little silver Standish which he knew she often us'd, and kissing it, and imploring its friendly Shelter for that humble Paper from all Eyes but hers, he return'd; but e'er he had got half way down the Stairs, he thought it proper to move the Standish to some Place, where he might be sure she wou'd observe its Change of Situation; and turning back, he placed it upon her Pillow, that when she went to Bed, she might be sure to see it, if before it escap'd her Observation; and then returning to his own Apartment, he gave himself up to pining Melancholy and black Despair, the only Companions that he had admitted since his sad Banishment from *Pamela's* Presence.

If he was in a Posture of the utmost Sorrow and Uneasiness, the fair obdurate Source of his Anxiety was far from being at perfect Rest; the Night had past away with leaden Wings, and the approaching Day deny'd her that Repose which she had rob'd him of, whose only Fault was a too violent and ill-tim'd Excess of Passion. In Company she was uneasy, and restless when alone; but still chose the latter, that she might, undisturb'd, enjoy her own Reflections; and therefore, soon as ever Dinner was over, she retir'd to her Chamber; the Moment she came into it she saw the Standish had been mov'd, and Curiosity oblig'd her to look into it; but when she saw the Paper, her sympathizing Heart immediately inform'd her who it came from; and shutting it to again, as if Infection had been in the harmless Box, she threw it down, and with great Precipitancy retir'd to the further Corner of the Room, as if she fear'd that it wou'd follow her: But many Moments did not pass e'er she repented, and wish'd that she had look'd it over; and yet, cry'd she, shall I encourage his rude Insolence by reading his vain Excuses; but then, continued she, he is not by, to see my Folly, or take Advantage of my Weakness; besides, 'tis possible he mayn't persist in his heinous Crime, but by his Penitence in some Degree alleviate it. Pleas'd with this Thought, she snatch'd the Paper up, that no rigid one might interfere, and stop the scarce-form'd Resolution; and opening it, with trembling Hand and beating Heart, with faltering Voice, she read the following Words.

“ I don't

" I Don't pretend, thou injur'd heavenly Creature, by this Presump-
 " tion, to extenuate my Crime; I know it is of much too
 " high a Nature to bear the least Alleviation: I only wou'd con-
 " vince you, that nothing but the Malice of my most inveterate Stars
 " cou'd e'er have urg'd me on, by one rash Step, to forfeit that Esteem I
 " have so long been labouring to gain; tho' wou'd your just Resent-
 " ment suffer you coolly to reflect upon the whole of my Behaviour,
 " you wou'd, I think, allow it has been far from answerable to any
 " wanton Flame, or sensual Passion: It has, till that unhappy Mo-
 " ment, been restrain'd within the strictest Bounds; and tho' I own
 " my self to merit all the Severity you can impose, yet think there is
 " a little Partiality due to him, who wou'd with his own Hands re-
 " venge upon himself the Violence he offer'd, but that he owns you
 " only have a Power to inflict an equal Punishment. The most rigid
 " Judge wou'd make Allowance for a Madman's Rage; and sure I
 " ought to be as little answerable for my Behaviour in that extatick
 " Moment, when the Height of my infatuating Passion render'd me ut-
 " terly incapable of any thing but the Impulses of its too arbitrary
 " Power. O had you ever been but in the least Degree subservient to
 " that commanding Tyrant, or e'er experienc'd his resistless Force, you
 " wou'd not sure, unheard, condemn a Wretch, whose awful Love
 " (if not subdued by its own Force) not all the Powers of Earth or
 " Heaven cou'd have work'd up to such a Rashness, which nothing
 " less than all his Stock of future Quiet can make Atonement for.
 " I own my Crime, and know the Greatness of it: By Heaven, 'twas
 " more than Sacrilege, with impious Hands, to attempt prophaning
 " that angelick Form, by which alone we judge of heavenly Perfecti-
 " on; yet were our Maker's Image stamp'd upon the Loadstone, the
 " attracted Needle wou'd certainly wound it with its rude Embrace,
 " tho' sure it cou'd not be accountable for the involuntary Prophana-
 " tion. I think the Parallel is just: But hold, my Pen! how am I
 " hurry'd on by frantick Grief, to excuse that Crime, which can in no
 " Degree be heighten'd, but by being justified! Not all *Minerva's* Ora-
 " tory can lessen it; my Doom is fix'd; and I, like a poor Wretch,
 " depriv'd of all the Joys in Life, must wander up and down the soli-
 " tary Earth, attended with the double Curse of having first prov'd
 " the greatest Raptures it could yield. Permit me then once, e'er I
 " go, to take my last Farewell, 'twill be the most effectual Method
 " you can imagine to encrease my Punishment, and, if possible, heigh-
 " ten the Tortures I shall prove at Parting. I won't pretend to say
 " my Life will follow the Separation; no, that wou'd be too great a
 " Happiness; but I shall drag it on a useless Load for any Purpose,
 " but to prolong my Misery, and make me every Hour more sensible
 " how great a Wretch I am. But if your Mercy will not suffer you
 " to grant this last Request, I then at least shall have the Satisfaction

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" of

" of knowing that my Torments are already answerable to your Re-
 " sentment. However you determine, may Heaven still make your
 " Peace its most distinguish'd Care; may you ne'er be sensible how
 " much I suffer, nor how great a Load of Woes your Rigour has im-
 " pos'd upon a Wretch, whose greatest Crime was being too sensibly af-
 " fected with your distracting Beauties; lest too late you shou'd relent,
 " and by regretting the severe Decree, suffer a Moment's Pain; which
 " set in Competition, wou'd far outweigh my Life, tho' spent in the
 " severest Tortures. Farewell; a long Farewell to you, and all
 " my Happiness: May the Gods provide for you a Man more worthy
 " of your Regard and your Esteem; and, to preserve that greatest
 " earthly Blessing, may he love you less; and then he will, 'tis possi-
 " ble, submit to those cool Rules your rigorous Virtue wou'd impose;
 " tho' sure the least Degree of Passion which you inspire, must be be-
 " yond the highest Influence of any other Woman. I dare not hope
 " you can so far forget my Crime, as to indulge me in a last Adieu;
 " but reflect upon it as the last Request of a Man, who has, in more
 " than Words, for you abandon'd his Country, Parents, Honour and
 " his Fame; and wou'd, by the eternal Powers, confirm the Compli-
 " ment with his own Life, cou'd that convince you of his Truth, or
 " make Atonement for his necessitated Crime. But whether do my
 " presumptuous Wishes hurry me! As well might I pretend to appease
 " offended Heaven, or stop the hissing Thunderbolt, when levied from
 " the Hand of angry *Jove*, to strike some destin'd erring Mortal, as
 " but imagine your Justice will give Place, and not be fix'd as every
 " other Attribute, which bounteous Heaven has so liberally given
 " you from its own Stores. I know not whether you will ever deign
 " to give these melancholy Lines a reading; if you commit them to
 " the Flames unheard, they will but share their Master's Fate. O
 " may the all-gracious Powers put as quick a Period to my Woes; or
 " else incline your Breast to feel a little Tenderness for him, who,
 " 'spight of all your Rigour, will be still your Slave; and by the
 " eternal Powers, glory more in that Captivity, than in being an ar-
 " bitrary Monarch over the habitable Earth, and the once unconquer'd

MUSIDORUS.

P. S. " I think your Goodness will not suffer me long to prove
 " the more than human Torture of Suspence; I therefore,
 " (if my trembling Limbs will give me leave) shall this Af-
 " ternoon attempt to see you; and believe me, they are so
 " obedient to your Commands, that if you can be so cruel
 " as to insist upon it, they will after that convey this offend-
 " ing Object for ever from your Sight.

She

She read this Letter two or three Times over; the Dispute ran high between her Pride and Inclination; but e'er even she herself cou'd determine which shou'd get the better, she was interrupted by her Sister and *Miso's* calling her down to receive *Zelmane*, who was come to pay her Complements to the two Sisters; while the restless Queen still press'd her Bed with her uneasy Weight, giving *Miso* an Opportunity to exert her shrewish Office, which she charg'd her strictly to observe, and not suffer *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* to have a Moment to themselves; which Charge, like a restive Cur, she snarlingly perform'd. *Zelmane* thus hunted between *Gynecia's* Jealousy, and *Basilus's* officious Dotage, was in the utmost Strait; it was impossible for her to gratify the one, and highly dangerous to refuse the other: She had nothing to alleviate this continual Evil, but as much as possible to avoid them both; and *Basilus* being then in his Wife's Chamber, consulting upon the Account which *Philanax* and some other Noblemen had sent him of the late Rior, in which they very much suspected *Cecropia* had a Part, she took that Opportunity of carrying her Body where her Soul continually attended. *Philoclea* receiv'd her with a bashful Joy, as being conscious there was more Temerity due to the Lover than the Friend; besides, she now vainly fear'd that every Eye shou'd find, what even the penetrating ones of Love had in her so long escap'd; so weak a Judge is apprehensive Fear; but notwithstanding that, she cou'd not resist joining with her Sister, in caressing and shewing the most officious Tenderness to *Zelmane*.

But while they were thus employ'd, and giving Feathers to the leaden Wings of Time, there came to the Door of the Lodge six seeming Country Girls; they were all of them in one Dress, which was scarlet Petticoats that reach'd little lower than their Knees, embroider'd up and down in Imitation of Vine-Leaves; their Legs were naked, only a little above their Ancles were ty'd black Silk-Laces, upon which were hung some little silver Bells, and the same above their naked Elbows; their Heads were crown'd with Garlands of Roses and Gilliflowers; their Necks were all uncover'd to the View: The foremost of them was beautifully Fair, and the rest might have been esteem'd exceeding lovely, but that they had suffer'd their Faces to be scorch'd by the strenuous Kisses of *Phæbus's* too piercing Beams. The Appearance of a decent Modesty shone in their Eyes, and their Habits seem'd not more simple than their Minds. They had each of them some Instrument of Musick in their Hands, which they touch'd so regularly sweet, as compos'd a very agreeable Harmony. The Sound of the Musick entering the Lodge on such a sudden, surpris'd the Ladies, and gave them a Curiosity to know from whom so charming an Ambassador cou'd proceed; and going all of them out together, they found the Maidens standing at the Door; but before they cou'd have Time to ask any Questions, the foremost, in a respectful tho' lively Manner, approach'd, and thus address'd them.

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Most

Most admir'd Ladies, whose superiour Charms have Power to make these lonely Woods the Mark of Envy for overlooking Cities, and whose Beauties are sufficient to form a Court in the midst of Solitude, forgive the officious Zeal of your unworthy Servants, and let your Princely Goodness deign to hear and to accept our Message, which is humbly offer'd to you in the Names of all our *Arcadian* Maids; who having been inform'd of the free Access, and the gracious Reception which some of our Shepherds have found in this sacred Place, and that their rural Sports have not been displeasing, spur'd on by Emulation of their Happiness, and a forward Zeal to shew their equal Care, and to convince your Highnesses of their Duty and sincere Affection, hoping that their ardent Desire to have their poor Performances accepted, and the Innocency of their Sex will plead a Pardon for their venturing without Permission to approach this forbidden Ground, but not too far to venture your Displeasure, they have chose us out to represent them, and in the Names of all the rest, humbly to intreat your royal Presence to grace some Country Sports which they have provided in the Woods, about a quarter of a Mile from this Place. We have been at the other Lodge, and found your Princely Parents busied in Affairs of Consequence, and therefore durst not disturb them, but came directly hither; we trust our Labour won't be left to pay our Pains, but that your Goodness will vouchsafe to bless us with your Acceptance of our Endeavours, and inspire our Songs with your influencing Presence.

Having ended her Speech, the Ladies were in some Dispute whether they shou'd venture to go, for fear *Basilus* shou'd be angry; but *Miso*, eager to have her old Senses refresh'd with a little Pleasure, bid them leave considering, for she wou'd have them go, and cheer the honest Country People, and convince them that they were not so squeamish as they might be represented. The Princesses, who were inclin'd to go, were glad of her Authority to over-rule their Doubts; and leaving *Mopsa* to take Care of the Lodge, attended by *Miso*, they follow'd the six Maidens, who beguil'd the Way with their Musick and pretty harmless Talk. *Pamela* cou'd not help casting her Eyes every Way around, to try if she cou'd any where see *Dorus*, who, unhappy Creature, was wandring up and down the unfrequented Woods, cursing his Fate, and imploring Pity and Forgiveness of her, who, cou'd she have heard him, wou'd soon have apply'd that Balm, the Wound she had given him having pierc'd thro' her own Heart. When they were come into the thickest Part of the Wood, of a sudden they turn'd upon a little square Place, environ'd with Trees, where there was a Table set, and a Banquet prepar'd of all Kinds of Fruit, which plentous Autumn yields. The Maidens begg'd the Princesses to sit down, and grace their little Entertainment with tasting the swelling Grapes, whose crouding Clusters seem'd to court the idle Press. The Ladies wou'd not scorn their
their

their Invitation, but tasted some of their Fruit, and drank a little of their cooling Wines, which sparkled at the Touch of their glowing Lips.

But soon as the Repast was over, and they were expecting the rest of the Country Lasses to appear, and begin some rural Entertainment, there suddenly rush'd out of the Wood twenty arm'd Men, who enclos'd them about; and seizing first upon *Zelmane*, e'er she had Time to draw her Sword, they disarm'd her; and flinging Hoods over all their Faces, thus muffled up they set them upon their Horses, and gallop'd away with them full speed, without saying one Word. The frighted Princesses in vain shriek'd, and call'd aloud for Help, while *Zelmane's* noble Heart was almost tore in Pieces with their fruitless Cries, and bursting with Anger against herself for her own unwary Conduct, and Rage at the injurious Villains, who had so treacherously betray'd them. When they had carried them about four or five Miles, one of the Villains stop'd, and setting *Miso* down, bound her Hand and Foot, and left her to the Mercy of the next Passenger, while the rest spur'd their Horses on with the three Ladies: And by that Time the silent Night seem'd to conspire to hide their Treason, they came to a Castle, which was about ten Miles from the Lodges, where they were oblig'd to go into a Boat, which waited ready for them; the Castle being situated in the midst of a Lake, upon a monstrous Rock, and in some Measure render'd so by Art, but more contriv'd by Nature, it was by every body believ'd to be impregnable. When they reach'd the Gate, they were unveil'd, and met by a vast Number of Torches, by whose Light they soon discern'd their wicked Aunt *Cecropia*, who came herself out to them. This Sight greatly increas'd their Terror, as thinking they had nothing less than Death to expect from her ambitious and cruel Nature. While she, making Civility a Dress for Mischiefe, came up to them, and begg'd them to disperse any Apprehensions that so odd a Proceeding might occasion, for that there was far from any Harm intended them, however Appearances might surprize; but that they were in a Place where they might equally depend upon their Safety, as in their Father's Court. The tender *Philoclea*, whose timorous Spirits were almost sunk under the sad Surprize, with Eyes full of streaming Tears, that would have mov'd a Tyger's savage Heart, could he have been sensible of them, begg'd her to have Pity on their Youth and Innocence, and not use them hardly, who ne'er had merited her Hate; while the resolv'd *Pamela*, whose noble Mind disdain'd to sue or stoop to Injury, tho' ever so much oppress'd, looking at her Aunt, with Eyes full of Majesty and just Resentment, Madam, said she, whatever your Determinations are, the only Favour I shall ask, is, that you wou'd put a speedy Issue to them; for me, I expect no Mercy where I find Oppression, nor Justice to proceed from Violence.

Cecropia making no Reply, had them immediately parted, and carried all three to separate Lodgings, (*Zelmane's* noble Spirit being so enrag'd, that it put her past the Use of Speech,) and there left them: But first disarming them even of their little Pocket-Knives, for fear they should make any Attempt upon themselves without her Permission; and giving Orders that they should want no Attendance, nor be depriv'd of any Thing but Liberty and Peace of Mind, she went immediately to her Son, (who still kept his Bed, oblig'd to that Confinement by the Wound *Zelmane* had given him,) and inform'd him what welcome Guests she had contriv'd to grace his Castle with. *Amphialus* was but just come from his Travels, wherein he had gain'd himself immortal Fame; when he, by Accident, intruded upon the Princess's Privacy, and was wounded by *Zelmane*; and therefore was wholly ignorant of his Mother's Stratagems, which he would never have come into; being, like a flagrant Rose proceeding from Briars and Thorns, a Son of infinite Worth and Honour, born from a merciless and inglorious Mother. When she told him of this last base and monstrous Action, he was as much surpriz'd, as if he had seen the Sun dethron'd, and the whole Face of Nature chang'd; and therefore begg'd her to inform him what she meant by that Proceeding, and tell him every Step she had taken. My Son, said she, I shall very willingly comply with your Request; and since every one of my Transactions have been upon your Account, I shall keep nothing of the Whole a Secret from you: For however loth I might be to reveal my Actions to the squeamish World, who might possibly judge hardly of them, yet since perform'd for your Sake, they must, by you, be esteem'd virtuous, however others might censure them; I shall therefore make no Scruple of relating every minute Particular, from before the Time that you were capable of having a Share in them: Know then, that this old doating Fool *Basilus*, who now reigns, having liv'd a Life of Celibacy, till he had prov'd near threescore Winters; and in all his Words affirming, and by all his Actions shewing, that he ne'er design'd to marry; the Eyes of the whole Kingdom were turn'd upon your Father, his only Brother, but younger by thirty Years, as his undoubted Successor; a Man worthy a Crown, and that would brave all Dangers to gain or to maintain one; while on the contrary, this Milk-sop, as you see, hides his Coward Head, and flies e'er the Approach of Danger. Your Father being in this Situation, secure as he and the whole World imagin'd in being one Day Monarch of *Arcadia*, he fought and obtain'd me of my Father, the King of *Argos*; his Brother contributing to the Match, by solemn Asseverations that he would never marry; or else you may be certain, that neither the King of *Argos*, or his Daughter, would have suffer'd their royal Blood to be mingled with any Subject's, how great so ever he might be. When I came into this Country, it was as Apparent Princess, and I was receiv'd accordingly: The Ladies of the highest Quality
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paid me their Submissions; the State I liv'd in was every way answerable to that Grandeur, due to the Daughter of the King of *Argos*: In my Presence, the Eyes of the whole Court were turn'd upon me, and their Ears attentive to nothing but my Words: Happy did he or she esteem themselves, to whom I paid the least particular Regard; and the Advantage they had over one another, was measured by the Notice I took of them: The very Gods seem'd to attend my Leisure, their Devotions being always delay'd till my Presence gave a License to them: When I pursu'd my Pleasures, those of all the Court seem'd center'd in them; if I walk'd abroad, the Way was strew'd with crowding Numbers to wait my Coming; but the Moment I appear'd, they made Way for me, and gaz'd at awful Distance, as if a Comet had struck their wondering Sight; my sleeping Hours were enquir'd into, and crowding Nobles attended to pay their Morning-Complements on my first Appearance.

Thus bless'd, thus circled round with Happiness, to compleat and make it still more solid, I brought Thee into the World: And so artfully had your Father, by my careful Help, contriv'd, that we wou'd not have waited the lingering Delays of *Basilus*' being remov'd by a natural Death, to have taken Possession of the Crown; but when our Design was ready to be put in Execution, the Gods I think envying my Felicity, which nothing but their own cou'd equal, put some Stop to it, by taking your Father's Life; yet neither did my Widowhood nor thy Orphaney deprive me of that pleasing Prospect, which the Hill of Honour yields to those aspiring Minds who are worthy to gain the vast Ascent, for the Peoples Eyes were then fix'd on thee, as the undisputed Heir, and consequently their Dependencies still more fix'd on me.

But e'er, my Son, thou hadst reach'd an Age to be sensible of the Sweets of Power, that unworthy Brute, *Basilus*, whom I can never mention within the Bounds of Patience, false to his Word, which he had given both to my Father and his Brother, married this *Gynecia*, our now haughty Queen, (curse on the Thought!) then a green Girl, and brought her home to usurp my Place, receive my Honours, and, in short, to rife me of every Joy that Sovereignty can yield: Think what a Shock this was to my exalted Mind, and how much more insupportable, than if I ne'er had known the Joys of undisputed Greatness; but this Uproar in my Mind, the Rage and Spite to see my self so injur'd, was still harder to support, as I was forc'd to smother it, and outwardly appear pleas'd and submissive to the unexpected Turn of my unhappy Fate: But the consummate Blow of all was, when by bringing these two mischievous Brats (now thy Prisoners) into the World, she at once cut off all Hopes of thy Succession; how irksome was it to me, when forc'd into the hated Presence, to find my

my Voice, which late claim'd the Attention of all about me, now heard but in the second Place ! But what was still more insupportable to my tortur'd Soul, was, to think that not only I, but thou should'st share in the foul Disgrace, and be degraded to the mean Capacity of a submitting Subject. O Heavens ! how did it rend my Heart, when I reflected that my first-born Son shou'd be degraded below his noble Ancestors ; and that the Grandson of a King, born of a Princess, and brought up for some Time as Heir Apparent to a Crown, shou'd by two puny Girls have the Diadem wrested from his manly Head, and tore to adorn their inconsiderable Brows. Had I been a Saint in Patience, these Injuries must have rous'd my Rage : Besides, had I been willing to forget my Ills, I hourly was reminded of them ; at my Doors, that us'd to be throng'd and crowded with early Visitors, a solemn Silence reign'd ; my Favour no more was courted, and I no longer follow'd ; a bare Intimation had formerly more Weight, than now my most insisted-on Requests ; and to compleat my Miseries, thou my darling Son wer't now no more regarded by the false Multitude, than a common Child born from the People's Lees. For some Time I suffer'd my self to be carry'd down the Stream of Afflictions, venting my Sorrows in Tears and womanish Complaining ; but at last, reflecting that in all Emergencies, to weep and bemoan one's self is only fit Redress for Fools, and that wise People may better spend their Time, by at least contriving how to extricate themselves, I have try'd a thousand Arts how to retrieve my Fortune, and to draw both thee and my self out of this Mire of Subjection ; and tho' my most promising Designs have often fail'd me, yet did I never connive with Fortune, and fail my self, but still had Recourse to new Arts and new Inventions. When the old Fool took up this retir'd Way of Life, I order'd some wild Beasts to be kept in a Cave hard by the Lodges, and by Night had them fed in the Place where they heard their Pastorals, I then residing in a House hard by ; and against the Hour that the Shepherds were to come, and that I knew they wou'd be all assembled, I let the Beasts out, knowing that as they had been kept for some Time without Meat, they wou'd run directly to the Place where they us'd to be fed, and consequently missing it, devour whoever was in their Way ; but unluckily I was disappointed, and only my Beasts destroy'd. After that I employ'd my Servant *Clinias* to stir up a Mutiny among the Country People ; but those Lubbards were too gross Instruments for my refin'd Inventions. At last, finding the Particularities of *Philanax's* Examinations wou'd in all Probability grow dangerous, I was determin'd to push my Fortunes, and play Double or Quits ; and by the Help of my subtle-witted Engineer *Artesia*, join'd with some other of my most dextrous Girls, I wou'd e'er this have sent these dainty Inheritresses of *Arcadia* to plead their Rights in grisly *Pluto's* Court, but that, happily for them, you Yesterday made me acquainted with that
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childish Passion which has so subdued you; for which Reason I have preserv'd their Lives, and brought them into your Power; but wou'd withal advise you to convert this soft degenerate Love into more noble Hate, that being generally the Parent of Success and Victory, while Love subdues a Man to the most mean Subjection. I meant by the same Snares to have entrapp'd their Parents, but my Instruments fail'd of that, not daring to delay the Time; but however, as I have these young Minions in my Power, you are once more immediate Heir to *Arcadia's* Crown, and *Basilus'* old Heart will quickly sink under this cutting Loss.

O! my Parent, cry'd *Amphialus*, if I am dear to you, and my Happiness your Care, mention not the hurting their helpless Innocence, nor think of doing the least Violence to them, more than you wou'd offer to my Person. Let others place what Joy their vain Imaginations fancy in Power and empty Government; for me, I shou'd esteem my self much happier in being accepted as *Philoclea's* Servant, than in all the Greatness a Diadem cou'd bestow. Well, reply'd *Cecropia*, I wish you as much participated of my Mind as Person, then wou'd you not be subject to this degenerate Weakness; but since you have suffer'd your Thoughts to spin this Web of vain Desires, is it not happy that by my Policy you have this Bawble of your Fancy at your own Disposal, and upon the Foundation of Affection (which seldom produces any Good) can build a certain Way to Sovereignty? Alas, reply'd *Amphialus*, my Heart wou'd fain persuade my Tongue to pay you its Acknowledgments for putting me in the Road to Happiness, but that my cruel Apprehensions stop the half-form'd Words; for if my *Philoclea* is made uneasy, how can I be pleas'd; if she esteems her self injur'd and hardly us'd, as sure she does, how can I look upon my self oblig'd? Perhaps she charges me with this barbarous Action; how can I triumph then? Those Beauties which but even in Imagination fires my Soul, may now, 'tis more than probable, be drown'd in Tears; how then can I rejoice? You are in the right, reply'd *Cecropia* with a scornful Air, I will therefore immediately send her home, that she may recover her Peace of Mind. No, Madam, hastily interrupted *Amphialus*, since she is here, tho' I wou'd not for my Life have forc'd her here, yet can't I so easily consent to part with her. Very pretty intricate Follies truly, cry'd *Cecropia*; but haste you up, and go try how you can prevail with her, while I visit the other Sister; for after their Rape comes to be known, we shall have Business enough upon our Hands to defend our selves against *Basilus*, who no doubt will besiege our Castle. Upon this she was going out of the Room; but recollecting her self, she turn'd back, and ask'd him how he wou'd have *Zelmane* dispos'd of, since he had now an Opportunity of revenging the Wound which she had given him. In the most honourable Manner; reply'd he, she has deserv'd no other

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Usage of me; and besides, I hear that she and *Philoclea* have an avow'd Friendship, and therefore I shou'd be desirous they might be lodg'd in the same Apartment. O, by no Means, reply'd *Cecropia*, Company is a great Confirmer of Resolution, and want of Society will tire her Thoughts, and make them more pliable to any Impressions that you shall attempt to make.

As she was talking, *Amphialus* observ'd the Knives in her Hand which she had took from the Princesses; and enquiring the Meaning of them, which she told him, he begg'd her to give him that which was *Philoclea's*; which she did, and then left him. As soon as she was gone, he call'd for his Servants, and got up with a Design to visit her; but when he was dressing, nothing cou'd please him: This Suit he thought too gay, and look'd as if he triumph'd over her Captivity; another was too grave, and seem'd like a Prognostication of evil Fortune; at last, he pitch'd upon one that was rich, without being gaudy; the Ground was black Velvet, embroider'd up and down with large Pearls and Diamonds, which shone through the tufted Velvet like twinkling Stars thro' a clouded Sky: About his Neck he wore a golden Collar, the upper Side of it set with a Row of Pearls and Diamonds, and the other adorn'd with bleeding Rubies, and party-colour'd Opals, which he thought did aptly represent the two distracting Passions of Desire and Fear, which by Turns usurp'd the Freedom of his Mind. The Hurt which *Zelmane* had given him was far from well; but so much did the strong Desire of his Mind o'erpower the Weakness of his Body, that it supported him to bear being dress'd, and convey'd to *Philoclea's* Chamber.

When he came in, he found her sitting retir'd from the light Side of her Bed; her Hands were clasp'd within each other, and her Shoulders rested against the Head of it; her Eyes were fix'd upon the Wall with as much Earnestness as if that had been the only Object that cou'd delight them. *Amphialus* stood for some Time gazing on her, without a Power of advancing; but her Thoughts a little varying, made her Senses more attentive; and his Cloaths rustling against the Curtains, she turn'd her Head; and seeing him, started and cast her Eyes upon him, but with such a Look, as plainly shew'd that Sorrow had usurp'd the Quiet of her Soul; for Love towards him she'd none, and Rage or Anger had no Place in her equal Composition, which was all made up of Female Sweetness and Gentleness of Heart.

Amphialus, who had before his Coming studied an elaborate Speech with which to introduce himself, was at the Sight of that Idol of his Heart, past the Use of his collected Judgment, and had only Power to bring

bring out some broken Sentences; in which he begg'd her to put the best Construction upon what had been transacted, and rest assur'd, that not the least Violence was intended either to her Honour or her sacred Person. She made him no Reply, but letting fall her Hands, which before were clasp'd, casting a Look of Anguish on him, her Bosom heaving with a stifled Sigh, which plainly shew'd she gave no Credit to his Promises, he fell upon his Knees, and half constraining her to let him take her Hand, and printing it with an awful Kiss, which her Eyes shew'd she suffer'd as his Captive, not his Mistress, he begg'd her to take a little Pity on that Passion, which far surpass'd even the unbounded Representation of unwearied Fancy, much less could it be described by Words; that in her Hands she held the Ballance of his Fate, and that his Life and Death were equally in her Power; that if she did not design at once to put a Period to his Days, and his unlucky Love, that she would break that killing Silence, which was more wounding to him than the most severe Reproaches, for them he hop'd to mitigate, by justifying himself from having merited their Force.

Alas, *Amphialus*! said she, what shall I say, or how teach my Tongue a Language suitable to this sad Occasion; since my very Senses contradict each other! My Eyes tell me I am made a Prisoner by your Means, and my Ears confirm me that you are my humble Slave; you sue to me for Pity, and yet exert the utmost Cruelty against me: You tell me that you love, and that I am the dearest Thing to you on Earth; yet all the Time your Actions answer the most inveterate Hate: You also say that your Life is in my Power, and yet you drive me to such a Strait, that every Moment mine is at your Disposal; so far am I from being Mistress of yours, that I have not my own at my Command: You give your self the Name of being my Slave, but too sure I am, I find, that I am yours. If then Oppression, Injury and Violence, and depriving me of what is far more dear to me than Life, my Liberty, are Proofs of Inclination, then must I be persuaded that I am deep in your Regards: But yet let me conjure you, by our Affinity of Blood, if that can have a Power to raise Remorse in your harden'd Heart, or else by that Love which you pretend, let not my high Birth be stain'd by the Name of Slavery, nor my Freedom be disgraced with vile Imprisonment. Tormented with Thoughts of present Evils, and Dread of worse to come, restore me to my self, and my afflicted injur'd Parents; then shall I believe you really are possess'd of some of that Regard for me, which you so lavishly pretend: And the same Favour I petition for my self, I ask for my unhappy Sister, and my almost equally valued Friend *Zelmane*; for without them to share it with me, I wou'd not own my self obliged to you for immediate Liberty. With this the trickling Tears fell gently down her beauteous Cheeks, and serv'd as a full Period to her Complaint.

Amphialus

Amphialus' love-sick Heart was pierc'd with every Word she spokē; but like the unhappy Shepherd, who has singled from out his Flock one favourite Lamb, to feed and stroke with his domestick Hand, till forc'd by hungry Famine, (having spent all his Flock) he is compell'd, by craving Nature, to kill the little Fondling to preserve himself; often does he look on it with watry Eyes, and often draw back his Hand, e'er he can perswade himself to give the cruel Blow: So *Amphialus*, urg'd on by the impatient Cravings of his Love, was constrain'd to act the injurious Part, and yet the same Passion reproach'd him for offering to put the least Constraint upon her Person; who if confined by any other, his avenging Arm wou'd stop the Ravisher, and justly strike him dead. In this cruel Strait, he stood for some Time mute; at length unable to grant or to refuse, he made her this Reply: I won't attempt, thou Charmer of my Soul, (tho' with the strictest Justice I might do it) to convince you that I was not the Author, or in any Degree accessary to your being so ungenerously surpriz'd, since while I detain you I am equally culpable as if I had been the first Cause of your Confinement; but this let me affirm, and believe my Words are sacred as those proceeding from the Lips of dying Men; I call the righteous Heavens to Witness, and if I prevaricate, may they immediately stop my tainted Breath, that from my Soul I wish these Eyes had never seen the Light, or made my Parents glad by my unlucky Birth, rather than I shou'd live to be the curs'd Cause of making those lovely Eyes o'erflow, or clouding that Sky of Beauty with unavailing Sorrow: Yet miserable that I am, I wou'd obey you even at the Expence of my Life and Happiness; but cruel Love forbids, and will not suffer me to evade his Laws: 'Tis to that Tyrant you owe the Injury; I am guiltless, these Hands wou'd in a Moment set you free, but Love restrains my Heart, and makes it hold them from their Office; your Beauties are the Bands that hold you, they wind themselves about my Heart, and will not suffer me to loose you: Since then you are the Slave of Love, not me, you must apply your self to him, to him complain; but believe me, he is a mercenary Judge, and only is by Bribing to be wrought on; 'tis but to gratify his Wishes, and then you may be free as Air, and unconfin'd as your own Thoughts; the rigid Master then will turn to an obsequious Slave; but without that Condescension he will compel me, spight of my self, to be your Goaler; therefore determine what Way you will pursue, since Freedom and Confinement are equally within your Power.

While he was speaking these last Words, the ebbing Blood forsook the frightened Virgin's Breast; a deadly Paleness spread over her glowing Cheeks, and half sinking down upon the Bed, *Amphialus*, fearing some fatal Consequence, snatch'd her Hand, which late was warm and glowing, fit for the Fire-brand of Love, now cold as Matrons Wishes;
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and kneeling by her, begg'd her to banish every shocking Apprehension, and be assur'd, that the only Force he e'er shou'd use to her, wou'd be Assiduity and respectful Love. This Promise, pronounc'd in the most settled Tone, a little brought her to her self; and casting up her Eyes with a feeble Look, My Lord, said she, I can't dispute (if you really are possess'd of that generous Passion you pretend) but what you say is true; but this let me assure you, that if you ever suffer it to transgress the Bounds of strictest Honour, tho' but in Attempt, I shall detest, abhor and loath the very Mention of you; whereas if you continue to protect me from the Violence of your own frantick Love, or others Malice, I shall hold that Degree of Value for you which our Relation claims: But know withall, if your loose Wishes should ever prompt you to stain my Virtue, that tho' your Mother has secur'd those little Implements of Death I wore about me, yet there are a thousand Passages to the grim Monarch's Court, and I will prove the most untrodden of them, rather than live with Loss of Innocence, and that Repose it must inevitably carry with it.

Amphialus' burning Love being thus damp't by her cool Behaviour, and finding it vain at that Time to press it farther, he call'd some of his Mother's Women to attend upon her, and then with an humble Bow retir'd; being in reality much more a Prisoner to her, than she cou'd be to him, as the Captivity of the Mind is far more insupportable than that which only confines the Body. Being come to his Mother's Apartment, he with a troubled Look, and fluttering Heart, repeated all that had pass'd between him and *Philoclea*, begging her to try if she cou'd by her Perswasions soften the obdurate Maid, while he went to take all necessary Precautions against *Basilus'* Rage, which he did not doubt wou'd soon prompt him to besiege their Castle. *Cecropia* bid him set his Heart at rest, for that she did not at all dispute, at a proper Time, working that peevish Girl to their Lure; but that it would be best to let her Mind for some little Time work upon its own Passion, and tire itself with its own Severity.

Upon this Determination, they sent for *Clinias*, and some others of their Council, and consulted about their present Affairs: And first *Amphialus* dispatch'd private Letters to all the principal Nobility and Commoners of that Country, whom he imagin'd, either by Alliance or Friendship, wou'd be inclin'd to take his Side; employing sly Incendiaries to corrupt the Minds of such, whom either Necessity, natural Inconstancy, or who thought fishing in troubled Waters might afford the most profitable Plunder, wou'd make ready to come into any Change: Following the Method of his Mother, and behaving to each particular Person as he believ'd wou'd be most likely to draw them in to his Interest; assuring his Friends, that his Advantage wou'd be theirs; promising vast Rewards to the Ambitious; to those that

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were urg'd, and thought themselves hardly us'd by the present Court, a Prospect of Revenge, to the greedy Hopes of Spoil and Plunder; and in short, to every Man whatever he believed wou'd prompt them on to forward his Purposes. He also sent Embassadors to his Uncle, the King of *Argos*, to implore his Assistance; but he was too deep engag'd in defending his own Kingdom to afford him any great Help, and therefore he did not much depend upon Succours from that Quarter.

His Business being so far dispatch'd, he began to consider how great an Effect uncertain Rumour would have upon the Minds of the Populace, and how little they were capable of distinguishing between Right and Wrong; and therefore contrived a Justification of this, indeed, unwarrantable Proceeding, to be wrote, and privately to be dispers'd among the People; wherein he endeavoured to prove, that the Duty enjoin'd us to our Country was far more sacred than any that cou'd be expected from us to a particular Person, though ever so near to us; that when the Welfare of That comes in Competition, we ought to forget our Kindred, Friends, and even our very selves, and sacrifice them all, if necessary to its Support: Then by artful Insinuations, he went about to prove that what he had acted was entirely with Regard to them; for tho' *Basilus* was so near to him, yet he cou'd not help preferring the Good of so many Thousands, which he thought neglected by him, before any consanguenial Tye; that as the End whereunto any Thing is directed, ought to be esteem'd of greater Consequence than the Thing it self, so he thought the Good of a Community ought to be much more consider'd than the particular Good of a Monarch, who abus'd that Power which was only invested in him for the People's Benefit; that if that Power was abus'd, it rested upon some Patriot to defend it with all his Might; and he being of the Royal Blood, and the next Heir Male, he thought it incumbent upon him to be watchful for their Welfares, which he had ever from his Childhood been: And now finding, with great Regret, that his Uncle not only neglected and despis'd the Government, but had invested all his Power in the Hands of *Philanax*, a Man neither by Birth nor any other Quality render'd capable of such a Trust; and not only that, but had plac'd his Daughters, in whom (as immediate Heirs) the whole State had an equal Interest with himself, in so improper and defenceless a Place, as was not only unsafe for their Persons, but if they shou'd be convey'd away (which was very possible in that Situation) to any foreign Land, would prove pernicious to the whole Commonwealth; to prevent which threaten'd Mischiefs, he had taken Means to secure them in his Castle: and tho' the Method might seem strange, yet they were to consider that desperate Distempers require as desperate Remedies, and that the Ladies wou'd be as honourably treated, only their Persons wou'd be much securer than with
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their Father, and that they shou'd only be detain'd till there cou'd be proper Alliances found out that wou'd be equally advantageous to them and to the Commonwealth ; for that he never had the least Intention to violate that Duty which he knew was due to them and to their Father : But if before the Estates cou'd be assembled, to consider of the Disposal of the Princesses, he shou'd be attack'd, he wou'd then in Defence of them, and of himself, appear in Arms ; and in that Case he conjur'd all those, who valu'd the Welfare of their Country, or had a natural Love to Justice, to assist him : And if the King shou'd issue out a Proclamation to forbid it, to think him in such a Case no more to be obey'd, than if he shou'd command them to give him Drink of deadly Poison, or not dash the Cup when it was offer'd full fraught with Death to his mistaken Lips ; for that every Step which he had taken, or shou'd take, was meant entirely for his Service, however seduc'd by *Philanax's* Interpretation of them, he might believe the contrary ; avowing, that whatever he shou'd act in his most just Defence, shou'd be only against *Philanax*, for that he wou'd much sooner submit his Life, than lift an Arm against the King.

To this Effect, branch'd out with numerous Arguments, and disguis'd with all the Arts of Rhetorick, did he disperse the Vindication of his treasonable Action ; which as it prevail'd with some, who had more Quickness of Wit than Solidity of Judgment, so did it soften the Minds of Numbers, and keep them from proceeding with Violence against him, and indolently stand neuter till Chance shou'd decide the Controversy : Besides this artful Method which *Amphilalus* pursued to weaken the adverse Party, he omitted no Care to strengthen and confirm his own ; and not having a regular Army to maintain the Field, he repos'd his chief Confidence in the Security of his Castle, which at least wou'd gain him Time, that Parent of thousand unforeseen Mutations : To the Security of That he therefore bent his chiefest Cares, endeavouring to make Art and Nature contend which shou'd most contribute to the Fortification of it ; the Situation Nature bestow'd, but Art gave the Building, and that so well contriv'd, that no undermining Stratagem cou'd shake its rocky Substance ; and he took Care to make all Approaches to it, if not wholly impossible, yet not to be attain'd without the utmost Difficulties ; neither did he neglect to store it with all kind of Provisions, and that in so plentiful a Manner, as in every Degree it was provided to hold out a very considerable Siege.

But what he was most cautious in, was with Regard to his Men, knowing them to be the Master-Springs that must set all his Stratagems a turning ; and that in an artful Management of them, depends the nicest Rules of Government, either in Civil or Military Affairs : He therefore took Care to secure as many as the Castle wou'd conveniently

niently hold, without Danger of Infection by too great a Number, and that he believed he had Provision to support for at least two Years: all of them able in Body, and some few answerable in Mind, and capable to direct the rest; not desirous of many Commanders, but content that the Generality should be the most skilful in Obedience; distributing each Office, as near as possibly he could, according to the Disposition of the Person that was to exercise it, being well enough acquainted with humane Nature to know, that no Love, Fear, or Discipline, can soon root out long-grounded Habits: Therefore he took particular Care not to place an indolent Person in an active Post, nor a liberal One to dispose of the Provisions; the soft and yielding wou'd he never make the Instruments of Punishment; but took such Measures, as to exercise the Virtues of every particular Man where they might be most advantageous to him; making it his chief Care to be thoroughly acquainted with every individual Person; and not only know the Disposition of their Minds, but strictly regard the Constitution of their Bodies; and finding some of them better able to endure tedious Watches, others to struggle with Cold and Hunger, and others to perform laborious Offices, he dispos'd them all accordingly, making all their Abilities of the utmost Use to himself, yet not burdening them beyond their Power. Their Hours were regular, and a due Proportion of Time allotted for every Purpose; and as well in that as every other Particular, no Neglect, no small Error, either wilfully committed, or through Oversight, was wink'd at, lest, encourag'd by that Lenity, greater should be animated: Even the very Vices of his Men, by his skilful Management, he prov'd of Use to him, giving the Dastard *Clinias* the chief Care of the Watch, well knowing that his own Fears wou'd keep him waking; and before the Siege began, or there was any visible Preparations for it, he contriv'd Rumours to be spread and Libels to be dispers'd (tho' fuller of Malice than insinuating Perswasion) against himself, partly that he might find who was aptest to be wrought on by such Practices, that he might separate them from his more faithful Followers; but chiefly that they might be confounded when such kind of Things were in earnest attempted, and by the Use of them grow to give them the less Observation; even before the Enemy approach'd, he exercis'd his Men continually in all their Charges, as if the utmost Danger had been at their Gates, instructing and teaching them by Example much more than Precept, being himself neither more sparing of his Labour, nor more extravagant in his Refreshments, than the meanest Soldier.

The only Odds was, that while they took Breath, his Bosom heav'd with Sighs; and while the rest beguil'd their Cares with Sleep, with Arms a-cross, he travers'd his conscious Chamber, reflecting on his still unsuccessful Passion; for Love can pierce through
Danger's

Danger's most pointed Apprehensions, and interfere it self in the most busy Mind. Often, when he had begun to give his Orders, wou'd the Image of his Soul's Desire appear before his Fancy, and draw so much the Attention of his Thoughts, that he wou'd break his Words abruptly off, and stand for some Time motionless, e'er he cou'd reassume them, and finish his Directions. When his Hand has been lifted up, in order to perform some Action, a Thought wou'd come a-cross him; and, as if the whole Mass of his Blood was stagnated, he wou'd stand a good while with his Eyes fix'd in that Posture, till recollecting himself, he wou'd look abash'd about, to see if any body had observ'd him. Often wou'd he accuse the Weakness of humane Nature, and condemn that Assertion of pretended Wits, who affirm, that Idleness only is the Source of Love. O you severe Philosophers! (wou'd he cry) who set up for the only Standards of true Wisdom, by despising the Influence of Nature, attend and judge my Case: Am I necessary, by indulging voluptuous Ease, to this growing Softness? Do I employ my Hours in wanton Revels or lascivious Sports? No Beds of Down enerverate my strong Limbs, or costly Dishes heat my boiling Blood. Is not Dispair before me, and doubtful Anguish in the Rear? I am enclos'd with Mischiefs; Danger on one Side, and Infamy close on the other. Do I not walk on Thorns, and is not every Step I take thick set with Pains and Labour? And what is worst of all, are not my Thoughts continually kept in Agitation, by the Torture of Suspence? And yet the more I busy and employ my anxious Mind, the more I think it yields to the Impression which Fancy makes. The more Severity I use towards my self, so much the more the Tyrant Love imposes on me. O *Philoclea*! O thou heavenly Maid! in the beauteous Sky of thy perfect Face is all my Astronomy enclos'd. Thy Virtues are my Standard of Philosophy; let me but be a Proficient in thy School, and then adieu to every other distracting and unprofitable Study; but much I fear, thy Planets are in Opposition to my Happiness. Wretch that I am, they threaten my Destruction! I make my self subservient to their Influence, and in Return, they exert their Power to destroy me. Why will the gentle *Philoclea*, whose very Composition is made up of Mercy, exert a Cruelty to me, which is inconsistent with her tender Nature? How is it possible that Death shou'd head his Arrows from those refulgent Eyes, or that those warming Beauties shou'd be a Means to plunge me in the cold Arms of Death? But why do I complain of her? Perhaps I am in Fault, and want the Power to please; some other happier Youth may have prevented me, and enjoys that Effusion of Delight which I in vain am suing for. If so, *Amphialus* thou art lost indeed. But yet whatever Fate allots for me, blest her, ye Powers, and let her never prove the Agonies I feel, unless it be to heighten future Bliss. In this Manner wou'd he exert his Eloquence when he was distant from her hearing; but when with her, and it might (at least for ought he knew) be of the utmost Use to him, he wanted

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the Power of Speech : At length he was necessitated to apply himself to his Mother for her Advice ; begging her to employ her Thoughts, that were calm and undisturb'd, in contriving how to move the steady Fair, and be an Intercessor for his unsuccessful Love.

Cecropia's haughty Mind greatly disdain'd the Office ; but finding that her Son's Happiness entirely depended upon that one Point, she resolved to undertake it, not in the least doubting but that she shou'd find it easy to conquer an unexperienc'd Maid, and by her Arts reduce her to the Terms which he desir'd ; and measuring the Wantonness of *Philoclea's* Inclinations, by the Lightness of her own at that Age, did not dispute but the same Baits which were us'd to her, wou'd be effectual ; and bidding her Son settle his uneasy Thoughts, and rely on her, she went to *Philoclea's* Chamber: The Door being a little ajar, she stood some Time observing her ; the mourning Maid was sitting on a Cushion, which only a little rais'd her from the Ground ; corroding Melancholy, and keen-edg'd Despair, were striving which shou'd most eagerly prey upon her Beauties ; her streaming Eyes, like Fountains, overflowed, and watered the Paradise of her angelick Face, while she neglecting to wipe the Drops from off her blooming Cheeks, they hung like Morning Dews on opening Roses in the smiling Spring ; her Hair flow'd loose about her Shoulders, and all her Dress neglected, except what Decency requir'd ; yet careless as she was to help her own Perfections, they shone more bright than the most studied Arts cou'd make another's.

Altho' the Sight of so much Beauty in such deep Distress, wou'd have almost mov'd a Heart of Adamant, yet *Cecropia's* more harden'd one was no farther touch'd, than as she thought her Son concern'd in it ; but that induc'd her to feign a seeming Gentleness, and softly opening the Door, she went in, and coming up to the musing Fair, who saw her not till she began to speak : What means this frantick Shew of Grief, thou lovely Creature, cry'd she to her, in a dissembling Tone ? Why will you spoil those pretty Eyes with such unnecessary Weeping ? Shall briny Tears wash off the Bloom of that Complexion, which all the Ladies of *Arcadia* envy, and the Men sigh after ? For shame, fling off this peevish Humour ; indeed 'tis much untimely at your Age ; look on that perfect Form, and judge your self, whether it ought to pine away with needless Discontent and unavailing Sorrow : Wou'd you be pleas'd, these Hands that shame the driven Snow, more smooth than polish'd Marble or glossy Ivory, shou'd grow all wither'd, lean and yellow, and give the envious World an Opportunity of insinuating that you must certainly have used some Art before, which you now neglect ; for if those Beauties were natural, they never cou'd have found so quick a Change ? Do but take the Trouble of looking in yonder Glass, and see whether those Tears are any Ornament

ment to your Eyes, though I must own their Brightness has a Power to make even Tears becoming? I know not, Madam, reply'd *Philoclea* sighing, whether my Tears become my Eyes, but this I am very certain of, they suit my abject Fortune. Your Fortune, answer'd *Cecropia*, were she not blind, has Reason to put on her gayest Dress; but with Grief I see, and, to be sincere, with some Resentment, that you misinterpret all my Actions, which are only intended for your Safety; you think your self abus'd by them, whose only Aim is to preserve you from Abuse; you look upon your self a Prisoner, where you are sole Commandress; and apprehend your self the Object of Despight, where you are the only one of Love and Adoration: Much I cou'd say to prove what I have urg'd, and indeed came hither for that Purpose, and to disclose a Secret of great Importance; but since you've thus obstinately made a League with Melancholy, and will give an Ear to nothing but its black Suggestions, I shall spare my self the Pains, and leave you to the Entertainment you are so fond of.

Here she stop'd, in hopes that the Woman's Curiosity wou'd work up *Philoclea* to enquire into her ambiguous Words; but the hapless Maid, who wou'd much rather have forgot what she already knew relating to that Affair, than receiv'd further Informations, only answer'd, That if she really had that Pity for her she express'd, and had indeed no Designs that were not honourable, she begg'd that she wou'd prove it by giving her her Liberty, or else a very little Time wou'd make her Grievs and Fears her Executioners, and put an End at once to them and to her Life. As to that, reply'd *Cecropia*, assure your self, upon the Honour which ought to attend the Daughter of a King, you shall be free as soon as you may with Safety to your self, being brought hither only to secure you from threaten'd Dangers, which you know not of; but if you wou'd indeed make me your Friend, and place your self upon a Level in my Heart with my only Child; then lend me your Attention, and suffer not your Mind to be harden'd against my Words, but flexible and yielding to my fond Perswasions: Suppose, my lovely Niece, that in the midst of these intolerable Agonies, which frighted Fancy represents to your bias'd Judgment, while with Prayers and Tears you are imploring Heaven for its Protection and Deliverance; suppose, I say, that in the midst of these Tortures of your Soul, an Angel shou'd appear, and bid you follow him through the private Door that leads into the Garden, and assure you that you there shou'd be restor'd to your Parents, Liberty, and every Blessing which in Life you value; tell me, my dearest Niece, wou'd you refuse to follow him, and continue still a Prisoner, unless he wou'd promise to carry you through the publick Gate? Wou'd you, were you very thirsty, refuse to drink the Wine you like, because you cou'd not have it in a particular Glass? I know you wou'd

wou'd not; and that your Reason and your Judgment are both too strong, to suffer you to stand upon such inconsiderable Niceties. If this be true, and I have answer'd justly for you, as sure I think I have, then think, my Niece, of me, as of your Guardian-Angel, who feeling all your Grievs, and unable longer to suffer that Breast shou'd heave with Sighs, and those Eyes flow with Tears, am come, with friendly Arm, to lead you not only to what Joys your Imagination paints in Liberty, but to a true and lasting Happiness: The Way that I wou'd carry you, tho' it may not possibly be the Path which your private Inclination has painted out, is yet a certain one to true Felicity and solid Joys. To explain this seeming Parable, know, that my Son, (let it be no Disgrace to him to bear that Name, since by it he is Nephew to your Father, and Grandson to a King,) this Royal Youth, I say, being much more attach'd to you by Choice and Inclination than even by Blood, and using all his Efforts, to convince you that his uncommon Passion is equal to your superior Beauty, does by me offer you Liberty, if with that Gift you will accept a greater, the Command of himself, this Castle, and all the Power and Wealth that he is Master of.

Much I might say to prove the Happiness which this Alliance will bring with it; but it wou'd be as vain a Task as to take Pains to perswade any Body that the Sun shines upon the Earth, when just mounted up to his Meridian; since it is full as visible that *Amphidylus* is form'd in every Particular to make a Woman happy: This Truth the meanest Judgment could not be a Stranger to, much less can it need illustrating to your penetrating one; therefore, dear Niece, let me entreat you, for your own Good, to weigh it well, and shew your Value of it by your Gratitude; let the intrinsic Worth of this generous Offer, make up for my Want of Eloquence in proposing it; and commission me (for both your Sakes) to carry back an Answer, that will alleviate the Sorrows of a distracted Heart, which greatly stands in need of Pity and Relief.

Philoclea, finding she stopp'd, and waited for an Answer, looking first upon her Aunt, and then casting her Eyes down to the Ground; Madam, said she, I wish I was so much Mistress of my Heart, as to dispose it to receive my Cousin's honourable Love, for such I shall esteem it; but my Inclinations are already form'd (here she blush'd and paus'd, and then re-assum'd) to lead a single Life, to which my solemn Vows have long since been made to Heaven. Now those Heavens forbid, reply'd *Cecropia*: For ever lead a single Life! No, no, my Child, believe me, Heaven will ne'er give Ear to such impious Vows, that frustrate the very End of Nature: She has been liberal, nay even prodigal of her Beauties to you, for other Ends than that you shou'd churlishly keep them to your self, and unjustly suffer

fer them to perish with you: As she bless'd your Parents and the World with you, so she expects that you shou'd at least do your Part to be a Mother, and add your Offspring to enrich your Country; and, in order to accomplish that commendable End, she has given you Beauty to move Desire, and Penetration to find out when that Desire is justifiable; she has endow'd you with a thousand Charms to reward and gratify a Passion worthy of you, which Generosity will be paid back with Interest, and the Delights you give be amply return'd in your own Bosom. O could you know the Joys that crown a Parent's Name! Were you but sensible of the unspeakable Delight of hourly seeing your own Perfections shine bright and bloomy in your Children, you wou'd most surely condemn your self for harbouring a Thought contrary to that greatest earthly Blessing! But possibly you may imagine I set this Happiness before you, as Generals do Victory to their Soldiers, which they can ne'er arrive at, but thro' an Infinity of Dangers, Perils, Grievs, and Cares: No, believe me, that is not the Case; trust my Experience, which with Sincerity assures you, that the Way that leads to it is still, if possible, more eligible than the delightful End. I know not, answer'd *Philoclea*, fearing her Aunt wou'd take her Silence for a Proof of Sullenness, what Pleasures you propose; but Marriage, which must be the Sum of them, is, in my Opinion, the greatest Slavery; and in that, of any Kind, it will be impossible for my Temper to find a Pleasure. You much mistake this Matter, reply'd *Cecropia*: Indeed, we all are born to Bondage, and have a heavy Yoke impos'd on us at our Creation; but Marriage, instead of adding to that Weight, is the only Thing that can help to make it lighter; a Partner in Cares, must necessarily make them appear much less; surely 'tis more desireable, since one must pass the rough uneven Ways of frail Mortality, beset with Thorns and Bryars, to have a worthy Husband to beat the Way, and make it more passable for our helpless Innocence. Bear Witness for me, O ye lonely Days and widow'd Nights! bear Witness what I suffer by the fatal Change! How do I press my melancholly Pillow, and with unavailing Tears lament that cruel Liberty which I unwillingly enjoy! A Liberty only equal to that poor Wretch's, who banish'd from his native Land, is allow'd each other Corner of the Earth to roam in, but still deny'd the only Place that can delight him: So the poor Dove, bereft of Sight, is by the cruel Falconer with seal'd Eyes cast off, and given his full Swing, when he has not a Power to make use of it; and, believe me, Niece, Woman, without the Help of aiding Man, is full as blind: My very Heart dissolves, when I reflect upon that happy Time, when every Care that I sustain'd rebounded to another's Breast, and every Joy with which my Heart was gladden'd shone bright and sparkling thro' another's Eyes: How can I express those rapturous Joys, which I might freely taste without the envious World's laying the least Imputation on my Modesty, or fear of Check from my own

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watchful Conscience! And is the insipid Pleasures of a single Life to be compar'd to those consummate Ones? Then may one String make equal Harmony with the finest Confort; then may one Colour equally delight the Eye, with the various Rainbow. But possibly 'tis not so much Marriage in general that you despise, as the giving the Name of Husband to *Amphialus*: He is my Son indeed, and therefore you may think I look on him with partial Eyes; but yet I can't but think the most unbiass'd Judgment must own him far above Contempt, and not unworthy the nicest Virgin's Love: He is virtuous, noble, rich, and generous; but that which ought to you to comprehend all these, and infinitely more Perfections, is, that he loves you with an unbounded Passion; to you alone he pays his Vows, whom even Queens do not disdain to sigh for: Kill not his growing Love, nor starve it with your Coldness; let not a meaner Beauty hereafter have an Opportunity, with Woman's Vanity, to boast, that she has robb'd you of so true, so faithful, and so sincere a Lover, as hardly any Age will ever parallel.

Philoclea was oblig'd to listen to her Aunt's tiresome Words, or at least seem to do so; for in Reality her Attention had long left her, and her Thoughts were upon the sad Condition of her *Zelma*, in whose behalf a very little of that Rhetorick would have been needful to work her up to an unlimited Consent; and being unwilling to prolong a Dispute in which she was before-hand determin'd, and yet not caring to let *Cecropia* know how far she was resolved, she put an End to it, by telling her, that any Arguments us'd while her Liberty was restrain'd, had so much the Air of Force, that they wou'd never work upon her, how reasonable soever they might be; that if her Liberty was granted, she shou'd indeed believe the Assurances they both had given her, and study to be grateful. Thus, with artful Management, she wou'd fain have turn'd the Face of *Cecropia's* Arguments to her own Advantage, and made them a Means for her Enlargement.

But the other's more than *Machiavelian* Cunning was not so to be over-reach'd; and both of them tir'd with making Requests which gain'd not the least Return on either Side, they broke off the Conversation, *Cecropia* being more and more irritated against her for her obstinate Refusal; yet in regard to her Son, she disguis'd her Malice, leaving no Respect, no Mark of Friendship unessay'd, which might prove his Passion, and conceal her own black Designs, in Case that fail'd: Nothing that cou'd be imagin'd to sooth the lovely Mourner in her Solitude was forgot; and in particular, Conforts of Musick were perform'd under her Window, such Tunes and Instruments being still chosen as would be most likely to soften and unbend her Mind. Unwary Fools! little imagining that all their Arts cou'd only serve

to make her Heart more tender to the Impressions of a hated Rival. Continual Presents were sent to her, so great and numberless, as if they had been designed for Offerings at the Shrine of some offended Deity; each of them representing, in one Particular or other, the unhappy Fate of the tormented Giver: Pictures, the Works of the most famous Hands of Greece, representing *Amphialus*'s Passion and her Disdain, her Room was every where adorned with; so that she could not turn her Eyes, without being reminded of it: A Thousand little Knots of Jewels, the Colours aptly chosen to represent the various Passions which tore his labouring Heart, her Cabinet was stored with, and made up in such Fashion as Hieroglyphically spoke her Bondage to be ty'd with Chains of hopeless Love. These, and a Thousand other little vain Devices, he made use of, equally unsuccessful, equally ill received; for *Philoclea*, insensible to any Merits, tho' ever so conspicuous, center'd in any Body but *Zelmane*, was not by any Method to be wrought upon. The Musick did, indeed, affect her, but 'twas with Sorrow for being in its Master's Power; every moving Song, intended to illustrate *Amphialus*'s Love, she interpreted to *Zelmane*'s; his unwish'd Presents seem'd to her so many Reproaches of forced Obligations; and the greater Diligence he shew'd to please her, the more he fail'd in the impossible Attempt. The deepest Arts of *Cecropia*'s Cunning, and his that were dictated by the tenderest Love, were alike receiv'd, and alike fail'd to move; which fill'd the Prince's Breast with feeble Languishing and cold Despair, but rais'd a Hurricane of Passion in *Cecropia*'s turbulent and unbridled Soul, which soon would have shower'd down in Vengeance on *Philoclea*'s destin'd Head, but that she saw her Fall could not be divided from her Son's Undoing.

After revolving some time in her active Mind how she should proceed, she recollected, that possibly that frozen Coldness might not attend all of the Blood, and therefore determined to attempt *Pamela*, hoping, that if she could prevail upon her, *Amphialus* would rather grow fond of one who would receive his Addresses with Tenderness and Gratitude, than still pine on for a peevish Beauty, obstinately bent to refuse all his Overtures, and make his Love only a Torment to him. Encouraged with this Thought, and more eager to succeed in this Attempt, as she had been baffled in the other, she went in haste to *Pamela*'s Chamber; but, according to her usual ungenerous Manner, stop'd at the Door to listen, that out of her own Words or Actions, she might find something to build upon, and commence a Conversation.

She stood still for some Time, and observ'd the lofty-minded Maid walking up and down with a steady even Pace; her Steps not interrupted by any passionate Gestures or violent Emotions: In her Looks
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appear'd a settled Sadness; yet Patience sat triumphant in her Eyes, and seem'd to rule her every Passion. After she had taken a few Turns, she stopt, as if, till then buried in Thought, she had but just recollected her scatter'd Reason: Why yet, said she, I have this lasting Comfort left, and what my most inveterate Foes can never rob me of, that howsoe'er they injure me, there is a God above who sees my Wrongs, and has a Power of revenging them; not the extremest Darkeness can blind his Eyes; no Bolts or Bars can be of Force to keep him out: To whom then but to him should I apply for Succour; to whom should I pour out the Anguish of my Soul, but to him, who is all powerful to hear, and mighty to redress. With that she kneel'd down, and in the utmost Fervency of Heart address'd the Omnipotent in the following Words:

“ O all penetrating Light, and eternal Source of all Things, to whom
 “ nothing is either so great as it may resist, or so small as to be con-
 “ temn'd, give Ear to thy unworthy Servant, who, in Confidence of
 “ this Truth, now bends before thee, under this grievous Load of Mi-
 “ sery that hourly oppresses her; do thou, in thy abundant Goodness,
 “ proportion out my Misery, and limit the Heart-wounding Sorrows
 “ that surround me, and if I merit this irritated Woe, take me under
 “ the Correction of thy Hands, and suffer not my unjust Enemy to
 “ be the Minister of thy avenging Justice; unless my God, in his un-
 “ erring Wisdom, sees it convenient for me to be in this Manner mor-
 “ tified for my many Faults: If this servile Bondage is the most e-
 “ qual Punishment for my too towering Desires; if the Pride of my
 “ too aspiring Heart, not yet enough brought down, requires to be
 “ thus broken; O Lord, I readily submit, I acquiesce in all my Per-
 “ secutions, so thy Hand inflicts them. I will ever with Joy embrace
 “ whatever Sorrows thy Justice can impose; yet permit me, gracious
 “ Lord, to implore an Alleviation of them, and humbly ask thy Aid
 “ to bear me through this Vale of Sufferings: O yet let me entreat
 “ thee, as I am thy Creature, the noblest Title that any Being either
 “ in Heaven or Earth can plead, leave me not to my self, give me
 “ not wholly over to my merciless Persecutors, lest they become too
 “ mighty for me, lest they entirely triumph over me; and in the
 “ Midst of all my Torments, suffer, I beseech thee, some little Beam
 “ of thy refulgent Majesty to shine into my Mind, and strengthen it
 “ in all Events, to repose its sole Confidence in thee: Let the chasten-
 “ ing Scourge of rude Calamity be made the Exercise, but not the
 “ Overthrow of those Vertues thou hast endow'd me with; let my
 “ Greatness be a Prey to the exorbitant Desires of my Adversaries;
 “ let my Pains glut their Bowels with the Sweetness of Revenge;
 “ let them (if so thy Justice shall decree) still vex my Soul with more
 “ and greater Punishments: But O, my God, let not their Wicked-
 “ ness so far prevail, as to make me a Partaker of it, by Murmur-
 “ ing

“ ing at thy Dispensations. Grant that I still may have a Power of
“ preserving those two inestimable Jewels, of an untainted Mind,
“ in a chaste and unfully'd Body; (and after pausing a little Time)
“ O, re-assum'd she, however I'm dispos'd of, most gracious God;
“ guard and protect the virtuous hapless *Musidorus*.

Cecropia cou'd very distinctly hear every Part of the Prayer, except that which related to *Musidorus*; but the Repetition of his Name the bashful Fair wou'd scarce trust to her own Lips, and therefore utter'd it so softly, that no intruding List'ner cou'd possibly catch the Sound: The Sight of such a heavenly Creature, employ'd in so devout a Manner, and which made Piety, tho' beautiful in it self, yet seem doubly charming, cou'd not move *Cecropia's* wicked Mind to an Imitation; but yet it was so far prevailing, as to move her guilty Heart in some Degree to accuse it self; and so far affected her, as to put her quite out of that studied Speech wherewith she meant to accost her; for, to her Grief, she found it would be impossible to move her with any thing that did not wear at least the Face of Virtue, and even the Appearance of that was what her vicious Mind was wholly unacquainted with.

Yet did she vainly use her utmost Eloquence, leaving no Argument unurg'd that she thought might in the least be able to serve her Purpose; enlarging upon the Justice of her Request, which only tended to an honourable Marriage; the Worth and Virtues of the Man she wou'd prefer; the Condition she was at present in, which such a Union wou'd not only set her free from, but place her in the Summit of Felicity; besides falsely perswading her, that her Sister would now, upon mature Consideration, with Joy accept that Love, which before her unexperienc'd Judgment had refused; lightly insinuating, how dangerous it wou'd be to her, if her Son shou'd marry *Philoclea*, and she being in his Power, by that once more become Heir Apparent to the *Arcadian* Crown; but withal assuring her, that nothing but her continued Cruelty cou'd work him up to the least Thought of doing her an Injury, for that he preferr'd her a thousand Times before his Life, his Fame, or Glory; excusing the little Proof he outwardly gave of it by that great Respect he bore her, which still aw'd and restrain'd him from it: That besides, she had us'd both Interest and Authority to deter him, finding that if he once suffer'd it to take Vent, he cou'd set no Limits to his ungovernable Passion. These, and a thousand other Inventions did she make Use of, equally false, and equally unsuccessful, trying with her, as she did before by *Philoclea*, with the Force of Presents to bribe her Mind: But all her Efforts were employ'd as vainly on either Sister; only *Philoclea* endeavour'd to baffle them by gentle Arguments, and *Pamela* with noble Majesty at once refus'd them.

But that Day her Conversation with *Pamela* was sooner ended than she design'd; for the Officer, who kept Watch upon the Top of the Tower, saw at some Distance so great a Dust arise, as seem'd to cloud the very Skies; and now and then, when the boisterous Wind broke through, and left a Passage for the Eye, he cou'd plainly discern the shining of Armour, bright as the flashing Lightning in a dark tempestuous Night; he quickly gave the Alarm to the rest of the Soldiers, who by continual Practice, being always kept prepar'd with resolute Minds, or at least unmov'd Countenances, set themselves vigorously to maintain the Posts allotted them.

Only *Amphialus* and *Clinias* exceeded all the Bounds of Mediocrity, the one in his natural Cowardice, and the other in his Fire of Courage; for *Clinias*, who was vent'rous only in underhand Proceedings, and depended wholly upon their not being discover'd, now that he thought they would all be brought to light, and that the Enemy began to appear with display'd Banners before the Castle, there was no Terror that can be conceiv'd that did not multiply in his timorous Breast; before their Coming, he had oft shook with the terrible Apprehension; but then his Mind, willing to catch at any Possibility to quiet its own Fears, wou'd perswade him that something might happen to prevent any Attempt; that *Basilus* was old, and might possibly not survive the first Shock of his Daughter's Loss; or else that the Discord among the Nobility might prevent their joining him; and sometimes the hearing his Fellows express themselves valiantly, and the quiet Situation he then was in, wou'd perswade him that even at the Approach of Danger he should not flinch: But now that it did display it self, with all its Terrors, before his frightened Senses, no Language can express the Shock it gave him; the Lake he thought too shallow, and the Walls much too thin for their Security; he doubted each Fellow-Soldier's Truth, and conjectur'd every Possibility of being betray'd; not only apprehending Evils that had some Face of Likelihood, but such as the Malice of all their evil Destinies put together cou'd hardly have contriv'd; already beginning to arm himself, tho' his Post was assign'd him within the Castle, desirous that every Body should behave gallantly except himself, and therefore endeavour'd to hide his own Fears, that they might not infect the rest; but the more Pains he took to conceal them, the more they were display'd; his faltering Speech, pale Face, and trembling Limbs, expressing them more plainly than the most expressive Words.

Quite contrarily the brave *Amphialus* behav'd; who before the Enemy's Approach was wary, careful, and sometimes diffident of the Event; now the nearer Danger threaten'd, like the false Fire of the
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Glow-Worm, to him it still appear'd the less: His Courage grew more inflam'd by an Opportunity of exerting it; and impatient to engage the Enemy, he issued out in some Barges, which he had in Readiness for that Purpose; and carrying with him some of his most chosen Men, went to a Fortrefs which he had upon the Edge of the Lake, which he guess'd would be the first Thing that the Enemy would attempt, because it was a Passage which commanded all that Side of the Country, and being lost, would put a Stop to any Supplies being brought into the Castle. From this Place, in which he had some Force of Horsemen, he issued out, with Two Hundred Horse, and Five Hundred Foot; and placing the Foot in Ambush in the Fall of a Hill, which was overshadow'd with a Wood, he with the Horse went about a Quarter of a Mile further; from which Place he could plainly perceive some of the Enemy's Troops, who came but to remark where was the best Place for them to encamp their Army.

But at that Sight, as if the Enemy had been a Load-Stone to his Courage, he could not longer keep himself within Bounds; but setting his Face to the Enemy, and his Back to his own Soldiers, making that Action serve for the denouncing War to the One, and animating the Other, the Latter faithfully following his Example, they made the very Ground groan beneath the Wounds of their Horses Feet, and inspired Rage in the Breasts of their Enemies, who as yet knew not who it was that thus hardily attempted them. Among the Enemy, there was a young Man, Brother to *Philanax*, whose downy Chin had not yet given Tokens of his Manhood; his sprightly Mind not knowing how to limit Hope, or give the Reins to Fear; full of Gaiety, and lately enter'd among *Cupid's* Votaries; his Name was *Agenon*, of all the Army the most beautiful, and of greater Hope than any of his Standing. This rash Youth, engag'd in Conversation, rode among the Foremost, all arm'd, except his Beaver being up, which he wore so, that his Breath might be the less confined; and seeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his Men, neither staying for the Captain's Orders, nor minding whether his Face was arm'd or not, he set Spurs to his Horse, and with youthful Bravery, waving his Staff around his Head, he fix'd it in his Rest, as cautiously as if he had been in a sporting Ring, where he was to run to please the Ladies only; but *Amphialus'* Lance had already reach'd the last of his descending Line, and began to make the full Point of Death against the Head of this unhappy Gentleman; when *Amphialus* seeing his Youth and Beauty, Compassion so blunted the Edge of his work'd-up Rage, that he made no Use of the Advantage, but let his Staff fall against *Agenon* in such a Manner, that in all Probability the Match would have ended without further Damage than the breaking of their Lances, but that the pitiless one of *Amphialus*, enraged at being broke, sent its Splinters with such a Force upon the beauteous Face, far fitter for the Camp
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of *Venus* than of *Mars*, that in a Moment they gave not only a sudden but a hideous Death, leaving scarce any Marks of his former Comeliness; so that his Hands abandoning the Reins, and his Thighs the Saddle, he fell sideways off his Horse. This dreadful Accident happening within the View of a great Friend of his, call'd *Leonatus*, who in vain had call'd to him to stop and be more advis'd, when he first began his Career, it is hard to determine whether Concern for the one, and Rage and Despight against the other, held the greatest Place in his tortur'd Breast; but, directing his Eye to his Friend and his Hand to his Enemy, so indiscreet a Management cou'd not resist the ever prepar'd *Amphialus*, who being satisfisd of his Intentions to destroy him, and that if he did not take Advantage, the other wou'd, he gave him the same Treatment that he had done his Friend, making them so far happy, that their Lives and Friendships both ended at one Time.

But now there was a furious Meeting on either Side: The verdant Fields were dy'd with human Gore; the Air resounded with Shrieks and Groans of dying Men; in vain the Drums and Trumpets strove to drown the hideous Roar, and keep it from the Ears of those who every Moment might expect to join the dreadful Confort: Arms lay confus'd with Legs; the Limbs of one close to the Body of another: Here a brave Courser having lost his Rider, champs his Bit, and foams, and traverses the Field as if in Search of his slain Master; there a gallant Soldier, dismounted by some unlucky Blow that cleft his Horse's Head, lies mingled with dead Carcasses, and is not to be distinguish'd from among them: In short, nothing but Horror fill'd both Armies, such Numbers being slain on either Side, and yet neither of them at all secure of Victory; but among the numerous Troops, no one's Sword perform'd half the Execution as did *Amphialus's*; who, furious as an undaunted Tyger, from whom a Company of Wolves seek to ravish a new-gotten Prey, when e'er he recollected that their Errant was to recover *Philoclea*, his Fury, Rage and Courage strove to equal his Passion for her, which justly might be esteem'd infinite.

By his undistinguishing Arm was slain an old Knight call'd *Eschylus*, whose number'd Years might well have been allow'd rather to prove the Force they had attain'd of Wisdom, than of Courage; yet having a healthy Constitution, and a Body robust enough to match a younger Man's, he wou'd needs follow the Trumper's Call, tho' it led him to his Death: But what confirm'd him in a Resolution of venturing in these Wars, was a Prophecy, that assur'd him he shou'd die in the Arms of his own Son, and therefore he thought himself very secure from the Arm of an Enemy; and when he found *Amphialus's* Sword gave him a mortal Wound, he thought himself abus'd,
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and curs'd the Prophet in his Heart for leading him into such an Error, till his Son seeing him fall, run and took him up, supporting him in his Arms, till a merciless Soldier sent him (by a Blow he gave him upon the Head with his Mace) to bear his Father Company to the other World, and so confirm'd the Prophet's Credit. *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Nisus*, and *Polycratus* also fell the Sacrifice of *Amphialus*' Fury; the first being struck from his Horse, had his Eyes trampled out, which Anguish half kill'd him e'er *Amphialus* gave the finishing Stroke: The second had consulted the same Prophet with old *Eschilus*, and having found many of his Prognostications come to pass, put a firm Faith in the last that he deliver'd to him, which was, that if he cou'd escape his own Companions, he shou'd never die. Upon this Account, no Man was more fearless of an Enemy, or so suspicious of a Friend, as he; in a Battle, or at the Approach of one, his Heart was chearful, and his Spirits light, which enabled him to perform very gallantly; but in Time of Peace, or even in War, when Hours of Rest were allotted him, (at least that were so to others,) he then was timorous and fearful, never sleeping without a Guard, and starting up a thousand Times, believing that even they wou'd butcher him: But now *Amphialus* unriddled all his Doubts, for with a bold Stroke he overthrow'd him from his Horse, and his own Party coming in haste with fresh Supplies, in the Confusion, not distinguishing Friends from Foes, they trampled him to Death. *Nisus*, with fatal Zeal, wou'd needs grapple with *Amphialus*, but his victorious Arm soon made him quit his Hold, and with his Dagger put it past a Possibility that he shou'd e'er again attempt so rash an Action. As for *Polycratus*, who only fac'd the Enemy for fear of Punishment from his own Party, if he shou'd poorly fly, *Amphialus* struck him a very memorable Blow, which in an Instant sever'd his Head from off his cowardly Body; and in the Agonies of his Death, setting Spurs to his Horse, leaving his Head behind him, he gave so brave a Charge upon the Enemy, that it grew to be a Proverb in *Arcadia*, That *Polycratus* was only valiant, when others lost the Power of being so. Not only these already nam'd, but Numbers more perish'd that Day by *Amphialus*' irresistible Courage; no one that reach'd his gallant Arm escap'd, except *Phebilus*, and he by the greatest Accident; for having long been an Adorer of the divine *Philoclea*, tho' upon Account of his humble Birth and Fortune he never durst reveal it, he now singled out *Amphialus*, and setting the sharpen'd Edge of Rival upon the Sword of an enrag'd Enemy, he held him a long and sturdy Fight; but *Amphialus* having at last disarm'd him in some of the most dangerous Places, as he was lifting up his Sword to give the fatal Blow, *Phebilus*, thinking his Death was certain, fetch'd a deep Groan, and said, O heavenly *Philoclea*, at least this Satisfaction the Malice of my most inveterate Enemies can never rob me of, that I die for thee, and spend my latest Hours

in thy Service. The Name of *Philoclea* staid *Amphialus'* Sword; and hearing the following Words, tho' they enrag'd him, and made him still more inveterate, yet he was determin'd the other shou'd not have the Honour of dying in *Philoclea's* Cause, at least if he could help it, and therefore left him, and turn'd his Sword another Way: But what Service was this to the destin'd *Phebilus*, who by that Accident escap'd a valliant Hand to be destroy'd by a common Soldier, who seeing him disarm'd, took the Advantage, and with his Spear nail'd his Body to the Ground.

Thus, by the unwearied Courage of *Amphialus*, were his Enemies almost overcome; when *Philanax*, who was Marshal of the Army, arriv'd with Reinforcements, encouraging his almost drooping Soldiers, crying out to them to bravely stand their Ground, for that ignoble Flight would be as sure a Means of their Destruction as the briskest Charge; and rushing in amongst the thickest of them, tho' still making Conduct go Hand in Hand with Courage, he perform'd such Wonders, and animated so much the fainting Courage of his Followers, that Fortune, who seldom forsakes the Brave of either Side, seem'd now to take his Party, and made as many of *Amphialus'* Friends fall by his Sword, as *Amphialus'* victorious one had before robb'd him of; he gain'd Ground incessantly, *Amphialus* losing it as fast; and it was now hard to say which Side sustain'd the greatest Loss of Men; the Ground was strew'd promiscuously with Friends and Foes, while Death, that Leveller of all Distinctions, made them lie equally quiet by each other, and restor'd them to their common Mother.

Cadmus, *Ctesephan*, and *Milo*, all Men of wondrous Courage, lost that and their Lives together on *Philanax's* Sword; but no one's Death was half so much lamented, as that of a young Gentleman, Page to *Amphialus*, call'd *Ismenus*, who upon no Account abandoning his Master, and pushing on his tender Youth to Acts of ripest Manhood, in this Hurry and Confusion, when their Side was almost put to Flight, and only stay'd by *Amphialus'* single Valour, seeing his Master's Horse kill'd under him, consulting nothing but Faithfulness and Courage, he immediately dismounted, and with the Help of some that were about him, got his Master upon his Horse; but in the Multitude that throng'd upon that Accident, some eager to destroy, others to assist *Amphialus*, *Ismenus* by Accident was thrust quite close to *Philanax*, and finding that he was the Man who most gall'd their Party, (desirous to part with even Life in exchange for Glory,) he furiously struck at him as he rode by, and gave him a Wound upon the Leg, the Smart of which made *Philanax* turn towards him with an Intent to take immediate Vengeance; but seeing him so young, and of such an engaging Form, Compassion moved in his Behalf, and determin'd

determin'd him only to take him Prisoner, and give him to his Brother *Agenor* for his Companion, being of much the same Age, and not unlike in Person: But as he look'd down upon him, pleas'd with this Thought, casting his Eye a little aside, he saw his Brother lying dead, and his Friend *Leonatus* by him, almost close to the Youth's Feet. This Sight struck him with the extremest Grief, not only upon his own Account, and the Loss of so much promising Perfection, but for the unconsolable Concern with which he knew it would affect his Mother, who had very hardly been prevail'd upon to give her Permission for him to venture with the Army. This cutting Reflection kill'd all Pity in his afflicted Breast; and springing his Horse forward, while *Ismenus* gave two or three ill-concerted Blows, Why, let other Mothers, cry'd he, bewail the untimely Loss of their wretched Offspring as well as mine, and with that run his Sword quite through his perfect Form.

But no sooner had he given the Blow, and saw the beauteous Youth struggling in the convulsive Agonies of Death, who seem'd almost unwilling to exert its Power in such a Cause, so long was he wrestling with his vigorous Youth, but he almost repented that he had suffer'd his Arm to strike the envious Stroke; but his Brother's hapless Fate made him both soon forget that, and neglect himself; for pressing with unwary Haste upon the retiring Enemy, e'er he was aware, he was engaged beyond a Possibility for his own Soldiers to relieve him; and being struck off his Horse by *Amphialus*, who was eager to secure him, knowing that in him was center'd the very Life and Spirit of his Soldiers, he kept the Men in Play, while some of his chosen Officers convey'd *Philanax* away.

His Loss immediately was noised throughout the Army; and as if with their General they had lost the Fountain of their Courage, they began to put all their Safety in their Flight; and already their Backs were towards their Enemies, when there came furiously galloping into the Press a Knight in Armour, black as the Center of all Darkness, crying to them, in an assur'd Tone, to face about; and though he brought no fresh Supplies, nor any Proof of his Authority, so far from it, that he was entirely unknown, yet they soon found by his Behaviour, that he was fit to be obey'd; and while he was followed by the most valiant, he made Way for the greatest Cowards, making the Blood of the *Amphialians* serve for a Caparison to his Horse, and Deckings to his Armour; his Arm gave as many Deaths as Blows, so terrible was his Force; and his Nimbleness and Judgment quite equal to it; for tho' his Sword went almost faster than the Eye could follow it, yet Conduct still took Place of that; *Sarpedan*, *Plistonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, Men of approved Excellence in Martial Exercises, and who had that Day undertaken to guard *Amphialus*' Person, fell beneath his

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all-conquering Arm; and instead of securing *Amphialus*, lost themselves. The insulting *Megalus*, who a little before was valuing himself upon the various Hues of Blood that stained his Armour, was the next that fell a Victim to his Rage; and by the mixing of his own with them, obliged to own that Cruelty is generally paid in Kind. After him, he sent the Ghost of *Palemon*, who had that Day, with ostentatious Bravery, vow'd to be the Death of Ten precisely; and having already secured Nine of them, was, with eager Haste, endeavouring to fulfil his Vows, so near accomplish'd, when the black Knight unluckily oblig'd him to break his Oath, and sent him to make up the Tenth.

And now the Fickleness of variable Fortune began entirely to change the Scene; for tho' at first the Appearance of the Battle was very terrible, yet even Terror, array'd so gorgeously, fail'd to fright; the Pomp of Regularity, rich Furniture, gilded Swords, and glistening Amours, took up the Eye, and scarce gave the Mind Leisure to reflect upon the coming Danger: But now all universally defiled with Dust and Blood, the Ranks disorder'd, broken Armour and mangled Carcasses took off the Mask, and shew'd the Horror of contending Armies in its naked Light. But neither could Danger appear dreadful to *Amphialus*' undaunted Courage, nor ugly to his Eyes, who continually painted it over with *Philoclea*'s Beauty; and therefore rather inflam'd than dismay'd with increasing Dangers, and pleas'd to find that tho' he had vanquish'd *Philanax*, yet there was still one left worthy the utmost Efforts of his Courage, he burnt with a Desire to engage him, who gave him little Trouble in the Search; for the black Knight's Sword had made so spacious a Plain about him, that he stood exposed to all; and if *Amphialus* was enrag'd to see what Havock he had made among his Troops, he was no less provok'd to Emulation at the incredible Success he brought his own; and as Similitude, in any Kind, has an attractive Virtue, so their equal Courage made them impatient to encounter one another: And now they meet, and then began a Combat, worthy indeed that Name; long the Contention lasted, and had there been the most intent Observers, they could not possibly have decided which of them behav'd most gallantly, or on whose Side the doubtful Victory wou'd fall; the more Wounds they gave and took, the less they felt the Smart; till at last they were just upon the Point of knowing on whose Side partial Fortne wou'd turn the Ballance, when there came up to them an old Knight, Governour to *Amphialus*, an honourable Man, and experienc'd Soldier, and always mindful of his worthy Charge, and before the black Knight was aware of him, he gave him an unlucky Blow upon the Leg, and with another kill'd his Horse under him: *Amphialus* enrag'd at the Treachery, tho' exercis'd on his Enemy, call'd out to him to stop his Hand, for that he had already dishonour'd him by that unwarrantable Proceeding. You do well, reply'd he, to stand

stand upon Punctilio's, and set your Honour, like a private Soldier, upon a particular Combat, while *Basilus* takes that Opportunity of placing all his Army between you and the Town. Upon this, *Amphialus* turn'd his Head, and found indeed that the Enemy was beginning to encompass him, and stop his Return; and therefore immediately order'd a Retreat to be sounded; his Governour led the Troops towards Home, while he himself kept still in the Rear; and he behav'd so gallantly, that (tho' with a Loss of many Men) he at last safely gain'd a secure Retreat, pleas'd that his Enemies had at least felt the Edge of his Sword, sharpen'd by his Passion and *Philoclea's* Eyes. The other Side greatly regretted the Loss of *Philanax*, but were much more concern'd, when with the utmost Search they cou'd not meet with the Black Knight; who, having met a Horse, whose dying Master had bequeath'd him to the first that wanted him, he hastily mounted, and being very sorely wounded, and unwilling to be known, in the Hurry of the Retreat rode off undiscover'd. *Basilus* having in vain attempted to bar *Amphialus's* safe Return, thought it Time to encamp himself and Army as safely as he cou'd; while to his unspeakable Concern he saw the Light of the Illuminations, and heard the Rejoycings which were made in the Town by his own People, because he had that Day met with no better Success; for they were always inclin'd to love *Amphialus*; and as the giddy-headed Multitude generally follow the successful Side, because he was not defeated, they look'd upon him as victorious, and therefore determin'd to be of his Party.

As soon as *Amphialus* return'd, he unarm'd himself, had his Wounds dress'd, and then went to wait on *Philoclea*, and lay his Conquests and the Conqueror at her Feet; but she receiv'd him with the same Indifference as usual, unmov'd at his most passionate Complaints, and not at all affected with his Overtures; which struck him with the most deep Despair, and made even the Joy he had conceiv'd at his Success not only insipid, but grow bitter to him, since it agreed not with her Taste; and finding it in vain to trouble her longer with his unwelcome Presence, he left her, and went to his Mother, conjuring her to persist in her Endeavours to melt the snowy Maid, upon whose Behaviour his All of Happiness depended; and then sent for *Philanax*, for whom he had a long and fix'd Aversion, and which was now greatly encreased by the Death of his Squire *Ismenus*; besides, as he had made him one of his chief Pretences for taking Arms, he thought it necessary to colour that Pretence, by putting him to a publick Death, and by that Action so far engage his Accomplices, that if they shou'd have the Inclination, they cou'd not well desert. In this Opinion he was confirm'd by his Mother, and several of his Council, who long had hated *Philanax*, for no other Reason but because he was infinitely more than them worthy to be esteem'd. But while they were

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deliberating upon the Manner of his Death, *Philoclea* being inform'd in how dangerous a Situation *Philanax* was, she call'd one of her Attendants, and begg'd her to go to *Amphialus*, and from her conjure him, if at least she had any Power over him, to let his Revenge against *Philanax* extend to nothing further than Imprisonment. This Message was deliver'd to *Amphialus*, just as *Philanax* was brought up, as he believ'd, to receive the Sentence of his Death: But when with undaunted Courage he attended to hear it given, thinking himself injur'd, but not unhappy, since he was to stake his Life in so good a Cause, *Amphialus* surpriz'd him with the most unexpected Turn, telling him that he always shou'd esteem him as the Instrument of his being honour'd with the Commands of *Philoclea*, and therefore wou'd not only give him his immediate Liberty, but bury all Remembrance of former Disagreements, and for the future render him all the Friendships he was able, only in Return, desir'd that he wou'd make him acquainted with *Basilus*' Designs.

My Lord, reply'd the good old Man, were I entrusted with my Master's Purposes, and the revealing them wou'd be a Means to make them fruitless, I wou'd disdain to purchase Life at the Expence of my Faith and Honour, which I must forfeit in betraying them, and shou'd think the Name of Traytor dearly purchas'd for the slender Consideration of a few Years of uncertain Life; but since he means to take no secret Method, but openly, and by Force regain his Daughter, and revenge his Wrongs, I shan't in the least scruple obliging you with all that I know. Upon that he related in what a vast Consternation *Basilus* and *Gynecia* were when they miss'd their Children, sometimes suspecting *Zelmane* (as being a Stranger) to have a Hand in conveying them away; at other times doubting whether there was not still some Remains of the late Mutiny; which Thought was in some Degree confirm'd by *Miso*, who being found almost famish'd by some Country People, and brought Home, inform'd them with what Artifice they were train'd out, and with what Violence carried away: But that in a very little Time they were let into the Truth by the Letters which *Amphialus* dispers'd, in order to procure Confederates; that upon this Knowledge, *Basilus* determin'd to besiege the Town, and never leave it till he had subdu'd it; that he intended rather to reduce it by Time and Famine, than by Force of Assault, well knowing what gallant Men he had to deal with, and for that Purpose had given Orders for continual Supplies of Soldiers, Pioneers, and all Things that might be conducive to that Design, to be brought him. And now, my Lord, continued *Philanax*, as I have receiv'd my Life from your Clemency, give me leave, as all the Return my Gratitude can make, by my Advice to save your own Life, your Fame and Honour, all three of which are just upon the Point of falling: By Heaven, I swear, young Prince, I love your Courage and revere your Virtues, tho' now unhappily employ'd in a pernicious Cause; I honour you for being
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of so near Alliance to my Master, and my honest Wishes exert themselves for your Success in every thing but this mistaken Undertaking : You know your Uncle's generous Disposition, and that his noble Nature is as ready to forgive upon a due Submission, as his Power is great to punish an obstinate Persistence ; your past Crime may easily plead an Extenuation, since occasion'd by inconsiderate unbridled Love : Reflect that the most consummate Goodness may be provok'd beyond Forgiveness ; then cease to urge it farther, or trust to the Chance of an unequal War, but rather strive to attain your End by a generous Submission, which is the only Means you have for gaining it. It was easy to discern by the Emotions in *Amphialus*' Countenance, that Disdain and Rage would hardly suffer him to wait the unapprov'd and undesir'd Remonstrances of *Philanax* ; but the Reflection of *Philoclea*'s interfering in his Favour, oblig'd him to restrain his Anger, and therefore only telling him that he might save himself the Expence of any farther Counsel, since he was already determin'd how to act, he went and left him, ordering some Soldiers to convey him back to the Camp. *Philanax* willingly accepted that Compliment, being very glad to receive an untainted Liberty, and immediately left the Town, without attempting to visit the Princesses, thinking it possible that such an Interview might offend *Amphialus*, and cou'd be of no Service to them, whom he found were not to be rescu'd by any Means but open Force.

The Ladies continued to spend their Time in the most melancholy Manner, being deny'd the Conversation of each other, and no Body suffer'd to be about them but *Cecropia*'s Creatures, who were taught to frame their Words to her Directions ; she her self omitting no Opportunity of talking to them, and urging her Son's unwelcome Passion ; using the same Arguments to both, determining in her own infernal Bosom, that which-ever she cou'd prevail upon first, the other shou'd (without his Knowledge) by Poyson be remov'd : But though she us'd pretty much the same Arguments to both, yet her Manner of enforcing them differ'd as she found their Humours vary ; and that Day, as soon as *Philanax* was set free, she went to *Philoclea*, expatiating upon the Obligation she ow'd her Son for freeing his mortal Enemy only in Obedience to her Commands ; but seeing her very little mov'd at any thing she cou'd say, and that she seem'd rather uneasy that she was forc'd to receive any Obligation from him, than in a Disposition to return it, she left her, threatening in her self for the future to try a harsher Treatment, and went to make a Visit to *Pamela* ; who that Day having tir'd her Attention with reading, and her stately Mind disdaining to converse with any of the Ladies appointed to attend her, whom she look'd upon only as her Jailers, was working upon a Purse all kind of natural Flowers that decks the gawdy Spring, which she so livelily represented, that the greatest

Artist

Artist of a Painter might have been proud to have copy'd from her inimitable Needle; the Roses appear'd as bright and blooming, as her own Cheeks when overspread with conscious Blushes at her unworthy Fortune; the Lillies all pale, yet lovely in that Paleness, as when her Resentment cool'd, and gave Place to languid Sorrow; the whole Design of that perfect Epitomy of the Spring was so well laid, that it was wonderful to see so exalted a Mind employ itself in bringing to Perfection what at first was so trifling a Thing; but nothing could pass her Hands without it, and what before was of little Consequence, if once she undertook it, grew most valuable: Tho' this little Piece of Work was in great Forwardness, yet had she not bestow'd so much Time upon it as to neglect her self, or not pay that Tribute of Ornaments that were due to so much Beauty; for tho' her Palace was a Prison, and her Court compos'd of hateful Spies, yet cou'd not this Change make her forget she was a Princess, or not in every thing left in her Power to appear like one.

This Behaviour, in every Respect so different from her Sister's, who refus'd all Amusements, and wou'd not suffer her self to be array'd in any thing more than barely necessary, except her Sorrows, flatter'd *Cecropia* that she shou'd at last succeed with her; judging by her own Vanity, that the Pains she had taken about her Dress must certainly bespeak a Desire to please, and that Desire she thought must be directed to *Amphialus*, since she must be very sure no other Man wou'd be admitted to her Sight. Animated with this Hope, she went abruptly in, and sat down by her, and taking the Purse out of her Hand, and surveying it with an affected Curiosity, Happy, cry'd she, must be that Man, if at least he were so bless'd to know it, to whom this little Piece of beauteous Mimickry, wrought by those Hands, is dedicated! He surely must esteem it by far a greater Treasure than any it can hold. I'm glad, reply'd *Pamela*, half smiling, that it has your Approbation, Madam; but, I assure you, I had no other Design in the working it, than to make a few tedious Hours pass the less regarded, and but with that View look'd on it as a common Purse of little or no Value. It is the very Nature of Beauty, answer'd *Cecropia*, to be ignorant of its own Force, and work unknowingly wondrous Effects. I ne'er till now, Madam, reply'd she, thought that superficial Thing call'd Beauty, which you lay to my Charge, (tho', in my own Judgment, I am very innocent of it,) any thing more than a Mixture of natural Colours which delight the Eye, as Musick does the Ear, without any After-Consequences, since not only the Brute Creation, but inanimate Things, do often greatly excel in it. That those Things, reply'd *Cecropia*, have some Proportion of it, does not in the least diminish from its Value, since they are only to be admir'd for that Perfection, without being sensible of it in themselves, or influenc'd by it in others; but that Beauty in humane Creatures

tures is much more than valuable in any other Part of the Creation, may be prov'd by their only having a Judgment given them to distinguish it: And as it must be allow'd, that our Sex has in that by much the Preference, so if duly weigh'd, it will be found more than a Recompence for any other Advantage which the Men can justly boast; for what does all their Labour aim at, but to compass their Designs and gain Superiority, which they effect either by Force, Stratagem, or well-lay'd Flattery; but a beauteous Woman need have recourse neither to Violence or little Arts, she can command without Authority, and can perswade without the Pains of Eloquence; she needs no Trouble to procure Attention; her Looks oblige the Hearers to it: A Man must put his Fortune to the hazard, and venture Life, to gain the Name of Conqueror; but a fine Woman can subdue her Thousands, without running her self into the least Degree of Danger; she is obey'd without the Trouble of imposing Laws; her every Word becomes one; she has no uneasy Contests in her self, whether 'tis best to hold the Reins of Love or Fear; since without any of her Management, her Subjects inevitable Love towards her, will consequently make them fear her Frowns, and that Fear will ever fortify their Love: She is in no Necessity of providing either offensive or defensive Force, since her Form as much secures her, as ten thousand Shields; and ten thousand resistless Arrows shoot from her lovely Eyes. To sum up all, Beauty, my dearest Niece, is the Crown of Woman; and on whomsoever bountiful Heaven has bestow'd that rare, tho' perfect Gift, she ought undoubtedly to put it to that Use for which it was design'd; which is not only the creating of Desire, but returning it; since all consummate Happiness must be reciprocal, nor is it to be center'd in one's self. I am much afraid, Madam, cry'd *Pamela*, that your Praises will not only perswade me that I have a greater Share of Beauty than I ever imagin'd, but make me set a greater Value on it: I must own, that even till now, I believ'd those kind of Conquests which you speak of, proceeded more from the Weakness of the Conquer'd, than from any superiour Power in the Conquerors, as the Cranes are too hard for the Pigmees; not that the Cranes are possess'd of any great Skill or Courage, but because the Pigmees are weak and cowardly: But since your Wisdom, and more extensive Knowledge is of another Opinion, and you think Beauty of such inestimable Value, it ought then certainly to have the Guard of Virtue, and be so carefully attended by it, as not to suffer it in the least Degree to be defiled.

Defiled, hastily interrupted *Cecropia*; I hope, my Dear, you don't suspect my Words of carrying so base a Meaning: No, the heavenly Powers forbid; my only Purpose is to put that Beauty to the Use which Heaven design'd it for, and join it to its only Counter-Part, true Love; and indeed, without that, it in Effect is nothing: For as the finest Rays of Light wou'd be of no Consequence, were there no

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Eyes

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Eyes that cou'd behold their Brightness; so Beauty, without the Eye of Inclination to survey it, wou'd be of little Use; and therefore, so far is it from being any Stain to it, that 'tis the only Thing that can enhance its Value, pay it sufficient Honours, and preserve it from the destructive Hand of Time; for tho' that will inevitably destroy it in the finest Face, yet in the Lover's Heart 'tis everlastingly engraven; nothing but Death can e'er efface it; there the lively Image will remain, in spite of Age and Wrinkles, free from the malicious Influence of Chance or Sicknes. Such a secure Repository yours may find in my Son's Bosom; in him you may behold the truest Lover, and the faithfullest Friend that ever any Lady cou'd justly boast; and so awful is his Passion, that rather than run the hazard of displeasing, he denies his Eyes the Joy of seeing the only Object upon Earth that can delight them. There is no one Proof, reply'd *Pamela*, that he can give me of his Love, as will half so much oblige me; but what I have often told you I again confirm, that he must first procure the Approbation of my Parents; till when, it will be vain to let him know my Resolution; for shou'd I act contrary to their Consent, the Wrath of Heaven would consequently follow. You've chose a very improper Time of Life, answer'd *Cecropia*, to lay so great a Stress upon Religion: Believe me, my dearest Niece, 'tis much unfit for one of your Youth to be a Bigot or Enthusiast; no, no, leave that scrupulous Humour to us old People, who have no other Merit to recommend us; but do you enjoy the Heaven you have before you; make sure of that, lest too late you see your Error, and curse your too easy Faith for future Happiness, which made you slip the present Joys that offer'd. Do but observe the cheerful Spring, how proud and pleas'd it is to deck it self in its own gaudy Flowers, without aspiring to the Fruits of distant Autumn; what a Reproach is this to anxious humane Kind, who vainly waste the *April* of their Years in the Pursuit of future Blessings, which is but a Doubt whether they ever may arrive at? Do not you, my Dear, suffer your self to be thus grossly impos'd upon by those, who possibly endeavour it, because they envy you that Felicity which they are past the Enjoyment of: You are very sensible how unjustly your Father has refus'd all Offers for you, tho' of the greatest Princes; and will you suffer your Beauties to be buried in his Wrinkles, or your Youth to wear away without the laudable Gratifications it might take, only to oblige the peevish Humours of an unreasonable old Man? How peevish or unreasonable soever he may be, reply'd *Pamela*, he is my Father still; and how much Beauty soe'er indulgent Heaven may have blest me with, that will not in the least justify my Neglect of Duty; the righteous Powers exact an unconfin'd Obedience to be paid him, nor will their Laws permit me to be the Judge, or the Condemner of his Faults.

These

These serious Answers of *Pamela's*, and her still pleading Conscience as a Bar to her consenting, put *Cecropia* upon thinking, that if she cou'd remove that Stumbling-Block, or at least make it appear less formidable, it would be the likeliest Method to bring her to her Lure; and therefore summoning her most crafty Wit, and cloathing it in the most earnest Words, because they were not only to serve a Turn, but came from her real Thoughts, she thus began to speak.

My lovely Niece, or rather Daughter, for so my Wishes term you, be Judge your self how much more earnest I must be to have you bear that Name, since I find your Virtues fix'd upon the Basis of Devotion, which the greatest Politicians have found to be the best Support against the Frailties of humane Nature; for as Children must at first be frighted and threaten'd into the Knowledge of those Things, which when once they understand they esteem a Happiness, so these Bugbears of Religion were, no doubt of it, at first introduced into the World by Men of the most discerning Judgments, to deter the Generality from falling into those Errors, which the Vanities of the World, and the Weakness of their Capacities, might otherways have led them into: But 'tis much unfit for you, who are so capable of distinguishing, to be directed by the Standard of vulgar Minds, or servilely follow Virtue, for fear of Punishments to be impos'd you know not when, or where; you ought to value it for its own intrinsic Worth, and the good Effects which it produces; Fear and Ignorance were the Sources of Superstition: When Men first heard it thunder, being ignorant of the natural Cause, they imagin'd there was some angry Power above who took that Way of loudly proclaiming his Resentment; and still whatever Nature produc'd, which their shallow Capacities cou'd not account for, they esteem'd as Miracles, and for such handed them down to future Ages; unobserving Fools not remarking, that any Alterations were occasion'd by particular Accidents, but that the universal Frame of Nature continued without Variation; To-Day is but the Counterpart of Yesterday, and To-Morrow will be the perfect Image of its Predecessor; Nature is constant in its Course, and every thing turns upon that great Hinge, except unhappy Man, who, by the Pregnancy of his Imagination, is hurry'd on to contemplate Things supernatural, which he can ne'er attain to the least Knowledge of; and while he vainly grasps at the Shadow of future Bliss, loses the Substance of the present Good that is set before him: Believe me, you will find Wisdom the greatest Deity; Content, the only Heaven you ever will enjoy; for to imagine that the supreme Powers (if there are any) are either to be mov'd by the imperfect Eloquence of our Orations, or their Anger rais'd against the trifling Follies of our Actions, is more absurd than if the smallest Mite shou'd fancy that the greatest earthly Monarch concern'd

concern'd himself about his Actions, and took the utmost Care to supply his little Wants, and make Life easy and comfortable to him; of how much less Consequence must we be to what our Fancy paints out to us as a God? No, be assur'd, Nature is the only Deity that we ought to reverence; if we follow her Dictates, here we shall find that Happiness which we vainly seek for in a future uncertain State.

As she was going to proceed, and enlarge upon her pernicious Argument, *Pamela*, with Cheeks that glow'd with fervent Zeal, and Eyes that almost shot her through with Looks of Anger and Reproach, thus interrupted her: No more, unworthy Woman, restrain thy impious Tongue, not longer employ thy Breath in Blasphemies against the Author of it, lest at once, as he created thee, he strike thee dead, and with one Blow prove and revenge his wrong'd Omnipotence; take back your false Professions of Love and Friendship, perfidious to your God, your Conscience, and your Honour: How can I hope you will be true to me; you, who with subtle Arguments, like a false Fire, wou'd mislead my Judgment, and draw me into an Abyss of Darkness? But be assur'd thy devilish Purposes will be defeated; that God which thou renouncest, is all-powerful to know, and to redress the Wrongs of injur'd Innocence: I know the Words I pour into thy unattentive Ears are fruitless, as Water in a Cieve, and am full well assur'd that the most reasonable Arguments can never make the least Impression on thy fear'd Conscience; but yet I fear I should be made Partaker of thy Guilt, did I sit tamely by, and not attempt to vindicate the Honour of my Maker, when I hear his Power so notoriously call'd in question: How does thy wicked Heart employ that Wit, (which bounteous Heaven has bless'd thee with,) to sink thee into everlasting Ruin and Perdition? Do but consider your own Arguments, and you will find them turn upon themselves, and that those very Reasons that you bring to prove them, shall make them void: You say that Nature observes one continued and unalterable Course; 'tis true it does, and by that proves the Constancy of the Eternal Author of it; he cou'd not be a God that wou'd submit to Change; Inconstancy is an Attribute confin'd to Man, and 'tis in that we chiefly differ from our great Original: But then again, you urge that his Being is not seen, nor his Existence prov'd by any of our Senses; no, cou'd he be comprehended by our weak and confin'd Capacities, he were indeed no God: You also urge, that Fear was the first Parent of Religion, which you unjustly term Superstition; and that because we are unacquainted with the Causes of the wondrous Effects we daily see, we ascribe them to some supernatural Power; so far you are right, it is because we know that each Effect must have a Cause, and that even those Causes must have a superior one; it is, I say, for that very Reason that we adore its Power, and fear the Effects of its Resentment: How is it possible this goodly World, the
Beauty

Beauty and the Harmony which supports it, shou'd be the Work of Chance? Or rather, how is it possible that any thinking Being shou'd ascribe it to it? For if it was from all Eternity, as you wou'd seem to insinuate, and is for ever to remain, Eternity and Chance can ne'er agree, since in the Meaning of the Words they are flat Contradictions; any thing that proceeds from Chance must have a Beginning, and if it had a Beginning, there must be a Time before it was begun, and consequently could not be from Eternity: But suppose you allow it had a Beginning, 'tis full as absurd to think that that Beginning proceeded from Chance, for 'tis wholly impossible that Chance shou'd make all Things out of nothing; and to think there were a confus'd Mass of Substances before, that met and shuffled together, and by Chance produc'd this regular Frame, must still lead us into an endless Labyrinth of Absurdities; for those Substances must have been from all Eternity; and that eternal Causes shou'd bring forth mutable Effects, is, as I said before, not to be reconcil'd; Chance must be variable, or it cou'd not bear the Name; but this mighty Work is firm and permanent: If Chance alone had attempted to put together the Pieces of this great Fabrick, the heavy Parts would certainly have fallen downwards, and the light have gone infinitely upwards, and so never have join'd in composing this wondrous Body; for before there was a Heaven or Earth, the one cou'd not stay the Height of the Ring, or the other serve for a Centre: If perfect Regularity, perfect Beauty, and perfect Constancy; if these, I say, can be produc'd by Chance, then may Goodness be the Source of Evil, and Wisdom the Parent of Folly. But you very assuredly affirm, that all these Consequences proceed from Nature, which is indeed no more than saying, they are so because they are; for if you mean of many Natures conspiring together, as in a popular Government, to form this regular State, as if the elemental and ethereal Parts shou'd in Consultation prescribe the Bounds of each one's Office, it necessarily follows that there must have been a superior Power which made them thus concur; for their Natures being absolutely opposite, they wou'd naturally have fought each other's Ruin, and not have served as well-concerted Parts to such an unexpressive Harmony; for that so many Things directly contrary shou'd unite and make up Perfection, without a greater Force to oblige them to it, is impossible. But you may perhaps insist, that one universal Nature, that has been from all Eternity, and will for ever be, is what has join'd together all these to make up such an excellent Conformity; if by that you mean a Nature consisting of Wisdom, Goodness, and, in short, of all Perfection, and that is capable of knowing what it goes about, then you grant what I contend for; and those Blasphemies with which you wrong'd your self, and shock'd my Ears, you must of Course deny: But if, on the contrary, you mean a Nature like that of the Fire, which constantly ascends, and yet itself knows not a Reason for it; or of the Sea, which ebbs and

flows in perfect Measure, yet understands no Musick; it is but still the same absurd Opinion, which I have before confuted, couch'd under another Title. To bring a Parallel near our Comprehension: When we speak of one Kingdom, and say that one Person governs it, that one Kingdom is composed of many Cities, and each City contains many Persons; and tho' there is one superior Governor, yet there are Under-Managers, who wou'd certainly act purely with Views to their own private Interests, were there not a greater to over-awe them: Thus it is in this great Kingdom of the World; the Water wou'd naturally quench the Fire, and drown the Earth, so far are they from conspiring to form a Regularity, were there not a more perfect Nature that compels them to observe it. Summon your Senses, and since you are so grossly minded as to think them the only Judges, let them be so, and impartially acknowledge which of them does not every Moment confute your blasphemous Argument; your Eyes can never open, but they must unavoidably see a thousand Wonders of the Creation, far above the Power of Chance, to stumble on: How can any thinking Being, that finds it self endow'd with the surprizing Faculties of Reason and Reflection, imagine that they must not be deriv'd from some great and inexhaustible Source of Wisdom; for any Part speaks that there is Whole? The Individuals of this World can therefore not subsist but by a Whole of Power and Wisdom that supports it; and whether you will grant that to be the Creator of it, which undoubtedly it is, or the Soul and Governor, which is no more to be disputed; yet this is beyond Dispute, that whether he created the Whole, or suffer'd Chance to do it, which I think I have prov'd wholly impossible, and only governs it when created, he must either Way be the sole Director of his Creatures, or his Government: And if his Power is above all Things, it must of Consequence be infinite, since there can be no greater to limit or restrain it; for what there is nothing beyond, must be boundless and infinite; and if his Power be infinite, his Knowledge must be so too, for else he wou'd have an infinite Proportion of Power without knowing in what Manner to employ it; and that I believe even you will think too great an Absurdity to maintain: If then we allow him both those Attributes, then cannot even any Thing, no not the Estate of the smallest Mite, which you just now mention'd with so much Scorn, escape his Notice; for if it did, his Knowledge must be bounded, and so not infinite: If then his Knowledge and Power is infinite, his Justice and his Goodness must be equal to it; for Infinity of Power and Knowledge, without an equal Measure of Goodness, must necessarily produce Ruin and Destruction, and not Order and Preservation. Since then there is a God, whose Power and Justice is alike extensive, and who pierceth into the most obscure Abyss of Secrets, which is the Heart of Man, who knows our Thoughts even before they are form'd in our uncertain Minds; since such a one there is, and who
is

is just to exercise his Power, and powerful to employ his Justice, assure thy self, unhappy Woman, thou wilt not escape his Vengeance; thou, who with a Plague-infected Mind art never easy, without endeavouring to communicate thy Disease to others, tho' to thy Cost thou'lt find that Treachery will not secure thy self; too late thou'lt find, and know that Power thou now defiest; too late be sensible of his unerring Wisdom in your own irrevocable Folly, and own that he alone creates, who has a Power of destroying; which Power, be assur'd, he will most fully prove upon thy impious Head, and which, without a sudden and sincere Repentance, is the only Method he will take to convince thy stubborn Heart, and bring thee to Conviction, in order to enhance thy Torments, and make thy Punishment, if possible, equal thy Crime.

Here she stop'd, and shot from her angelick Eyes such Beams of heavenly Goodness, as wou'd, one shou'd have thought, without the Force of so much Eloquence, have thaw'd and melted the most frozen Conscience; but *Cecropia's* wou'd have been Proof against Divinity it self; and if she was at all affected, it was with Rage, to see her self confuted by a Girl, and her own subtile Arguments, which she believ'd unanswerable, made use of to destroy themselves, and instead of forwarding, overthrow her Purposes: She sat for some Time without making the least Reply; at last getting up, she cast a threatening Look upon the Princess, and bid her be assur'd, that since neither Kindness nor Persuasion cou'd work upon her, that she wou'd give her sufficient Leisure to ruminate upon her Folly, and repent her ill-timed Zeal; and flying from her, she left the Room, repining that her Son shou'd submit to what she thought so great a Weakness, condemning him for servilely waiting the Caprice of a peevish Girl, and not at once by Force secure all the Happiness that she was capable of giving, resolving to urge him by Degrees to a Course of Violence, since she found all Arts and Stratagems fruitless and ineffectual. But however, knowing his Passion more apt to revenge their Sights upon himself, she endeavour'd to sooth it with feign'd Hopes and false Insinuations, with which she in some Measure calm'd his Grievs, tho' she cou'd not mitigate his Rage, at being prevented encountring with his Enemies: For *Basilus* having learn'd by the last Engagement what dangerous Consequences might attend particular Courage, chose rather to employ the Spade, than trust to the uncertain Decision of the Sword; surrounding the whole Town with Trenches, beginning at a good Distance from it with a Number of well-instructed Pioneers, who brought it still nearer and nearer, building Forts answerable to each other, and preparing every thing necessary for a lasting Siege.

Amphialus

Amphialus attempted several Times to sally out, and prevent their working; but they were so cautious, as being more willing to overcome by Length of Time than present Hazard, that he perform'd but little Execution: However, some light Skirmishes now and then happen'd, but no great Mischiefs follow'd, each Side having a secure retiring Place, and rather fighting with a Design to vex the Enemy with vain Alarms, than from any Hopes of great Success.

This tedious Method was every way irksome to the impatient Courage of *Amphialus*, till the Fame of the War having brought to the Camp a Number of both Strangers as well as Subjects, Sons of Princes, and all of Noble Houses; and among the rest, the brave *Phalantus*, who quitting for a Time his gay Amusements, was come to engage in *Basilus*' Cause, in return to the Complements he had heretofore paid him. When he had spent some Time in observing the *Arcadian* Manner of Marching, Encamping and Fighting, and had fully inform'd himself in what Points their Discipline differ'd from that of other Nations, weary with waiting the slow Proceedings of a formal Siege, and his youthful Spirits prompting him, by Exercise, to keep his Courage vigorous and lively, and the State Policy restraining him from entering into any publick Action, he determin'd to engage in some private Combat, to which he was more urg'd on, because *Artesia*, who had treated him with so much Scorn, might be assur'd it was no Trifler that she had lost, by her light and insolent Behaviour: Upon this, having gain'd *Basilus*' Permission, he order'd a Herald to be prepar'd, with proper Distinctions, to shew that he came of a private as well as a peaceful Errand, and sent him to the Gate of the Town, to demand Audience of *Amphialus*; which Message being deliver'd, he immediately commanded he shou'd be brought in safely to his Presence; which being done, the Herald produc'd his Packet; but first, upon his Knees, desir'd that whatever it contain'd, he might be consider'd only as the Messenger, not the Author. *Amphialus*, with an Air of noble Generosity, which gave the utmost Credit to his Words, assur'd him upon his Honour, that whate'er the Purport of those Letters were, he shou'd be safe; for that his Revenge, whenever he thought fit to exert it, wou'd soar by much a higher Pitch: And impatient to know the Message, he broke the Seals, and found the following Words.

“ *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to the renown'd *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, sends
 “ the Greeting of a gaulless Enemy; that Attraction which
 “ Martial Entertainments carry, without the smallest Enmity against
 “ your Person, has drawn me to join in Company with your Besiegers,
 “ without at all partaking in the Inveteracy of their Quarrel, where rust-
 “ ing in Ease, and languishing in unprofitable Idleness, I am desirous
 “ to refresh my almost stagnated Spirits with some Martial Exercises,
 “ which

“ which may proclaim the Courage of the Actors, and give Delight
“ to the Beholders, in this Interregnum of Warlike Government; to
“ which Purpose, if your Town produces any Gentleman of the same
“ active Disposition, who either out of Love to Honour, or in Honour
“ of his Love, will on Horseback, arm'd with Launce and Sword,
“ hazard the losing of himself, or gaining the Advantage over another,
“ to be Prisoner at the Discretion of the Conqueror, I will To-morrow
“ Morning, soon as the rising Sun can be a Witness of our Fate, at-
“ tended only with a Squire and Trumpet, await him in the Island with-
“ in the Lake. I propose that Place, because the Sight of it is so com-
“ manded by your Castle, that the Ladies may amuse themselves with
“ being Spectators of the Combat: And tho' it is within the Bounds
“ of your Command, yet I desire no better Security than your usual
“ Generosity. I shall attend your Answer, and wish you in every Un-
“ dertaking such Success as may be most conducive to your Honour,
“ which you will find consist rather in yielding to the Laws of Justice,
“ than in backing and maintaining Wrong by Violence.

Amphialus read these Words with great Complaisance in his Looks;
and calling for Pen and Ink, immediatly wrote the following Letter.

“ *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, gratefully wishes
“ him the Accomplishment of his Desires, provided they extend
“ not to the Injury of others: The Subject of your Letter, so answer-
“ able to a worthy Mind, and the gallant Manner in which you ex-
“ press your noble Purpose, gives me the Reflection how happy I shou'd
“ esteem my self to gain so valuable a Friend, who think it no trifling
“ Pleasure to have met with so brave an Enemy. Your Challenge
“ shall in every Particular be answer'd, and both Time, Place and
“ Weapon be accepted; for your Security against any Treachery,
“ (having no other Hostage that I think equal to your Merit) ac-
“ cept my Word, which I esteem by far more sacred, than any
“ Thing I have a Power of pledging. Let it suffice, you arm your Per-
“ son, but not your Heart with Malice; since true Courage, such as
“ I promise my self you are possess'd of, needs no Spur but the De-
“ sire of Honour.

Having folded and seal'd this Letter, he deliver'd it to the Herald;
and taking a gold Chain from his own Neck, he presented it to him,
and order'd him to be safely guarded out of the City. As soon as he
was gone, *Amphialus* communicated both the Message and his Answer
to his Mother, and some other of his chosen Counsellors, and inform'd
them that he was determin'd to answer the Challenge in his own Per-
son. His Mother with Prayers, back'd by the Authority of her Com-
mands, sought to restrain him from so rash an Attempt: His Governour,
with wise Perswasions, mingled sometimes with mild Reproofs, repre-

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sented

presented to him how unfit it was for the General of an Army to hazard himself in a private Action: *Clinias* upon his Knees, with trembling Limbs, holding his Garment, besought him to consider that all their Lives were center'd in his Safety. But *Amphialus*, whose inflam'd Courage was not to be controul'd, at once put an End to their troublesome Entreaties, by telling them he was resolv'd; and therefore desir'd they wou'd show that Regard which they pretended for him, by strictly observing his last Orders; and in particular, if any Accident shou'd befall him in the Engagement, that the Princesses might be immediately restor'd, since the Chain that held them was only rivited to his Heart. This he enjoin'd his Mother at least to give her Promise for, and also begg'd her to place *Philoclea* at some Window, where she might distinctly see the Combat. Having thus settled every thing as he design'd, if Fate shou'd destine him to fall, he attempted to repose himself; but tho' the Apprehensions of the ensuing Danger wou'd ne'er have interrupted a Moment's Rest, yet the Thought that possibly his Defeat was wish'd by *Philoclea*, kept his weary Spirits in a continual Agitation. Soon as the Morning Dawn afforded him its guiding Light, he rose, and going himself to his Stable, chose out a Horse which well had proved himself worthy to be prefer'd; and having been inur'd to such Engagements for almost twenty Years, *Amphialus* thought he wou'd be surer than one of younger Mettle: His Colour was a bright Bay, dappled all over with black Spots; a regular Star of White mark'd his Forehead; his Mane and Tail a shining Black, thick and bushy, and all over a well-proportion'd Size; his Furniture was a rawny-colour'd Cloth, enamell'd o'er with Gold, and set thick with all kind of sparkling Stones, to which *Amphialus* had order'd his Armour to be answerable; in his Shield was only painted the *Torpedo* Fish: Thus, with his Equipage, an Emblem of unsuccessful Fortune, attended only with his Trumpeter and Squire, he ferry'd over to the Island; the Place seem'd form'd for such a Purpose, being a perfect Flat, and neither Bush nor Hillock for the Engagers to stumble at; the Length and Breadth was sufficient to try the uttermost both of Sword and Launce; one End of it directly fac'd the Castle, the other extended toward the Camp, and no Access to it any Way but by Water, so that any Treachery was impracticable; and for any open Violence, either Side was near enough to come with immediate Succours.

Phalantus already waited for his Arrival, mounted upon a white Courser speckled with red; his Mane and Tail were died a bright Cornation; his Reins were in Imitation of Vine Branches, and at the Bit was plac'd a Bunch of Grapes so naturally carv'd and painted, that as the Horse champ'd on his Bit, it seem'd as if he were attempting to feed upon them; his Furniture behind was embroider'd o'er with artificial Vines, and so skilfully was the Work perform'd, that the Horse appear'd oblig'd to it for its Shade; his Armour was in
Imita-

Imitation of an azure-colour'd Sky, gilded with the Rays of a rising Sun; in his Shield for a Device was painted a fine Greyhound, who having out-run his Fellows, had took the Hare; but when he had it in his Power, waited the Huntsmen's coming up, without doing it the least Harm: The Motto, *The Glory is the Prey.*

Soon as *Amphialus* was landed, he sent his Squire in Form to let *Phalantus* know that he was the Knight appointed to attend him, and that if he had any thing to say to him, he was ready to return an Answer. *Phalantus* reply'd, that he should only talk with him in the Language of the Launce; upon which they both address'd themselves to attend the Summons of the Trumpets, which were to sound at a Signal given by four appointed Judges, who had divided the Ground, and taken all necessary Precautions for a fair and equal Combat. *Phalantus*' Horse, fir'd with the youthful Heat of both his Master and himself, stood corveting and prancing as if impatient for the expected Signal; while *Amphialus*'s stood with Majesty sedate, pawing his Foot upon the Ground with equal Measure, as if he wou'd by just Degrees work up his Mettle: Upon the Trumpet's Sounding at the same Instant they employ'd their Spurs, took out their Launces, convey'd them up into their Rests, and together let them fall; so just their Motions, and so exact their Time, that 'twas impossible for the Beholders not to feel Delight, tho' they must be anxious for the Consequence, since neither Side of two such noble Combatants cou'd be victorious without the other's Overthrow being lamented; their Horses keeping exactly to the Line that their Master's Skill had set them, pass'd by each other without encountering, tho' so near, that they must necessarily feel the Heat of each other's angry Breath: The Staves being come to a just Descent, even when the Mark was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was run quite through the Van-plate, and under the Arm, and the Staff appearing behind him, it appear'd to the Spectator that he was in some Danger; but he soon convinc'd them that he had the Use of his Arm, by striking *Phalantus* such a Blow upon the Gorget, as sorely bruis'd the Lamms of it, and made his Hand almost touch the Back of his Horse. Upon this, both of them quitted the Use of the Spur, and employ'd the Bit to stop the Fury of their Horses, flinging away the Troncheons of their Staves, they drew their Swords, and attended the second Summons of the Death-threatning Trumpets, which in a Moment follow'd, and they as soon oblig'd their Horses with a gentle Gallop to advance, till they were within a Stave's Length of each other. *Amphialus* trusting more to the Strength than Agility of his Horse, put him forward with great Violence, and making his Head join to the other's Flank, and guiding his Blow with the utmost Discretion, and strengthening it with steady Course of his Horse, he struck *Phalantus* such a Blow on the Head, that for a Moment it stunn'd his Senses; but, unus'd to be ungrateful for
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such Compliments, he soon recover'd himself enough to return him so strong a Blow upon the Cheek, that he thought his Jaw had certainly been cut asunder, tho' the Goodness of his Armour secur'd him from a greater Mischief. They remain'd for some Time without doing any Execution on either Side, till *Amphialus*' Horse leaning with great Force upon the other's, by that gain'd Ground; while *Phalantus*' Horse finding himself press'd, began to rise a little, and curvet as he was wont to do; which *Amphialus* perceiving, he took the Advantage of that Time, and putting his own Horse forward with the farther Spur, he came with such a Force upon *Phalantus*'s, that he overthrew him, and he came tumbling upon the Ground, with his Master under him; upon which *Amphialus* nimbly unmounted, with a Design to help him, but his Horse that had falter'd rather thro' Unskilfulness than Want of Strength, immediately rose, and releas'd his Master of his too powerful Weight; who having disengag'd his Feet from the Stirrups, tho' very much bruise'd, got up without any Assistance; and seeing *Amphialus* very near him, he enquir'd if he had remov'd his Horse? *Amphialus* assur'd him that he had not. I am glad of it, reply'd *Phalantus*; for the only Reason of my making that Enquiry was, that I might not renew a Combat with a Man, at whose Hands I had receiv'd my Life. But give me Leave, said he, before we again engage, to know who it is that has drove me to such a Strait, which in the whole Compass of my Life I ne'er before have prov'd. *Amphialus*, determin'd as yet to keep himself unknown, reply'd, that he was a private Gentleman, on whom *Amphialus* had that Day bestow'd a Horse and Armour, that he might try his Fortune, having never before been in any Engagement worth remembering. And must I, reply'd *Phalantus*, be the Butt for you to exercise your unexperienc'd Arm on? With that, his Rage afresh inspir'd him, and put him past the feeling of his Bruise; and without any more Wards, he again renew'd the Combat: The Disdain that boil'd within his Breast at the Reflection of being overcome by so green Soldier, made him deal his Blows even with Rashness: But *Amphialus* with strong Words, and avoiding the Force of them, watched his Opportunity; till seeing a proper Time, when *Phalantus* was more eager to hurt his Enemy than guard himself, he struck him such a cruel Blow upon the Knee, that he fell down in a Sound at his Feet.

The Regard that *Amphialus* had for such approv'd Merit, adorn'd with so much natural Generosity, oblig'd him to go up to *Phalantus*, and take off his Head-piece, in order to give him the Refreshment of the Air; but that gallant Knight disdaining to receive any Favour from one whom he believ'd to be so inconsiderable a Person, and resolving not to buy his Life at the Expence of submitting to his Inferior, call'd out to him to behave in what Manner he thought fit, for that he was determin'd never to yield. To yield, reply'd *Amphialus*,

Amphialus, I do assure you, is what will never be ask'd of you by me, unless it is to my Request, that you will for the future esteem yourself to have an unbounded Interest in my Friendship. *Phalantus*, more subdu'd by this kind Reply than by his conquering Sword, once again desir'd him to let him know to whom he was oblig'd for such honourable Treatment. *Amphialus* then told him his Name; assuring him that he shou'd think the additional Title of being his Friend the most honourable One that cou'd be conferr'd upon him. This Information more reviv'd *Phalantus* than the most healing Medicines apply'd to his Wound cou'd have had a Power of doing; the Knowledge of his Conqueror perswaded him, that tho' he had been overcome, yet the superior Greatness of his Competitor wou'd in some Degree excuse him in the World's Account. And now the Two, who late appear'd to be at the utmost Enmity, were interchanging Promises of the sincerest Friendship; but these Ceremonies were broke off by the bleeding of *Phalantus*' Wound, which gaped as if it meant to put them upon taking some Care to have it stench'd: He offer'd *Amphialus* to make his own Terms; but the only Ransom he desir'd, was an Assurance of his future Friendship; which *Phalantus* was as inclin'd to give as he cou'd be to ask; and embracing each other in the tenderest Manner, he was convey'd back to the Camp, where he only stay'd for the Recovery of his Wounds, being determin'd never more to join with the Enemies of *Amphialus*, and then went to seek Amusements in other Quarters of the World.

Amphialus, on his Part, was receiv'd into the Castle with the utmost Degree of Triumph; tho' by the Sadness in his Mien, and melancholly Eyes cast languishingly up as he pass'd *Philoclea*'s Window, it was easy to observe, that he esteem'd himself by far a greater Slave than Conqueror. *Cecropia*, whose watchful Cunning let slip no Opportunity of heightning his Merits, was then standing by the unmov'd Fair, having left *Pamela* in another Room, where she cou'd also see the Combat. Now, lovely Niece, cry'd she, be Judge your self what Obligations you have to my Son, and how they ought to be repay'd; he, who with humble Love lies at your Feet, and sues to you for Mercy, when in full Triumph o'er his bravest Enemies. Alas, reply'd the Princess, the Service that he offers me must needs be very grateful, when he comes cloath'd in the Ruin of my nearest Friends, who are with kind Intent endeavouring to free me from a Slavery of his imposing: The Cause of this my hard Captivity may possibly be Love, but sure the Effects can never be distinguish'd from the most inveterate Hate. *Cecropia*, enrag'd at this bitter Answer, reply'd, That since she was so ill at finding out the tender and respectful Passion which *Amphialus* so long had paid her, it should not be for want of better Counsel if he did not take a rougher Method to enforce his Love, and gratify a Passion which deserv'd, and certainly wou'd find

in any grateful Breast a voluntary Return; and without staying for an Answer, she left the Room, and the affrighted Maid alone to mourn her hapless Fate, and hourly expect the dreadful Consequences which her Aunt's Rage had threaten'd.

Cecropia was too well acquainted with the Softness of her Son's Disposition, and the Extremity of his ill-fated Love, to let him know the true State of *Philoclea's* Mind, but deceiv'd him with a forged Message, fill'd with false Thanks and more deluding Hopes; which so affected his flatter'd Mind, that, quite in Opposition to the publick Counsel and private Admonitions of his Friends, he order'd a Proclamation to be made, that any Knight belonging to the Camp, who was desirous to follow the Example of *Phalantus*, shou'd meet an equal Answer. Upon this Challenge, many of the most valiant of them exerted their utmost Courage, some at the Instigation of *Basilus*, whose Hopes perswaded him, that if *Amphialus* was but destroy'd, they soon might raise the Siege. Others, prevail'd on by their own particular Humours, undertook it, and answerable to that worded their Challenge; one laid the Crime of Treason, and indeed not unjustly, to *Amphialus's* Charge; another boasted of better meriting the Name of *Philoclea's* Champion; a third preferr'd some other Lady to either of the Princesses; a fourth defy'd the Passion in it self, terming it the Bane of Wit, Rebel to Reason, who ought to be acknowledg'd as his Sovereign, the Overthrow of all virtuous Resolutions, the Underminer of Magnanimity and Courage, the Sycophant of Vice, the Slave of foul Voluptuousness, the Blast of Youth and Curse of Age, the Stain of Manhood, the Embitterer of Life, and the Reproach of Death; a fifth was more for striking at the Source, and publishing the most severe Invectives against the Objects of it, proclaiming what their Admirers think equal almost to Blasphemy against the Sex in general, terming them the Blot of Nature, the Disgrace of human Kind, charging them with being born the Slaves of Man, tho' they unnaturally usurp the Power, and become the most haughty Tyrants, naming them the Receptacles of Vanity, a sort of gilded Weather-Cocks, in whom Conscience is no more than Peevishness, their boasted Chastity but Obstinacy, and Gratitude a Miracle. But all these several Challenges, however wittily express'd, were answer'd with so sharp an Edge, as soon put the Authors past the Power of maintaining them.

Basilus, griev'd to the last Degree that *Amphialus's* rebellious Arm shou'd still meet with such Success, and triumph continually before his Face in the Destruction of his loyal Subjects, spurr'd on to take Revenge; and not knowing how to compass it any other Way, the ablest of his Camp being destroy'd by *Amphialus's* Rage or Fortune, or both conjoin'd, he determin'd to send a Messenger to *Argulus*, in whose
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approv'd Valour and Success he plac'd, and with just Reason, the greatest Confidence; and having wrote a Letter, wherein he begg'd of him to undertake his Cause, assuring him, that in regard to his late Nuptials he wou'd not have sent him such a Summons, but that the hard Necessity of his Affairs oblig'd him to it; he sent a Letter, ordering him to make the utmost Speed.

The Fellow soon arriv'd, and met with *Argulus* at a Castle of his own, where he had been ever since his Marriage. When he was told that there was a Messenger from the King, he order'd him to be introduc'd into his Closet, where he was sitting with his beauteous Bride reading to her the Adventures of *Hercules*: Her Eyes and whole Attention were so fix'd upon him, as if she were to find the Story in his Face; oft wou'd she interrupt him with some little Question, only to have the Pleasure of hearing his Reply; oft stop him in his Story, that he might turn his Eyes upon her, and bless her with his Looks. No Age, no History, cou'd e'er produce a happier Pair; his every Joy in her were center'd, and hers were fix'd in him; Obedience and Command were Things unknown to them; one cou'd not will but what the other pleas'd; their Passion for each other still was new, still fierce and eager, as on their Wedding-Day, and if at all it vary'd, 'twas by encreasing: Possession, which makes the Generality of Lovers grow pall'd and fatiated, only serv'd to heighten their Desires. In brief, their Happiness was wound to such a Pitch, it cou'd be screw'd no higher, but bounded back, and almost in a Moment whirl'd them down into the lowest Ebb of Misery.

When the Messenger came in with the Packet in his Hand, and hasty Looks, the Sight alarm'd her; she fear'd, because she knew not what to apprehend; and 'twas not without Terror, tho', unhappy Creature! she little knew what consummate Reason she had for it, that she left him while he deliver'd his important Message; her Impatience was so great, that she scarce gave him Time to tell it out, much less cou'd *Argulus* have perus'd the Letter e'er she return'd, which was just as he had begun it; her Eyes were immediately fix'd upon him, which confirm'd her that the Purport of it was to be dreaded, tho' she scarce cou'd guess how much; his Looks as he proceeded, grew disorder'd, which equally affected hers, tho' she was unacquainted with the Cause. When he had read it out, he dispatch'd the Messenger with only saying, that he himself wou'd bring the Answer; and then with Anguish in his Heart, and Pity in his Eyes, and all the silent Marks of the severest Sorrow, he gave the Letter to *Parthenia*, while she receiving it with throbbing Heart and trembling Hand, scarce had the Power to read it out, scarce cou'd command her Tears from blotting all the Paper, and effacing the direful Contents; but with great Difficulty she finish'd it, and then flinging it from her as if the harmless Paper were

were in Fault, O *Argulus*! cry'd she, and have you then so soon determin'd? Can you with so little Hesitation resolve to part with your once-lov'd *Parthenia*, and give me up to Agonies which require much more than mortal Resolution to support? Not even the most tender Nature can imagine the Torments which *Argulus* endur'd at seeing his dearer Self so earnestly requesting what rigorous Honour, that Foe profess'd to Love and Happiness, oblig'd him to refuse: However, he endeavour'd to disguise the Torments he endur'd, and sooth those killing Ones that tore her Bosom, by putting her in Mind, how impossible it was for him, without the Imputation of Cowardice, and besides, being suspected of joining secretly in the Rebellion of *Amphialus*, to refuse the King's Request; conjuring her, that since his Honour was at Stake, in which she had an equal Share, that she wou'd suffer him to preserve it still unblemish'd. These and a thousand other Arguments of the same Nature he employ'd; to which her rising Grievs wou'd not permit her soon to make an Answer; but yet she plainly shew'd they not at all appeas'd her Sorrows, by bursting out into a Flood of Tears, back'd with repeated Sighs, which seem'd as they wou'd rend her very Soul out of her lovely Form. *Argulus*, unable to bear the shocking Sight, call'd some of her Attendants, and committed her to their Care, while he went to give the necessary Orders for his immediate Journey.

But by that Time he was arm'd, and upon the Point of going, she had just recover'd Strength enough to come out to him; and seeing him in such a Posture, she flung her self upon her Knees, catching hold of him, regardless who was a Witness of her Behaviour: My *Argulus*, cry'd she, Source of my Joy, and Fountain of my Bliss, you will not sure in earnest then abandon me; you cannot be so cruel; nay, you have not a Power of being so: Alas! you must remember you are no longer in your own Disposal; I have an Interest in you, which I will never yield to such a cruel Hazard; you have already fix'd a thousand Standards of your Courage: Your Valour stands confess'd by the most envious; what Reason then can you pretend for bartering Happiness for Fame? You are no way indebted to your Country; your gallant Arm has long since pay'd whate'er you ow'd to that; something is due to me, more to your self; 'tis now requir'd of you to discharge those Obligations; there are enough less valuable Lives to be expos'd in this unhappy Cause, who are accountable to none but to themselves for their Behaviours: Do but reflect on what a Rack I shall remain, if you thus cruelly abandon me; when you was free from any Ties, and cou'd but suffer in your own Person, then indeed you had a Right to expose it, then was your Time to prove your Courage and to raise your Fame; but now you are no more your own: O! Pardon me, my Lord, if I pretend a much superior Claim, and you must give me Leave to urge it; you've given your self to me
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by the most solemn Tyes; you can't divide your self from me; I must share all your Dangers; *Parthenia* will be with you in the Combat, feel all your Wounds; nor can your Breast be pierced, but through her Heart. The righteous Heavens, whose Justice we so awfully revere, can ne'er demand it of you; your Honour nor your Duty can require it, and Love and Happiness entirely forbid it. No, no, my *Argalus*, 'tis only you that can exert this Cruelty against your hapless Wife; therefore let me conjure you, if yet that tender Name has Power to move, to change this cruel Purpose, nor leave me groaning upon present Racks, and possibly expos'd to future Agonies, too great for humane Nature to support. Joy of my Soul, and Treasure of my Life! reply'd the unhappy Youth, cease, O cease to wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows, which strike much deeper than any Sword can ever have a Power of doing; exert thy natural Magnanimity, nor be a Coward only for thy *Argalus*: Assure thy self I have not yet so much offended Heaven, that it shou'd bless me with thy Beauties, and give me the Possession of thy wondrous Merit, only to tear me thus in a Moment from thee, and make my Fall the greater: No, no, believe me, my *Parthenia*, I still shall live; live long to pay thee back an endless Store of Love and Gratitude; therefore dry up those Tears, whose every falling Drop gives me far greater Pain, than if I felt the trickling Blood distilling from my aching Heart: Believe me, my prophetick Soul informs me that I shall soon return; return possess'd with joyful Victory, to meet my Triumph in the Circle of thy Arms, and lay my Laurels at my fair One's Feet.

While he was thus speaking, *Parthenia's* Colour chang'd at every Sentence; but when he clos'd his Lips with the dreadful Confirmation of his going, Amazement and Despair usurp'd her every Sense, and put her past the Power of making a Reply; which *Argalus* perceiving, he caught her in his Arms to take a last Adieu, with so much Eagerness, as if he meant to print his Soul upon her Lips, and leave it as a Pledge of his Return. But they were cold, and quite insensible of the Impression, the mighty Shock having entirely overcome her Spirits, and laid her in a welcome Swoon, which for some Moments gave a Respite to her Griefs. *Argalus* thought staying till she recover'd, wou'd only serve to renew in both of them the Pangs of parting; and therefore delivering her to her Attendants, hurry'd away by the mistaken Notions of tyrannick Honour, he hasten'd to the Camp; where being inform'd how many hard-fought Victories *Amphialus* had gain'd, he determin'd to give him a little Respite, because if he should gain the Advantage over him, it might not be believ'd that it was in any Measure owing to the Fatigue he had undergone, which might possibly have weaken'd him; and in that Interim, having Leave to parly with him, he try'd his utmost Eloquence to dissuade him from the Enterprize;

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but finding him inexorable on that Head, he told *Basilus*, that he would delay no longer, but send the following Challenge.

To the universally admir'd AMPHIALUS.

My Lord,

“ IF my Perswasions, back'd with the foundest Reason or Entreaties;
 “ which proceed from the sincere Regard I hold for you, cou'd
 “ be of any Weight, you wou'd, by nobler Methods, endeavour to
 “ attain your Ends; you then wou'd turn those noble Enemies which
 “ now surround you, into more faithful Friends; your Honour wou'd
 “ be perfect, nor want the Spring of Justice to compleat it. But
 “ since my Intercession and my Advice are equally neglected, permit
 “ your Courage to accept a Challenge from a Man, who owns him-
 “ self so far inferiour to your Merit, that he does not more condemn
 “ your Cause, than he reveres your Person: Prepare therefore to meet
 “ me in that honourable Manner, with which you are always wont to
 “ encounter a fair and open Enemy; and remember that the Sword
 “ of Justice has Power to strengthen the weakest Arm.

AMPHIALUS *to the much more justly admir'd*
 ARGALUS.

“ I Think I may with Justice boast, that not the loudest Threats had
 “ ever yet the Power to make me fear: But this I am not
 “ ashamed to own, that the mild and gentle Manner, with which you
 “ treat me, in every Degree so answerable to your self, has given me
 “ a Shock I never felt before. Full well I know from what a Height
 “ of Virtue it proceeds, and how an Arm so fortify'd may strike, is
 “ hard to be determin'd: But mighty Love, from whom entirely pro-
 “ ceeds those Injuries with which you charge me, does also animate
 “ me against the most apparent Dangers. I think you hardly can
 “ condemn me for paying an unlimited Obedience to that Power, who,
 “ if I am not misinform'd, you have your self been subject to: You
 “ therefore may expect me at the appointed Hour to wait you in the
 “ Island; happy in this Advantage, that if I obtain the Victory, my
 “ Glory will be double in conquering such an Enemy; and if I fall, it
 “ will be no Dishonour to my Memory that I was overcome by
 “ *Argalus*.

The Ceremony of the Challenge being thus perform'd, the Knights prepar'd themselves for the Encounter; each of them chose such Armours as best bespoke their several Fortunes. *Argalus* wore on his right Arm a Scarf which was given him by his *Parthenia* before their Marriage, when Fortune first began to play the Tyrant with them.

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As it was the first Present he e'er receiv'd from her, so he determin'd, if Fate did that Day destine his Destruction, that it shou'd be the last Ornament which he wou'd wear. His Horse had been in several Engagements, of Courage fierce as his Master's, and every Way fit to be match'd with such a Rider.

Thus prepar'd, he went into the Island; but had scarce view'd the Ground, and consider'd what Advantages there were in it, but that the Castle Barge landed *Amphialus* in every Point provided for a hard Encounter. The Moment they saw each other, they sent their Squires, as usual, on either Side, to know whether they shou'd attend any farther Ceremony; upon which the Trumpets began to sound, the Horses smoothly running, and the Staves with a firm Motion follow'd their Master's Hand; but when they approach'd, *Argalus*' Horse being very fiery, he press'd in with his Head; which *Amphialus* perceiving, and knowing that if he gave him his Side, it wou'd be greatly to his Disadvantage, he press'd in with him, so that both Horses and Men were Shoulder to Shoulder, and the Horses having equally hurt each other, tumbled down together; which might have been of fatal Consequence to their Masters, but that their Strength and Nimbleness, added to their Experience in such Accidents, taught them to shun the Mischief; and getting up to disengage themselves with great Dexterity, which they soon did, without any Respite they drew out their Swords, each endeavouring to prove himself least injur'd by the Fall; and seeming pleas'd that they had now nothing but the Valour of their own Arms to trust to. *Amphialus* indeed rose sooner off the Ground, but *Argalus* was before-hand with him in getting out his Sword: And now began the cruellest Combat that any Eye then present had e'er been Witness of; their Swords like Cannons batter'd against their Armours, and making a Breach at almost every Blow for Troops of Wounds to enter; among the rest, *Argalus* gave a great Blow over *Amphialus*' naked Face, which he had before disarm'd, tho' part of the Force of it he warded with his Shield; and casting his Eyes up to *Philoclea*'s Window, as if from thence he wou'd renew his Courage and Success, he return'd the Blow with Interest upon *Argalus*' right Arm, the Sharpness of his Sword obliging the Armour to give Way; but tho' the streaming Blood proclaim'd the Wound to be of no little Consequence, yet would not *Argalus* suffer his Behaviour to confirm it; but keeping himself in a lower Ward, waited an Opportunity, when with timely Thrusts he might repair his Loss; which soon he found; for *Amphialus* following his flattering Fortune, dealt his Blows so fiercely against *Argalus*, that his Shield was almost hack'd to Pieces, when *Argalus* taking the Advantage, and coming in with his right Foot, stooping low enough to get under his Armour, thrust him dangerously into the Belly; the Wound must have been mortal, but that *Amphialus* had exerted himself in the last Blow so much beyond his Strength,

Strength, that he fell Side-ways upon the Ground, which Fall saved him from present Destruction, *Argalus*' Sword by that Means glancing aside, and not piercing deep enough to be of fatal Consequence. *Argalus* seeing him fall, with menacing Voice and Sword, call'd out to him to yield; but finding, that without making any Answer, he was endeavouring to rise, he struck him with all his Strength upon the Head; but the Blow being given with his wounded Arm, it had not Strength enough to execute his Wrath, but drop'd the Sword, and gave *Amphialus* Time to rise; which *Argalus* perceiving, he run in to grapple with him, and closing together, they for some Time contended that Way, now one being uppermost, and then the other; but growing weary of that unprofitable Strife, they agreed to rise and take their Swords, and by Accident they each of them light upon the others: *Argalus* finding *Amphialus*' Sword dy'd in his Blood, his Rage prompted him with that very Weapon to revenge it, or at least mix his with it; but his lame Arm cou'd ill perform the Dictates of his Wrath, and he still receiv'd more and more Wounds, without being able to return any of Consequence; which *Amphialus* seeing, and weighing the Triflingness of their Quarrel against the Worth of his Enemy, he begg'd of him to take some Pity of himself, and let their Contention end in Friendship: But *Argalus* the more enrag'd, the more he found himself subdu'd, supplying his Veins with Rancour instead of Blood, and making Courage supply the Place of Spirit, as a Candle just before its going out will give the fiercest Blaze, so did he unite his utmost Force; and casting away the little Remnant of his Shield, he struck such a hearty Blow, that he cleft *Amphialus*' Shield Armour and Arm almost through the Bone.

This made *Amphialus* forget all Ceremonies, and with promiscuous Blows make more of *Argalus*' Blood succeed the rest; and through his Fury and the other's Obstinacy, he certainly wou'd have drain'd his Body, but that his Arm was stay'd by a Sound of dreadful Shrieks and Cries, which directed his Sight to a Lady at some Distance, who came running swift as her tender Feet wou'd carry her: The Moment she came up to them, they both knew her to be *Parthenia*, who had that Night dream'd that she saw her *Argalus* in that direful Condition; and shock'd to the last Degree the Moment she awak'd, she call'd for her Attendants, and came directly to the fatal Place, where she found her Dream was but too certain a Prefage of his Condition: The Violence of her Love put her past any Fear of Danger; and therefore the Moment that she reach'd them, she flung her self between their Swords, venturing her Person to stop their Fight, till she cou'd recover Breath to speak intelligibly; 'twas a considerable Time e'er her Agony wou'd suffer her to say more, than with interrupting Sobbs, and heart-rending Groans, in broken Sentences, to bewail her self; now calling

calling upon *Argalus*, cursing her Eyes and the enlightning Sun which gave her Power to see the piteous Sight. At last turning her Eyes, swimming in distracting Sorrow, towards *Amphialus*; My Lord, said she, I have been told you are a Lover, if that is true, by the dear Influence of her you love, let me conjure you to quit this cruel Combat, as ever you wou'd hope that Happiness which your bloody Arm is now endeavouring to rob me of; let my Suit prevail: But if you are determin'd, and nothing but Destruction can glut your Rage, yet be at least so merciful as first to turn your Sword on me, and put me past the intolerable Torment of witnessing my *Argalus*' Death. *Amphialus* was just going to reply; when *Argalus*, full of Despair for his unlucky Fate, but more concern'd that she shou'd be a Witness of his Defeat, O! cry'd he, my dear *Parthenia*, never till this fatal Moment wer't thou unwelcome to my longing Sight: Is it then possible? Can thy great Soul descend so low? And art thou come poorly to beg my Life? and can thy *Argalus* be reduc'd to the Necessity of accepting it? No, no, I yet have Strength to save my self and thee, without these mean Submissions; or if I fall, know that thy *Argalus* is still so much himself, and worthy you, as to prefer immediate Death with Honour, to Ages of ignoble Life. This Thought reviv'd his flagging Spirits, and stepping a little Distance from *Parthenia*, he wou'd fain have recommenced the Combat; but *Amphialus*' gentle Heart, by Love made soft and penetrable, was so affected with *Parthenia*'s Sorrows, that he begg'd of him to stay his Fury, nor strike, unless he wou'd engage with one who wish'd his Friendship, and wou'd not make the least Resistance. How great, how glorious an Example was this of human Virtue, where the Conqueror sued for Reconciliation to the Conquer'd, and the Subdued disdain'd to submit to it! Each of them thought that great unprejudiced Behaviour worthy themselves, but neither of them cared to be the Subject of it in the other; and tho' *Argalus* wou'd certainly have given Proof of the same generous Spirit, had Fortune made him victorious, yet he cou'd not bear on any Terms to be the Footstep of another's Glories; and to prevent what he esteem'd so great an Infamy, he exerted himself so much beyond his Strength, that the gushing Blood flow'd in such Quantities out of his Wounds, that he was obliged to support himself upon the Pommel of his Sword; a chilling Faintness seiz'd all his Limbs, his Head grew dizzy, and every thing around him seem'd to dance too and thro', as in the Maze of Death; and as he was endeavouring to sit down, he fainted quite away. Immediately *Parthenia* and *Amphialus* flew to his Assistance; *Amphialus* took off his Helmet, while *Parthenia* reclin'd his Head upon her Lap, tearing her Linnen off to staunch his Wounds; nor wou'd she have spar'd her beauteous Hair, but that the Squires and Judges brought Things more proper for the purpose.

While they were all busied in applying Medicines, and endeavouring to save his fleeting Life, the poor distracted Fair bewail'd her self in Terms so moving, as wou'd have taught even those possess'd of perfect Happiness to grieve. O Wretch, cry'd she! O miserable, lost, undone *Parthenia*, where will thy Torments end? How in a Moment am I fallen from the extremest Summit of Felicity, into a bottomless Abyss of piercing Misery and deep Despair? But late I was the Wonder of my Time, and gaz'd at as a Miracle of Happiness: Now come ye Envyers of my Joys, and glut your Malice with seeing me fix'd a Mark of never-ending Wretchedness. O Heavens! how has my Youth and Innocence incurr'd this bitter Punishment? Or if I have unknowingly merited your Vengeance, why was not I alone the Mark of it? That had been Justice, this is Tyranny. But this, this Comfort I have left in my Extremity, which Heaven nor Earth can rob me of, the Sharpness of my Woe will soon put me beyond a Sense of it; yes, *Argalus*, I soon shall follow thee; stay but a Moment for me, *Argalus*, and our Souls shall mount together, where cruel Fame nor Honour shall ne'er divide us more.

By this Time they had brought *Argalus* a little to himself, and lifting up his feeble Eyes, which the Iron Hand of Death waited to close for ever, and seeing his *Parthenia* with officious Tenderneſs employ'd about him, it rais'd a little pleasing Warmth around his Heart, which sent the Remnant of his Blood to witness in his Cheeks, that even the Approach of Death cou'd not extinguish the ardent Love which he held for her; but like the Embers of a dying Coal that with a Breath revives, and then for ever is extinguish'd, so he cou'd not long support his last Blaze of Life, but raising as much as he was able his fault'ring Voice, My dearest Soul, said he, my better Self, 'tis now in vain to build on flatt'ring Hope, inexorable Fate attends, and I must leave thee; but by this Hand, whose Touch might warm the Dead, and by those dear, those weeping Eyes, I swear my only Pain in Death, is leaving thee; I shou'd not have a Wish for Life, were't not to pay thee back some of that wond'rous Faith, that Tenderneſs and Love, which not an Age of Services cou'd fully answer; but 'twill not be; and since the heavenly Powers, whose high Decrees are not to be disputed, have other ways determin'd, repose thy Confidence in them, they will support thee in this hard Tryal of thy Patience, and one Day join us never to meet a Separation; live therefore, my *Parthenia*, live in that Hope. I think I need not bid thee love my Memory; but O, in Time to come, let me conjure thee, not to reflect with Rigour on this my first and last Disgrace, or think thou had'st a Husband unworthy of thee. Here his Speech began to fail; and he utter'd these last Words so inwardly, that they cou'd but barely understand them. *Parthenia's* Agonies restrain'd her Tongue, and wou'd
not

not suffer her to answer him ; but still she press'd her trembling Lips to his, and so far made him happy, that while the rest were in vain endeavouring to staunch his Wounds, she receiv'd his latest Breath.

But when she found he had indeed resign'd it past Recovery, Language is much too faint to express the Rage and Madness of her Grief; she tore her Hair, and scratch'd her lovely Face as if she would not suffer other Eyes to feed upon her Beauties now *Argalus* was gone. *Amphialus* was so affected with this melancholy Scene, that even his Eyes confess'd it, by paying the Tribute of a Soldier's Tear : He knew, that at the first Approach of Grief like hers, it would be vain to think of trying to stop its Course ; therefore without endeavouring to trouble her with unavailing Comfort, he ordered her Women to help convey her into the Boat ; but she clasped herself so close around the breathless Body, that 'twas impossible to think of separating them, therefore they were oblig'd to take that with her. The Boat having reach'd the other Side the Lake, she was receiv'd by *Basilus*, and the Chiefs of his Army, with all the Funeral Pomp of Military Discipline, their Ensigns trail'd upon the Ground, the Instruments of War revers'd their chearful Notes, while *Basilus*, with Horror in his Looks, sought to speak Comfort to her, and mitigate her Woe ; which did but serve, if possible, to irritate it ; the Honours which he strove to pay to her dead Lord, were equally the Triumphs to her Ruin : The only Ease she had, was in giving entire Way to Grief, and determining never to find the least Alleviation of her Misery. As she pass'd thro' the Camp, each Tongue was busied in recounting the Praises of her lost Husband, which serv'd but as so many Records of her irrevocable Fate : But the more his Praises were proclaim'd, which could not be greater than he merited, the more they rais'd *Amphialus's* Fame ; yet, notwithstanding that, his hapless Case, had it been known, was little less to be lamented ; each Trophy that he gain'd was only an Addition to his Load of Misery, since *Philoclea*, to whom his every Victory was dedicated, still griev'd at his Success, and never paid his greatest Toils with any thing but Frowns. This continued Cruelty would quite have sunk him ; but that his Mother, with unwearied Arts, contriv'd to cheat him into a Belief, that Time and Assiduity would do for him, what Fortune never meant should come to pass.

But while, in the Appearance of so much Glory, his aching Heart was loaded with continual Discontents, a Treason, that would at once have cured his Grievs at the Expence of Life, had like to have overtaken him ; and tho' it proceeded from a ridiculous and trifling Cause, yet the End of it was very near proving fatal to him and all his Party.

Among

Among the Numbers that attended *Basilus* in this Expedition, *Dametas* follow'd; whether to show his Loyalty, or take that Opportunity of getting rid of *Mopsa*, I can't determine; but this I may venture to affirm, that 'twas without any View of falling under any Widows Curse, or causing any Orphans Tears. The Camp being now in perfect Idleness, and the Soldiers Tongues the only Weapons they were allow'd to use, they were almost universally employ'd in doing Justice to *Amphialus's* Fame, tho' center'd in an Enemy; and as any Extreme naturally reminds one of the Contrary, so his uncommon Valour oft introduced the incorrigible Cowardice of *Clinias*; till at last it grew almost to a Proverb, and common when they wanted to express the last Degree of Cowardice, to bring him for an Example. *Dametas* gave great Attention to these Discourses, and ruminated so long upon them, till it came into his Dunderhead, that if *Clinias* was really what they describ'd, that he might venture to send him a Challenge, which he wou'd certainly refuse, and then he shou'd come off with Honour, and raise himself greatly in *Basilus's* Esteem. Big with this Conceit, he went to give it vent to a young Gentleman that waited upon *Philanax*, in whom he placed great Confidence, because he used to be a good deal with him, diverted himself with his Simplicity, and put him upon a thousand little Follies for his Amusement. This young Gentleman, highly pleas'd to have the Management of such a Joke, spurr'd him on to it all that he was able, letting *Philanax* into the Secret; and then, for fear the Humour shou'd cool, he immediately wrote a Challenge, and gave it to him. *Dametus* perused it with his Hand upon one Shoulder, and spelling almost every Word, till with great Difficulty he read it through, and smiling and nodding his Head, swore the thing was prettily enough worded, but it might be mended, desiring the young Gentleman (he not being able to write) to get a Pen and Ink, and he wou'd himself indite one which was as follows:

" O *Clinias*, thou Varlet *Clinias*, the vilest Worm that ever liv'd by
 " Bread, the very Fritten of Fraud, and Scum of all Iniquity, I the
 " renown'd *Dametas*, Chief Governor of all the Royal Cattle, sole
 " Manager of them, and also of *Pamela*, whom thy Master hath most
 " enormously suggested from my lawful Power, do defy thee in a mortal
 " Battle from the smallest Bodkin to the dreadful Pike; which De-
 " fiance, if thou dost presume to take in Hand, I will, in one Moment,
 " out of that superfluous Body of thine, make a Sluice thro' which thy
 " Soul shall be evacuated.

The young Gentleman pretended to be lost in Admiration at this excellent Performance, and beg'd that he might be the Bearer, urging him to entrust him with it that very Moment, while the Heat of the Fit lasted. Accordingly *Dametas*, proud of such Commendations, consented,

consented, and the young Gentleman getting Leave of *Basilus*; whom every Body endeavour'd to divert in this melancholly Season, array'd like a Herald; he went into the Town in the usual Manner, and in the Presence of *Amphialus* deliver'd the Letter to *Clinias*, telling him, he hop'd to carry back such an Answer as wou'd be suitable to his Reputation. *Clinias* open'd the Letter, and with great Surprize perus'd it; but all the while that he was reading, his Coward-Blood forsook his Face, and went to give his Heart the terrible Alarm: His Breath grew short, as if already he had been in Action; but soon as ever his Fright wou'd suffer him to speak, he bid the Gentleman return, and tell the Clown he had no Leisure to meet with such Companions, and disdain'd to put himself upon a Level with him. *Amphialus* soon guess'd the Matter; and taking him aside, desir'd him to consider, and not brand himself everlastingly with the Name of Coward: The Reason that he so strenuously interfer'd in it, was, the Hope that *Philoclea* might be entertain'd with the Oddness of the Combat; but not being able to prevail with him then, he dismiss'd the Messenger, telling him, that there should be an Answer sent to the Camp by the next Morning.

The young Gentleman was very unwilling to go without the Message that he hop'd; however he was oblig'd to it, and return'd to *Dametas*, who had been in dreadful Agonies for fear of the Event, offending every Company he went into with his nauseous Breath, which he most plentifully discharg'd in fearful Sighs; till finding, at his trusty Friend's Return, that *Clinias* had no greater Stomach to the Matter than himself, and that this Delay was in Effect a flat Denial, he began to strut and vapour, marching up and down with hasty Strides and Voice exalted, swearing by all Things sacred, that he wou'd rid the Earth of such a Coward; that no Walls shou'd hide him, nor no Fortresses secure him from his Wrath; that he wou'd scour him out of all his Pastures, nor leave him where to hide his Head. Thus vapouring and bragging, he went immediately to furnish himself with a Horse and Armour, saying, that he wou'd be very handsomely accouter'd, that he might show his Charge, *Pamela*, what a handsome Figure he cou'd make upon Occasion. In order to this Purpose, each one was ready to lend a willing Hand, some giving him Reins, others Pettrel, and nothing was wanting, but in a short Time he was equip'd with a compleat Set of Armour both for himself and Horse; tho' no two Things belonging to either of them were of the same Make or Colour, but that he was most proud of, thinking that it wou'd perswade People that he was provided of divers Sets of costly Furniture. Being so far in Readiness, he gave Orders to a Painter for his Device, which was a Plough with the Oxen loos'd at some Distance from it; by that, a Sword besmear'd with Blood, and several loose Legs and Arms scatter'd about; and, in the last Place,

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a great

a great Number of Books, Pens and Inkhorns: He scarce gave Time for any Body to enquire his Meaning by this strange Medley, but explain'd it, by telling them, that it was to represent his quitting of the Plough to perform such Wonders with the Sword, as wou'd employ all the Historians of that Time to describe; and being ask'd why he did not chuse a Motto? he laugh'd immediately, and reply'd, that Practice was as if a Painter shou'd write under his Drawings the Names of those that they intended to represent; but recollecting that upon his Return *Miso* wou'd give him a shrewd Remembrance of his Duty, if he neglected it in his Absence, he order'd a Border to be put round his Device, and in it engraved these Words:

Miso, mine own Pigfny, I say no more; but thou shalt soon here terrifyable News of thy Dametas.

All Things being thus prepar'd with great Solemnity, with an awkward and feign'd Impatience he waited till the next Morning, when he might make his personal Appearance in the Island; often in a blustering Tone asking those that attended him, with the utmost Diligence, whether it was not a Shame that such a cowardly Miscreant as *Clinias* shou'd be supported by the valiant Earth? But when the Time approach'd, as he was lifting up on Horseback, to his no small Glory, by most of the young Gentlemen of Distinction that were in the Army, there arriv'd one of *Amphialus*' Pages, who with an humble Smile upon his Knees, deliver'd a Letter from *Clinias* to *Dametas*: Which Piece of Resolution *Amphialus* work'd him up to first, by perswading him that if he did accept the Combat, *Dametas* wou'd certainly flinch, and not venture to appear, and consequently the Honour wou'd remain with him as much as if he had engag'd and got the Victory: But what most confirm'd him, was *Amphialus*' threatening, that if he persisted in refusing it, he wou'd deliver him up to *Basilus* to be sacrific'd as a Traytor; the Apprehension of which so work'd upon him, as the present Danger always appears most formidable to a Coward, that he determin'd rather to venture upon that which was most distant, because Hope had then room to interfere; he thought 'twas possible some Accident might happen to *Dametas*, and very probably his Heart might fail him; but notwithstanding that, he wou'd not have put it to the Hazard, but that *Amphialus*' Threats oblig'd him to it. When *Dametas* heard the Name of *Clinias*, his Heart misgave him; and frowning at the Page, he bid him go back like a naughty Boy as he was, for that he was in no Humour at present for being troubled with Letters; but *Dametas*' Friend stepping up, he whisper'd him, that it certainly contain'd some fresh Submissions; and without waiting for his Answer, he took the Letter, and read the Contents of it aloud, which were as follows:

“Thou

" Thou filthy Drivel, most unworthy to have thy Name inserted
 " in any thing penn'd by a Soldier's Hand, is it possible that thy
 " Coward Heart cou'd think it the Effect of Fearfulness, that made
 " *Clinias* suspend a while the giving thee an Answer? No, O wretched
 " Catiff, no! it was but like the valiant Ram, who retires some Pa-
 " ces backward, to return with greater Violence. Know, therefore,
 " to thy Confusion, know, that thou shalt no sooner appear: O
 " happy Thou, if for this once thy recreant Heart shou'd shrink,
 " and thou shou'd'st not appear; but yet, I say, if thou dar'st ap-
 " pear, I will come upon thee with all my Might, and hue thee in-
 " to Pieces: Mark what I say, Limb after Limb, and Joint after
 " Joint, to the eternal Terror of all presumptuous Villains: There-
 " fore, consider what thou dost; for once more I give thee fair Warn-
 " ing, that most horrible Pains and cruel Smarts will attend so great
 " a Rashness, thou never having receiv'd just Provocation, as the en-
 " gaging with a Soldier, and such a one as *Clinias*.

These threatening Words he had great Hopes would allay the Heat
 of *Dametas*' Courage, and indeed it thoroughly had that Effect; for
 all the while the Letter was a reading, he groan'd most piteously at
 every Threat; and when the Gentleman had finish'd, he told the Com-
 pany, that in his Opinion, the Answer came a Day after the Fair, and
 therefore he might very well be allow'd to disarm himself, and more
 especially in Consideration that *Clinias* had most courteously warned
 him to desist. But the Company, determined to go through with the
 Joke, turned a deaf Ear to this wise Sentence, and taking hold of his
 Horse's Reins, without any farther Ceremony, led him into the Ferry-
 Boat, and convey'd him over into the Island; the Clashing of his own
 Armour, every Time his Horse moved, rais'd in his Breast the most
 dreadful Apprehensions, and in his Heart he curs'd a thousand Times
 the Rashness of his Friend, that had drawn him into so dangerous a
 Business, so much against his Will. He had not waited long (the
 young Gentleman endeavouring to teach him how to handle his Sword
 and Lance, while he was eying each Corner, to see if it were possi-
 ble for him in any Manner to escape) when *Clinias*, attended with a
 Sound of Trumpets, and all the usual Ceremonies, landed on the o-
 ther Side the Island, debating in himself all the Way he came, in what
 he had so highly offended *Amphialus*, that he should drive him to such
 a cruel Strait: Sometimes he'd call his Cunning (of which he had no
 little Share) to his Assistance; but still his Fear so over-rul'd it, that
 whatever Method his Wit propos'd, his Fear still started up, and
 suggested that there was Danger in it; Cowardice (contrary to all
 other Vices) still obliging the Owner of it to think better of another
 the more he finds himself deficient; and tho' in every other Point *Cli-
 nias* would have thought himself far superior to *Dametas*, yet in this,

his

his Apprehensions painted him to him of much greater Consequence; and instead of contriving how to get the better of him, he was fancying what Expressions he should use, to move *Dametas* to spare his Life when he had him in his Power, often casting a melancholly Countenance towards the Earth, piteously complaining, that a Man of his Consequence and Sufficiency should, in his Prime of Life, be converted into so base an Element; fain would he have implored the Assistance of the Gods, but could not compose himself enough for Prayer; the Glittering of the Armour, the Soundings of the Trumpets, with the rest of the Solemnity, by Degrees, work'd up his Fear into a kind of an Amazement, which render'd him almost senseless; till the two Judges, appointed for the Purpose, ordering the Trumpets to cease, and taking the Oath of the two Champions, that they came unattended by Craft or Guile, placed them at the proper Distance from each other.

This being done, they gave the Signal, and the Trumpets founding, *Dametas*' Horse, used to such Encounters, when he not in the least expected it, started out with so much Life and Mettal, that *Dametas*' Head and Body joggled about like a Poppet upon Wiars, and hastily drawing back his Bridle-Hand, the Horse that was tender-mouth'd, made a half Stop, and fell to bounding; upon which *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both Hands held by the Pummel; his Horse half running, and half leaping, till he met with *Clinias*, who being apprehensive that he should miss his Rest, had put up his Staff e'er he had begun his Career; which indeed he would not then have ventur'd upon, had not some Body that stood behind him, struck his Horse a great Blow upon the Crupper, who running with great Swiftnefs, the Wind got such a Power over his Staff, that it crossed quite over his Breast, and in that Manner gave *Dametas* a flat Bastinado, who being already half out of his Saddle, was very near returning to his old Occupation of digging the Earth, only his Instrument being metamorphos'd from a Shovel into the Crest of a Helmet. As soon as *Clinias* got beyond him, not knowing what Execution he had done, and fearing that his Enemy was at his Back, he took a wide Compass, and upon his turning, seeing him upon the Ground, he thought now was his Time to trample him under his Horse's Feet, as also to wound him with his Launce, which, the Encounter having been so easy, remain'd entire; but putting his Horse forward with this Intent, the Staff accidentally falling too low before the Legs of the Horse, and the endeavouring to reach *Dametas*, who was then scrambling to get up, the Horse fell over and over, and lay upon *Clinias* with all his Weight; which *Dametas* (who by that Time had quite recover'd his Legs) perceiving, he drew out his Sword, prying very narrowly which Way he cou'd come to kill him behind; but the Horse that press'd him down kept such a pawing with his Feet, that *Dametas* durst not advance but very leisurely; so that the Horse being young
and

and lively, got up, and began to strike and leap so briskly, that he made *Dametas* start back a good Way, and gave his Master Time to rise, but so bruise'd in Body, and broken in Spirits, that he determin'd to submit himself to Mercy; and in order to it, he drew out his Sword, intending, when he came near enough, to present the Pommel of it to *Dametas*; but the Moment *Dametas* saw him advance with his Sword drawn, little imagining what he intended by it, he went back as fast as his Fear would carry him; which when *Clinias* saw, and found that there was still a Possibility of his gaining the Victory, he pursu'd him with the cruel Eagerness of a prevailing Coward, still laying barbarous Blows upon *Dametas*, who did nothing but bawl and call out to him to hold his Hand; sometimes telling him that he had kill'd him, and that he was a dead Man; at others, that he would complain to *Basilius*; but still he was forc'd to bear the Blows, continuing to run back, till at length one of his Feet came soufe into the Water.

But now a new Apprehension seiz'd him of being drown'd; for which Reason not daring to go any farther back, and having no Time to deliberate, fearing to yield because of *Clinias*' cruel Threats, and the Blows still lighting faster on him, his desperate Fear, work'd up to the Extremity, turn'd to a mad Despair; so that winking, with all his Might, he began to return some of the Blows; and his Arm being us'd to the Exercise of the Flail, he increas'd them so much, that *Clinias* now began with woful Eyes to see his own Blood appear in many Places; but before he had lost the Quantity of half an Ounce, he found himself begin to faint, and cry'd out aloud to *Dametas* that he yielded: Fling away thy Sword then, reply'd *Dametas*, and I will have Mercy on thee; but all the while he continu'd striking: *Clinias* immediately obey'd, and humbly begg'd for Mercy, assuring him that his Sword was gone: Upon which *Dametas* ventur'd to open his Eyes, and seeing that he was indeed disarm'd, in a haughty Tone, he commanded him to go a good Distance from his Weapon, and then lie flat down upon the Earth. *Clinias*, without asking any Questions, meekly obey'd; and *Dametas*, who cou'd not perswade himself that he was safe while the other breath'd, began to reflect, that if he shou'd strike him with his Sword, and not kill him outright with the first Blow, he might possibly rise and revenge himself; and therefore he very prudently determin'd to kneel down upon him; and taking off his Helmet, with a great Whittle, which he would bring along with him to cut his Throat; which Manner of Destroying he had been so experienc'd in, to the Cost of a great many Calves, that he was very dextrous in it: But while he was searching for his Knife, which he cou'd not easily fumble out from under his Armour, and *Clinias* lay quiet as a very Sheep, as if he would with Joy have had his Throat cut to have been secure from Fear of farther Pain, the

Judges came in and took *Dametas* off, telling him that he acted quite against the Law of Arms, having promis'd him his Life if he wou'd yield, which he had done; but *Dametas* wou'd not suffer him to rise, till they had sworn that he shou'd not renew the Fight; which, when they had done, more thro' Force than any thing else, he permitted him to get up, crowing over him, and warning him never to meddle with any of the Blood of the *Dametas's*: And thus ended this Contention of Cowardice, *Dametas* being receiv'd into the Camp with great Rejoicings, not the least Page that belong'd to it failing to wait upon his Triumph.

But tho' *Clinias* wanted both Skill and Courage to prevent the Contumely that was fallen upon him, yet he was in no want of Understanding to repine at it, nor of Spirit to resent it; not that the bare Name of Coward wou'd have given him the least Disturbance, but the Consequences of it was what he dreaded very justly, fearing that no Body wou'd have the least Regard or Caution how they us'd him, or care what Injuries they heap'd upon him, since they knew he durst not call them to an Account. These Reflections still working in his gloomy Mind, prompted him to repine at the Occasion of them; and as when once a Coward marks out any Body for an Enemy, he ne'er can think himself secure but by their Deaths; so *Clinias* revolving in his Thought the late Danger *Amphialus* had thrown him into, which still was present to his frighten'd Fancy, resolv'd to secure himself by contriving his Destruction: And easily his Purposes might have been discover'd, for a continual Gloom sat on his Countenance, yet with feign'd Diligence he pretended to be more assiduous to *Amphialus's* Face than ever; but the Moment his Back was turn'd, he wou'd repine at his Commands with a Mysteriousness throughout his whole Behaviour, that might have rais'd Suspicion; but his Malice, if they did suspect it, they contemn'd, as thinking he wanted Courage to put it into Action, for which Reason he had the better Opportunity to turn it into Practice; which he was more eager for, because as *Amphialus* hourly submitted himself to the most apparent Dangers, he thought that if any Accident happen'd to him, he must necessarily share in it, unless he cou'd redeem his former Treasons to *Basilus*, by, if possible, more base ones against *Amphialus*. The first Step therefore that he thought most proper, was to found the *Amphialians*, and pick out from among them those tainted ones, whom either the Tedioufness of the Siege, a Similitude in Cowardice, or an insatiate Ambition, which it was impossible shou'd be gratify'd, had made apt to work in any Mine of Villany to procure a Change. Some in each Class of these he had already found; but his chief Confidence he plac'd in *Artesia*, Sister to *Amphialus's* Page, *Ismenus*, who was slain in the late Engagement, and the Leader of those Six Maids who train'd the Princesses out to this consummate Scene of Wretchedness. The Cunning of that one Woman he thought equivalent to the Courage of many Men; and the Sharpness and Penetration

penetration of her Wit more than a Ballance for the Weakness of her Sex. The dangerous Attempt of decoying the young Ladies she ventur'd on by the Perswasions of *Cecropia*, who assured her, that as soon as she got them in her Power they shou'd be destroy'd, and for her Reward *Amphialus* wou'd marry her. This Promise she more fully depended on, having been flatter'd both by her Glasse, and the deceitful Words of idle Courtiers, into a high Opinion of her Beauty; and *Amphialus* ever showing a more than ordinary Regard to his Page, *Ismenus*, she vainly thought that Partiality was upon her Account; but now she had done her Part, and found that the Princesses were so far from being remov'd as *Cecropia* promis'd, that probably one of them wou'd shortly be her Sovereign; and that not all her Services obtain'd the least favourable Behaviour from *Amphialus*; that all the Advances she had made, he either did not, or wou'd not seem to understand, because he did not care to give them a suitable Return: This Treatment so incens'd her haughty Mind, that in spite of all that Tenderness she was inclin'd to feel for him, her Pride inspir'd her with Thoughts of Vengeance; and since she cou'd not gratify her Love, she determin'd to give way to her Resentment, and make him sensible, that tho' she was not Mistress of Arts to please, Destruction was within the Bounds of her Command. This Resolution was more strengthen'd by the sad Fortune of her Brother, whom she judg'd not well defended in the Battle; and both his Memory and herself injur'd, in his Death's not being reveng'd upon *Philanax*. This Heat of Resentment was continually fomented by *Zelmane*, who, since his Imprisonment, she had chiefly convers'd with; for, finding that Company seem'd irksome to the sad *Philoclea*, and hers in particular despis'd by the great *Pamela*, she generally spent most of her leisure Hours with *Zelmane*: For tho', at first, *Zelmane's* haughty Spirit cou'd but ill brook to feign Civility to the Instrument of hers, and, what was more, of *Philoclea's* Ruin; yet so long an Exercise in the School of Misery had taught her Cunning, which before her noble Nature was a Stranger to, and made her glad, at any Rate, to hear how the dear Object of her Wishes was dispos'd; for finding her Body made a Prisoner, her Valour over-power'd, her Penetration over-reach'd, her Inclinations frustrated, her Blaze of Love eclips'd, certain of present Evils, and hourly apprehending greater and more to come, acquainted with *Philoclea's* unhappy Fortune without being able to relieve her, she was glad to catch at any Glimpse of Hope. Long it was, thus labouring under these complicated Ills, e'er the Greatness of her Soul wou'd suffer her to vent her Grievs in unavailing Sorrow; her manly Heart bustling against Adversity, hardly convinced by Reason, and her every Sense, that she cou'd be distress'd; but as if her Courage had a Power to fright the very Walls, and force them to give way, she wou'd dart out threatening Looks, as if her Eyes cou'd pierce a Way for her Enlargement; but the Weight of Anguish growing heavier by Length of Time, it begun

like

like a searching Corrosive, to make her feel the Smart; and the little Ease her Threats and Menaces promis'd, made her grow weary of that Entertainment; and as Rage maintains the shortest Government of any Passion that usurps the Power o'er our Souls, so, in a little time, Grief dispossest the Tyrant, and took his Place in our Hero's Breast, made him submit to Sighs and Tears, and all the inward Marks of really being what his outward Form profess'd; each Moment of past Happiness crowded to his Memory, but only serv'd, by the Comparison, to make his present Grievs sit heavier on him.

Thus vainly exclaiming against Fortune, laying a thousand little Plots, which were of no other Use but to help wear away the Hours, did she spend her Time, till *Artesia* began to insinuate herself into her Acquaintance; but then suffering her Courage to submit to Stratagem, she endeavour'd to gain the Intimacy of *Artesia*, and more earnestly, as she often observ'd in her some Marks of inward Discontent; in which she went so far, as often, when *Zelmane* wou'd sooth herself, with making the Princesses a Theme for Conversation, urging the noble Gratefulness of their Dispositions, in never losing the Remembrance of even intended Services, tho' they were never put in Practice; invoking the Justice of the Gods not to sit tamely by, and see such Innocence oppress'd, such Vertue made a Footstep for ignoble Purposes; and sometimes she wou'd venture gently to reproach *Artesia*, for having been the Instrument of Ruin to so much Merit that had never offended her, and who indeed were incapable of injuring any body. In return to this, *Artesia* wou'd, I say, excuse herself (tho' falsely, Heaven knows,) by solemnly avowing, that she was herself abus'd in the Affair; for that her Meaning went no farther than a little harmless Sport; that she was far from designing to draw the Princesses into the Snare that was since fallen on them; but in the midst of these Asseverations, insinuating how ungratefully she had been used in return for that important Service, and dwelling so much upon it, as plainly proved it was the ill Requital of her Services, and not their being so ill dispos'd, that was her Cause of Grief; but, however, since *Zelmane* found that as she had been the Means of their Confinement, so by her they only cou'd have Hope of a Release. She forced herself to seem at least perswaded of her Innocence, and endeavour'd to work her up by Flattery to her Purposes; telling her, that as she had unwillingly been drawn in to perpetrate so great an Injury, she had now an Opportunity of making ample Recompence, by freeing those whom her Indiscretion had imprison'd, and fixing her Name with everlasting Glory in Fame's eternal Annals; still introducing how great an Opportunity this wou'd be, at once of doing the most consummate Piece of Justice, and convincing *Cecropia* that her Power was not to be contemn'd, nor her self neglected, and she sit tamely down without revenging the Affront. This, hourly urged by the industrious

stirious Captive, and push'd on by the Arts of *Clinias*, *Artesia* at last agreed to be of the Confederacy; wherein all that *Zelma* desired, was to have proper Weapons and Armour convey'd into her Chamber, believing that if she cou'd once compass them, she shou'd overcome every thing (how impracticable soever it might appear) which longing impatient Love cou'd hope, or youthful Valour promise.

But *Clinias*, whose Faith cou'd never comprehend the Mysteries of Courage, and who knew no Way to gain his Point but by lurking Treasons, perswaded *Artesia* to poyson *Amphialus*; which she had often an Opportunity of doing, because she always had been officious to make his Broths when he was ill or wounded: This therefore *Clinias* allotted for her Task, while he was tampering with the Guard that watch'd one of the Gates to open it (at a certain Signal) to the Enemy. Every thing being thus agreed upon, and ready to be put in Execution, they thought it proper to acquaint the Princesses with their Designs, whom they did not in the least doubt wou'd very readily come into all their Schemes, since they were so entirely for their Interest; and their Reason for letting them so early into the Plot, was, that they, by their Authority, might skreen them from the Fury of the entring Soldiers, who in their first Heat might possibly not distinguish Friends from Foes; and besides, after the Bustle was all over, they might be assured that they were the first Instruments of their Delivery, and let their Gratitude reward that important Piece of Service, as they thought it merited. The first Opportunity they therefore had of being certain that the Ladies were alone, *Clinias* went to broach the Secret to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*: *Clinias*, with Cap in Hand, and many awkward Phrases, expatiated upon the great Exploit which was resolv'd on in her Favour, telling her every Particular of their Design, and how it was to be put in Execution. The gentle Maid with Patience heard him out; but her virtuous Mind was too bright a Place for lurking Treason to inhabit, and therefore, with a steady Look, she answer'd him, That if he cou'd have Influence enough, by fair and open Means, to perswade her Cousin to give her Liberty, she never wou'd forget the important Service, but reward him for it to her Extent of Power; but as for any treasonable Practices, she sooner wou'd submit for ever to remain a Captive, than consent to them; since she was certain, that however her Cousin's Judgment might be misled, yet still he held for her the most sincere Regard; and therefore she shou'd esteem her self a Prodigy of Baseness and Ingratitude, shou'd she consent to join in his Destruction, tho' by it she shou'd infallibly gain her own Liberty. This unexpected Answer thunderstruck *Clinias*, and frighten'd him so heartily, that he cou'd not presently resolve upon any other Method than to fall down upon his Knees, and conjure her, that since whatever had been

intended, was wholly meant to do her Service, that she wou'd preserve the Secret; solemnly vowing, that since it was against her Judgment and Opinion, that he wou'd proceed no farther in the Affair, but let it as entirely drop, as if it ne'er had been projected. The Princess, deceiv'd by his feign'd Shew of Penitence, bid him be easy, and rest assur'd, that while he kept his Word, he might depend on hers, which she wou'd give him, that by her Means he shou'd ne'er be betray'd; which Promise she religiously perform'd.

But her Condescension little avail'd the Traytor; for *Artesia* having with Words much to the same Effect open'd their wicked Complot to *Pamela*, her steady Mind, resolute in Justice, and ripe to know which Way to act in all Conjunctions, with Majesty severe in her unmov'd Demeanor, Infamous Wretch, cry'd she, whose naughty Heart can find no Remedy for past Offences, but by perpetrating new Ones, thy own wicked Wiles have at last o'ertaken thee; the Net that thou preparest for others, is fallen on thy self: As for me, I neither want thy Aid, nor will accept it; the Gods assert the Cause of injur'd Innocence, and, when their Wisdom judges it convenient, they will I trust relieve me; but shou'd they still suffer my Enemies to triumph, I sooner wou'd wear out my wretched Life in this insufferable Bondage, than e'er consent to gain a guilty Liberty, or make my self a Partner in thy execrable Treasons, which tho' they have already reach'd my Body, shall ne'er have Power to infect my Soul. These last Words she utter'd in something a louder Tone of Voice than she was wont to use; which made *Cecropia* (who accidentally just then came up to carry *Pamela* to a Window that overlook'd the Camp, that she might see a Skirmish which she imagin'd was among themselves) enquire, what was the Occasion of them? Enquire of your faithful Servant there, reply'd the Princess, and learn this Truth, that they who do with wicked Arts practise on those they ought to pay Obedience to, will certainly teach the same Lesson to their Inferiors, which one Day will fall heavy on themselves. *Cecropia* desir'd her to explain; for, as for her Part, she was at a Loss to know the Meaning of this wondrous wise Reflection; but *Pamela* utterly refusing to tell her any more, she took her each-way guilty Maid, and with the Fear of Torture, made her confess the whole Design; so that *Zelmane's* Confinement was, if possible, encreas'd; and *Clinias*, with his corrupted Mates, met the due Reward of Villainy. As for *Artesia*, she was only confin'd a Prisoner to her Chamber; *Amphialus*, in regard to the Love he bore her Brother, not suffering any other Punishment to be inflicted on her.

The Noise that was heard in the Camp, and which occasion'd *Cecropia's* coming up at that critical Juncture, was occasion'd by the Arrival of *Anaxius*, Nephew to the great Giant *Euardes*, that met his
Fate

Fate from Prince *Pyrocles*' almost unerring Hands; a Man of great Abilities of Body, exceeding firm of Limbs, and of an almost incredible Strength; so skilful, and withal so lucky in the Affair of Arms, that without the Help of magnifying Fame, he might justly be esteem'd to stand the foremost in that Art; of an undaunted Courage; and, to do him Justice, of Merit sufficient to have render'd him a most valuable Man, if the Source of it had not been Pride and Ostentation, and Injustice too often the Foundation of his Courage; yet no Man in any thing that related to himself more tenacious of his Right; or more tenderly sensible of an offer'd Injury; vain-glorious to the last Degree; so great a Boaster, that, like *Thraso*, he was ever magnifying his own Actions; and the Misfortune was, he seldom bragg'd of more than he had Power to perform. This Prince had fought several Battles with *Amphialus*, but the God of War had prov'd so impartial an Arbitrator, that neither Side gain'd the Advantage: At length, it happen'd that he rescu'd *Amphialus* from an imminent Danger, which by Treachery he was drawn into; Self Preservation taught him to love the Author of his Safety, and he valuing him for his equal Courage, they contracted as strict a Friendship as cou'd be harbour'd in so proud a Spirit as *Anaxius* bore; who hearing (in his Travels to seek *Pyrocles*, who had destroy'd his Unkle) of this Siege, and not thinking it necessary to enquire into the Justice of the Cause, his two Brothers being with him, but little his Inferiors in martial Actions, he took two hundred of his chosen Horsemen, and giving Orders to the rest of the Forces to follow after him, he came so unexpectedly upon *Basilus* and his Troops, that a great many of them were destroy'd e'er they knew their Enemy, or upon what Account they met with such cruel Treatment: He flew among the Ranks without Distinction, and wou'd most certainly have caus'd a great Destruction, but that the ever-watchful *Philanax* was soon in Readiness to give him a Repulse, and with a prudent Haste made such a formidable Head against him, as wou'd soon have taught him, that Courage, without an equal Share of Conduct, is vain as Cowardice; had not *Amphialus*, the Moment that he was inform'd of *Anaxius*' Arrival, issued out, and gaining, by brave Advances, one of the Forts which *Basilus* had built for that Occasion, made Way for his Friend to pass, tho' not without great Slaughter on both Sides, but in particular, to the great Discouragement of *Basilus* and his Army.

When *Anaxius* was got safe into the Town, he was receiv'd with all the Pomp that a Place in that unhappy Circumstance was capable of exerting; *Amphialus*' grateful Mind endeavouring to convince him that his Assistance was not more welcome, than his Presence grateful: The Houses were all illuminated as he pass'd; the Soldiers at each Watch were ready to salute him; all the principal Persons came out to meet him, and fill up the Train that follow'd; while he march'd on
regardless

regardless of the Honours that were done him, or at least as if they were no more than what he merited, and expected should be shewn him. Thus homaged, thus admired, with Shouts of Joy and Acclamation from the People, that eccho'd to the Heavens, *Amphialus* led him to his Mother; and presenting him to her, begg'd her to receive and entertain him as one who had before preserved his Life, and now was come a second Time to help him keep what was much dearer to him. I am only sorry, reply'd the Boaster, that you are not encompass'd with a more numerous Host of Enemies; were they all Kings and Princes, I soon would make 'em know how far *Anaxius*' Arm can reach to right his Friend, and prove his own unconquerable Might: His Brothers gave a Smile of Approbation, as if he had but modestly spoke his own Praise; while *Amphialus*, who equally deserved Applause, stood silent by, and acquiesced to all his Friend had spoken; whose Tongue being employ'd so fully in his own Commendations, was all that he had Room to do. *Anaxius* was very eager to issue out immediately, saying, that a few Hours would put an End to the Dispute, and then it would be Time enough to repose himself: But *Amphialus* would not suffer it; but with many Arguments at length persuaded him to be disarm'd; and after he had taken some Refreshment, he ask'd him if he should introduce him to the Princesses: I think, reply'd he, softly whispering *Amphialus*, we had as good let that alone; for tho', my Friend, I am no Boaster, yet to you I shall not scruple owning, that I ne'er yet convers'd with any Women, but they strait, unsought, bestow'd their Hearts upon me; now, as I could never yet persuade my self to have the least Regard for that puling, paltry Sex, or think them worthy to share the least Degree of my Esteem, I would not so far injure you, who I hear suffer your noble Nature to bear the Flaw of so trifling an Impression, as to run the Hazard of gaining your Mistress's Inclinations, when I would not give Two-pence for the Possession of her Person. Even the Partiality which *Amphialus* held for him, and his own natural gentle Disposition, could scarce keep him from resenting this Prophanation of that Sex, in whom his every Wish in Life was center'd; but being acquainted with his Humour, he so far commanded himself as to let it pass, and appear'd as easy, and entertained both him and his Brothers with as much seeming Gaiety, as the Anguish of his Love-sick Heart would suffer him to feign. The first Thing he did, was to resign all his Power to *Anaxius*, ordering the Soldiers to esteem him as their General, from him to take their Orders, and receive the Word that went throughout the Watch; if any Grievances were to be remedied, *Anaxius* was the Person through whom they were relieved; and in short, in every Thing he found himself complimented to the Height of his aspiring Wishes. After Supper, which Entertainment was as elegant as the Frugality which must be observed in a Place besieged would admit of, *Amphialus* ordered a compleat Consort of Musick to be got ready in Barges upon the Lake, which serv'd a double Purpose;

Purpose ; for tho' *Anaxius* believ'd it wholly meant for his Entertainment, yet *Amphialus* contriv'd it more with a View to entertain and relieve the Melancholly of the Idol of his Soul, the beauteous *Philoclea*.

The Consort was made up of every Instrument, whose different Notes compose a perfect Harmony ; the Silence of the Night contributed to make it more delightful ; the Stillness of the Water rebounded the Sound up to the Castle Walls, which with a proud Reverberation diffusing it through the Air, made the most enchanting Melody, and such as must have fill'd a Mind, not apt to turn each Sound to Discord, with perfect Rapture : When the Boats came under *Philoclea's* Window, *Amphialus* order'd them to stop, while several chosen Voices sung some Verses which he that Day compos'd for the Occasion ; tho' well he might have spar'd himself the Labour, since all his Efforts alike were unsuccessful to please the obdurate Maid, whose Heart was prepossess'd in Favour of another, and therefore not to be affected with his most officious Services. *Anaxius* grew tir'd e'er the Performance was half finish'd, and told *Amphialus*, that he was indeed oblig'd to him for endeavouring to entertain him ; but that, for his Part, no Musick was grateful to his Ears, but the Sound of Trumpets, Clashing of Armour, and Cries of yielding Persons ; and therefore earnestly desir'd that the next Morning they might issue out upon the Place where they had made a Breach that Day, not disputing but that he shou'd very soon make them repent the attempting to besiege *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who without the Allay of Self-Opinion was possess'd of equal Courage, very readily consented to this Request ; and the next Morning giving a false Alarm to the other Side of the Camp, *Anaxius*, attended by his two Brothers, *Lycurgus* and *Zoialus*, sallied out with a chosen Party of the Soldiers, while *Amphialus*, at his Perswasions, staid within the Town to see it carefully secur'd and guarded : *Basilus* having been the Day before so carelessly surpriz'd, now endeavour'd to make up for that Defect, by being perfectly provided for the most fierce Attack ; and having more strongly fortify'd his Holds, and particularly that which was overthrown the Day before, that 'twas impossible for either Strength or Stratagem to prevail within ; yet did *Anaxius* perform such gallant Actions, as went almost beyond Belief with the most Credulous ; thrice, follow'd by his valiant Brothers, did he set up his Banner upon the Rampire of the Enemy, although as many Times, by the Multitude, Advantage of the Place, and more especially by the Arrival of three fresh Knights, he was driven down again : Numbers that memorable Day drop'd under his victorious Arm, and stood excus'd in Fame, since 'twas to such a Soldier as *Anaxius* that they yielded.

And now he had so far prevail'd, that the Courage of *Basilus*' Soldiers was descending towards their Feet, both himself and *Philanax* in vain endeavouring either by Authority or Engagement to stop their Flight; which *Amphialus* seeing from the Turrets of the Castle, buoy'd up with such a flattering Appearance of Victory, he came out with all his Army, not in the least fearing but that Day wou'd put a Period to the Siege.

But that sanguine Hope was soon destroy'd, by the Enemy's being unexpectedly reforc'd with three strange Knights, who came upon the Spur to their Relief; the first of them was in White Armour, the second in Green, and the third in Black, who, both by that and his Device, was quickly known to be the same Person, who the first Day that the Armies met, had given Fortune such a Turn in her Career, by singly engaging with the, till then esteem'd, invincible *Amphialus*. The Moment his Presence reach'd the Army, as if he had been the Quintessence of Courage, and cou'd infuse Part of it into the coldest Breast, the very Cowards who were foremost in the Flight made Head again; and our new Heroes, not content with keeping the Enemy from their Rampires, leap'd boldly down amongst them, and engaged Arm to Arm with *Anaxius* and his two valiant Brothers; but on which Side the partial Lot of Fortune wou'd have fallen, was left undecided; for the *Basilians*, heated with the reflected Fire of their new Champions, press'd forward with so much Vigour, that *Amphialus*' Party were obliged, with some Precipitancy, to retire towards the Walls; tho' neither Reason, Fear, nor Conduct, cou'd make *Anaxius* stay the Fury of his Arm, till one of the *Basilians*, unworthy to have his Name recorded, because he poorly took Advantage, and like a Coward, when he least expected him, came behind, and with a treacherous Blow almost cut off one of his Legs, and he fell down blaspheming Heaven, that any of its Influences cou'd have Power to overcome him: His pernicious Breath wou'd undoubtedly then have been stopp'd, but that *Amphialus* flew to his Rescue, and engag'd the black Knight, while some of his Soldiers convey'd away *Anaxius*, and by that Action repay'd the Life for which he was before indebted to him.

When he was gone, *Amphialus*, unwilling that the whole Glory of the Day shou'd remain with him, exerted himself in so brave a Manner, and animated his Followers so much by his Example, that the Fight began to be renew'd with as much Fierceness, as if that had been the first Scene of Action; but *Basilus*, knowing that 'twas impossible his Men cou'd long hold out, and fearing lest their Rashness being so overheated, shou'd endanger his late Champions, whom he earnestly desir'd to know, he order'd a Retreat to be sound'd;
which

Which, no sooner they heard, but they drew back their Swords, tho' eager to advance, and thirsty for the Blood of their brave Adversaries ; but in particular it mortify'd the Black Knight's Hopes, who, knowing *Amphialus*, he cou'd not resist telling him, that tho' this was the second time he had escap'd him, yet he must not always depend upon the same good Fortune ; for that he very soon shou'd even all Accounts with him, and bring him to a Reckoning. *Amphialus* answer'd his Threats without the least Emotion, only telling him, that he shou'd find him no dishonourable Paymaster ; and finding that his Soldiers were a good deal hurt in Body, and dismay'd in Mind, he withdrew them with his usual Calmness and successful Conduct.

The Fight being ceas'd, and each Side retir'd within their Holds, *Basilus* sent *Philanax* to the strange Knights, desiring that they wou'd let him know to whom he was oblig'd, that he might pay them the just Honours which was due to their uncommon Merit ; but they excusing themselves, begg'd that they might first, by some meritorious Actions, prove themselves worthy of his Notice ; and assuring him, that then they wou'd not scruple giving him the Information he desir'd. *Philanax* finding that to press them further wou'd be disagreeable, suffer'd them to retire to a Tent of their own pitching, a little Distance from the Camp ; where they remain'd in private whilst he was call'd away to receive another Knight, whose Manner and Deportment rais'd great Wonder in him, as well as in all the Soldiers, as he pass'd.

Before him rode four Ladies, and behind an equal Number, dress'd in such a Habit as wou'd suit the most dejected Mind ; they were all mounted upon Milk white Horses, with Servants leading them, whose Sable Liveries seem'd to answer their Ladies Grievs. The Knight himself, who fill'd the Center of this odd Parade, was all in Armour ; upon which was painted a gaping Sepulchre, as if its hollow Womb was hungry for its proper Food of destin'd Mortals ; his Horse's Furniture was painted o'er with Cypress Branches, such as in Times of old were thought a proper Ornament for Graves ; his Bases, which in a peculiar manner almost reach'd his Ancles, were embroider'd up and down with earthy-colour'd Worms, which were so excellently well painted, that they seem'd to crawl towards him, as if they were half ready to devour him ; the Impressa in his Shield was the Portraiture of a little Child, represented as having two beauteous Faces ; but the one all pale and languid, as if just bereaved of Life, the other drooping as if it wou'd not long survive its Counterpart ; the Motto, *No lasting Union but in Death.*

The Soldiers were very curious to know who it was that thus conceal'd himself under this strange Appearance ; but not being able to find out, they gave him (upon Account of his Furniture) the Name of the
Knight

Knight of the Tomb; who very civilly sent to desire *Basilus*, that he might have Leave to convey a Challenge to *Amphialus*. *Basilus* was very glad to find he had a Friend (as he imagin'd) yet left to assert his Cause, not finding any left in his own Camp forward to undertake it in that manner; and ordering a Herald immediately to be got ready, he sent him to wait upon one of the Ladies, which the strange Knight appointed to bear the Challenge. When she came into the Town, *Amphialus* being inform'd of so fair an Ambassadress, came out himself to meet her: She us'd not many Words, her rising Griefs and gushing Tears, still intercepting the Passage of them; but with some Difficulty deliver'd a short but emphatick Challenge from the *Knight of the Tomb*; who had took up that Name from the Murmur of the Soldiers, being before undetermin'd what he shou'd assume. *Amphialus*, in a very gallant manner, accepted the Defiance; but bid the Lady tell her Master, that if his Mind was answerable to his Title, the Affinity there was between them shou'd put a Bar to Enmity. But the Messenger, without making any Reply, drew back and hasted to the Knight; who, as soon as *Amphialus* was in Readiness, ferry'd over (attended with his Women, and a Judge sent by *Basilus*) into the Island; where *Amphialus* met him, and with his usual Gentleness, desir'd, that before they engag'd he might have some Conversation with him.

But the Knight drawing back, without giving any Answer, shew'd that he had no Inclination to a Parly; but advancing his Launce upon his Thigh, gave him the Signal to go to the other End of the Career; which he soon did, waiting the Start of his Adversary, and keeping his Spurs in Readiness to forward the Swiftness of his Horse; but when his Staff was in his Rest, and he was coming down to meet the Stranger, who was now very near him, he perceiv'd that he had miss'd his Rest; upon which the ever generous *Amphialus* wou'd not suffer his Launce to descend, but with a Flourish wav'd it over the Head of his then favour'd Enemy; and having stop'd his Horse, and given himself the Pleasure of looking up to *Philoclea's* Window, hoping that she might possibly be there, and bless his Sight: When he turn'd his Eyes down again, he found that the Knight was alighted off his Horse, and thrown away his Launce, as vex'd that he had made no better use of it, and drew his Sword, as if he meant with that to make amends for his former want of Skill. *Amphialus* seeing him in that defensive Posture, nimbly quitted his Horse, and had recourse to his Sword also, his noble Nature esteeming it no Victory which Advantage gave him; and the other advancing with much Eagerness, he with defensive Shield and Sword aloft, with more Bravery and Conduct than Anger and Repentment, almost clos'd with him; their Swords, for some time, keeping them in equal Action; but *Amphialus*, whose better Genius long had been predominant, and was not
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yet o'erpower'd to leave its Darling Charge; and also being in himself a Master in such Encounters, perfectly acquainted with the Advantages which the Ground afforded, and skilful to make the utmost Use of those Advantages, he in a very little Time made numberless Sluices for the Stranger's Blood to issue out at; when his noble Mind, unwilling that the Punishment shou'd exceed the Offence, step'd back and held his Arm: Most worthy Knight, said he, you must be sensible that the Almighty Powers favour my Cause, therefore forbear to oppose its irresistible Decrees; put up your Sword, and when you next employ that and your Courage, let it be against one that really is your Enemy; as for me, I have in no Degree deserv'd your Enmity. Thou lyest, inhumane Traytor, reply'd the Knight, in a weak tho' expressive Tone; thou art the only One on Earth that hast injur'd me past Forgiveness. This unexpected, and, as he thought, unmerited Reproach, turn'd all *Amphialus'* former Gentleness into Rage. Thou very Wretch, reply'd he, in a scornful Tone, who only can'st excel in Madness and churlish Fallhood, soon shalt thou repent this base unmanlike Treatment, and prove thy Tongue has given thy Heart the Lye. With that he doubled every Blow, and giving him a sharp Wound upon the Neck, he clos'd with him, and throwing him down with the Fall, gave him a mortal Wound quite through the Body, and then kneel'd down, intending to take off his Helmet, and make him renounce what he had spoke, or take his Head to pay the Forfeiture.

But his Purpose was soon chang'd, and his Rage abated; for when he had taken off the Helmit, there fell from it a large Quantity of flowing Hair, which mov'd the Curiosity of *Amphialus* more nearly to observe the beauteous Face, which before the Helmit cover'd; and soon, to his Astonishment and unutterable Grief, he found that 'twas the hapless Fair *Parthenia*: Her Beauties seem'd, if possible, augmented by her Distress; nor cou'd the Agonies of Death, which then were on her, nor those more piercing Ones she had suffer'd e'er since the Loss of *Argalus*, eclipse her Charms: indeed the Fire of her Eyes were damp'd with continual weeping, but far from being less attractive; thus languishingly sweet, they seem'd, if possible, more moving. This unexpected Sight of Horror so much affected the generous *Amphialus*, that he stood for some Time quite motionless; the various Passions of Grief, Compassion, Shame, and Remorse, struggled within his Breast, each striving for a Passage, and neither being able to make Way.

But his first Employment was to pull off his Head-piece and Gauntlet, and then kneeling down by the dying Fair, with Tears witnessing the Sincerity of his Grief, to offer her his Aid; assuring her, that all his future Life he shou'd esteem too little to convince her how much he regretted being the Instrument of her Unhappiness:

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But she, who now was very sensible that her desir'd Fate was near at Hand, just casting her Eyes on him, and then turning them hastily away, as from a joyless Object, My Lord, said she, in a faint Voice, if an Enemy's Request has any Power to move, all that I have to ask, is, that you'd suffer my sad Women to convey away my Body, untouch'd by your too late officious Fingers; my *Argalus* is not so soon forgot, that I shou'd suffer the smallest Act of Friendship from his Murtherer: No, my Lord, your Hands already have bestow'd on me the only Favour I e'er wou'd have accepted from them, for which you not only have my Pardon, but my unfeigned Thanks: There nothing now remains, but that I haste to live eternally with him, to save whose precious Life I wou'd, if possible, have died ten thousand Deaths. Here pausing, and half fainting, her Attendants, with their Endeavours, brought her a little to her self again; and then, with fault'ring Tongue, O *Argalus*, said she, we soon shall meet, never to part again; this Satisfaction not even thy Loss cou'd rob me of; and all the heavenly Powers can witness for me, that since thy Death I have not enjoy'd a Moment's Ease, not even in a Dream; my Eyes, since they were depriv'd of thy much-lov'd Presence, have abhorr'd the Light, and every Object that it presented to their aching Sight; but, *Argalus*, I come where never more thou shalt be shaded from them! O God of Mercy, in thy Infinity of Goodness forgive my Faults, and grant we may eternally enjoy each other in thy heavenly Mansions, where no interfering Accident will have a Power of parting us. This grant, O gracious Lord, and then ——— Here infernal *Atropus* cut off her Sentence; for casting up her Eyes as if she wou'd not leave even a last Look on Earth, her noble Soul commenc'd its Flight, and left that Body in which it had endur'd the most consummate Misery.

Amphialus, whose gentle Heart was almost tore in Pieces with the dismal Sight, in Compliance with her Desire, was retir'd from her, while the Judges, with unavailing Pity, were disarming her, and her Women vainly endeavouring to stanch her Wounds; and 'twas some considerable Time e'er they were sensible that their Care was wholly needless; but when they found she was indeed expir'd, Expression is too poor to paint the Despair and Horror of her faithful Servants! One of her Women, more favour'd by her than the rest, wou'd at once have ended her Concern by falling on her Lady's Sword, but that the Squire of *Amphialus* by Force prevented her; the rest, whose Passions were of equal Strength, tho' their Resolution weaker, fell to tearing their Cloaths and Hair, falling upon the senseless Body, and calling on the diviner Soul of their dead Mistress, as if it wou'd at their Entreaties leave celestial Happiness, again to mingle with those Elements of Sorrow, cursing themselves for having carry'd their Obedience to such a Point, as brought forth what they falsely term'd their
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Lady's Ruin, blaming their Weakness in being deceiv'd by her Words, that bore a double Meaning, when she assur'd them, that Heaven had reveal'd it to her, that she shou'd compass all she hop'd in the Battle against *Amphialus*; kissing a thousand Times her more than Clay-cold Lips, and bidding her ten thousand Times adieu, who was happily insensible to all their Tenderness. Infatiate Fame stood ready to catch at such a Novelty, yet cou'd not help spreading the Accident through the Camp in such mournful Accents, that, as if it had infected the very Air with Sorrow, no Heart seem'd Proof against the direful Contagion. *Basilus*, and the sad *Gynecia*, who was come into the Camp under Pretence of visiting her Husband, tho' in Reality *Zelmane* was the Saint to whom her Pilgrimage was directed, went out to meet the Body, paying it all the Honours which the greatest Soldier should claim from them, and attended by all those of the Army that bore the least Distinction; *Basilus* himself chiefly assisting in the Ceremony, they convey'd it to a Church about a Mile from the Camp, where *Argalus* was before interr'd, and plac'd her in the same Sepulchre, undivided in Life and Death, ordering a costly Monument to be erected upon it, with both their Effigies in Marble, and engraved with an Epitaph, setting forth the Merits of their Life, and their unparallel'd and miserable End.

The Ceremony being ended, with Eyes o'er-flow'd in Tears, and Tongues that then seem'd to make it all their Business to speak Encomiums on the wretched Lovers, they returned in mournful Order to the Camp; their Hate still more encreasing against the innocent *Amphialus*, innocent of that direful Massacre, tho' his guilty Hands were the Occasion of it; who, unhappy Creature! was for that very Reason deeper involved in Woe than any of them; for his tender Heart, which would have grieved but to have heard so fatal an Accident recited, was rent in Pieces when he reflected on himself as the Author of it; not even the firmest Resolution, which he undoubtedly was possess'd of, could so far get the better of his Passion, but that he took his Sword, which justly was esteemed the greatest Curiosity in its Kind that the World e'er produced, and broke it, if possible, into a thousand Pieces, (which afterwards he had Reason severely to repent) saying, That it was neither worthy to be employ'd in Deeds of generous Arms, nor to strike a valiant Foe, since it had been the Instrument of Destruction to so excellent a Creature. Thus fill'd with torturing Thoughts, and Anguish in his Looks, he returned to the Castle, and immediately betook him to his Bed, not with so vain a Hope as to imagine he could relieve his restless Mind, but to avoid all Company, which now was grown disgustful to him; besides, he then could give an uninterrupted Scope to his melancholly Reflections, and indulge his Memory in the destructive Recollection of all the fatal Accidents with which his Life had wrestled: This last, which he esteem'd

esteem'd by much the most severe, he look'd upon not only as a Confirmation of all the former, but a Prefage of following Misery, and sharper Ills to come. Thus busied in self-wracking Thoughts, he spent the tedious Night, keeping his Eyes upon the Stretch spite of the lulling Darkness; and when the Dawn appear'd, he hastily drew his Curtain to bar the chearful Light, determining not to partake the Comfort of the Day, nor share the Ease of Night. Thus restlessly he tofs'd and turn'd his weary Pillow, till his Mother, whose harden'd Heart ne'er felt the least Degree of Tendernefs but for him, came to his Bed; and beginning in an affectionate manner gently to chide him for suffering a weak unprofitable Sorrow like a Cancer to prey upon his Youth, and nip his Pleasures in the Bud, he turn'd his heavy Eyes towards her, and in broken Sentences, the Tempest of his Passion not suffering them to be pronounced entire, he begun to repeat to her the very dreadful Shocks he had sustain'd, and the many unwilling ones he had given to others; as the Death of *Philoxenus*, and thro' his, that of the good *Temotheus*; his bringing to Destruction such an inimitable Pair as *Argalus* and his virtuous Wife; which made him think that he was pointed out by Heaven as an Instrument for Ruin where-e'er he came: But the greatest Grief he labour'd under, and in which the rest, flagrant as they were, were almost swallow'd, was his fatal Love for the inexorable *Philoclea*, to whom he had behav'd in so perplex'd a manner, that he knew not which Title he deserv'd the most, that of an humble Slave, or a commanding Master; since on one Side he was a Suppliant, and on the other the Person sued unto; upbraiding his Mother, that yet he found no Fruit of all her gilded Promises, complaining that she had buoy'd him up with empty Hope that still diffus'd and vanish'd into unprofitable Air, for that he found no Alteration in *Philoclea*, or if any, 'twas still more to his Disadvantage; and now his unhappy Fate had drawn him to such Extreame, that he was conscious he merited the most cruel Treatment. As to the Accusation of himself, his Mother cou'd, with the utmost Justice, prove him not to be in fault, altho' he was the unhappy Cause of such sad Events, and consequently with Reason urge, that he ought not to lay the Weight of Blame upon himself; but when she came to answer to the Sum of all his Grievs, her Oratory fail'd her. She found he was no longer to be baffled with false Promises and feign'd Delays; and therefore she plainly told him, that 'twas in vain longer to flatter him, for that she had not the least Prospect of prevailing; but withal told him, that he had no Body but himself to blame for his ill Success; for that, with his idle Flatteries, he had made the Girl think so highly of herself, that she disdain'd all reasonable Offers; that when first he had her in his Power, he shou'd have made her know Obedience was her Part, and not have treated her as if he had been her Slave; that he had paid so much unnecessary Court to her, that she really thought the Way to preserve her Power, was still to treat him so unworthily; but notwithstanding

standing that, he was himself the Master of his Happiness, since he had been so weak as to place it in such a Trifle, and might, whenever he pleas'd, by Force secure that which the peevish Obstinacy of a vain foolish Girl deny'd him, but what afterwards she wou'd thank him for commanding. O Madam, reply'd *Amphialus*, my foreboding Heart has long inform'd me, that the malicious Influence of my evil Stars wou'd still interfere and baffle all your Efforts to relieve my Sorrows; but yet assure your self, I wou'd submit to be (if possible) ten thousand Times more wretched than I am, rather than take the Method you propose; I sooner wou'd pull out those Eyes that taught me to distinguish her superior Charms, rather than they shou'd look on her but with the utmost Awe. If all my Assiduity, my anxious Care to please, and my unbounded Passion, attended with that Respect which I wou'd pay to Heaven, can at length have Power to move and influence her in my Favour, I shall forgive the Gods a future Heaven, since perfect Happiness will be my Portion here; but if my Doom is sign'd in Fate's irrevocable Book, and I must fall a Sacrifice to her fix'd Aversion, I shall meet my Fate with this Alleviation, that as she cou'd not be prevailed on to make me happy, I never did attempt by Force to gratify my Passion, tho' it was in my Power: No, Madam, insatiate Lust still plays the Tyrant, but generous Love knows no way but by Submission to gain its End: By all my Pangs, I never yet approached her, but the Coldness of her Virtue froze my Soul, as much as her inspiring Beauties fired my Blood; nor cou'd I, to be Lord of all the Universe, and what is more, of her, even in Thought attempt to gain by Force what she denies to give.

Alas, my Son, reply'd *Cecropia*, I find you are little skill'd in the Caprices of our Sex; your timorous Love will never suffer you to succeed; you fear so much to offend, that, take my Word for it, you ne'er will please: Besides, how are you sure you shall offend? The only Reason you have to suspect it, is because a squeamish Mink, unknowing in her own Happiness, refuses to accept it. Believe me, but that your Sadness checks the least Degree of rising Mirth, I cou'd divert my self exceedingly to see how ignorant you are, and how little fit to manage our whimsical and unstable Sex; are you, at these Years, to be inform'd, that the Hearts and Tongues of Women rarely, very rarely, go together? A single Negative, in a Woman's Mouth, often bears as much the Sense of an Affirmative, as a double one coming from any other. We think it necessary to cry up Modesty in our Lovers; but, believe me, we seldom, in our Hearts, think it a Perfection. Each Virtue has its peculiar Season: If in a Battle you shou'd command a Soldier to lead up the Ranks, and he, under pretended Modesty, shou'd give Place to another; wou'd not you rather term that Cowardice? This is your Case; Love is your General, and he bids you dare: 'Tis he commands you to march boldly on, spight of all Lets,

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and will *Amphialus* prove himself a Dastard? Is not each Age, each History, productive of Examples to excite you to this necessary Resolution? Can you believe that *Theseus* would e'er have gain'd *Antiope* with folded Arms and Womanish Complainings? No, he took a nobler Method, he boldly seiz'd his Prey, and that in spite of all her *Amazonian* Arts, which, from her Youth, she had been train'd in; and by the Consequence of their Amour, 'twas plain she was not possess'd of that Coldness or Aversion to him, which she would have perswaded the World to think: Did not the famous *Hercules* first destroy the Father, and then rape the Child? Yet afterwards this lamented Orphan not only forgave the Ravisher, but deck'd her own fair Shoulders with the Lion's Skin, and made a Play-thing of that Club which had been the Instrument of her Father's Murther: But what most proves my Argument, is the Behaviour of the famed *Helen*, whom History is so proud to mention: You see, she ne'er cou'd brook the unmannerly adoring *Menelaus*, but disdain'd his humble Love, and loath'd his Gentleness; while for the daring courageous *Paris* she fronted both Shame and Danger; but notwithstanding that, when *Menelaus*, urg'd by his Wrongs, pull'd up a noble Spirit, and by Force recover'd her, she liked the Ravisher, tho' she abhor'd the Husband. We all of us are pleas'd to have the Excuse of Force to shield our Inclinations under, or to reveal the truer Cause. Pardon me, O my Sex, if I reveal those Secrets, which, as a Woman, I ought to hold most sacred, since nothing but the Welfare of my darling Child cou'd tempt me to it! We ever believe our Lovers either not possess'd of so high a Passion, as we think our selves capable of inspiring, or else that they want natural Fire, unless they give us some speaking Proofs of their Vivacity. I have known more Instances than one, of Ladies high in Birth, and nicely bred, who have been courted by the most beautiful, most wise and valiant Men the Age afforded, and yet refus'd them all, because they so awefully and superstitiously address'd them; and after yield to their Inferiors every Way, that have taken a more resolute and bolder Course. Believe me, Son, we were design'd by Nature to submit to your superior Force; your Flattery before Possession would persuade us that you are our Slaves, but who will search into the Truth of Things, will find that Nature meant us yours; and whoever uses Intreaties where they may command, will find themselves but ill obey'd. The sturdy Horse, when mounted by a tim'rous Rider, frisks and bounds, and will not be restrain'd; while the more experienc'd one may guide him with the loosest Rein. Therefore, my dear *Amphialus*, shake off this destructive Niceness, these minute Punctilio's of false Honour; remember that you are a Man, behave like one, and take my Word for it, the most squeamish of our Sex will like you in that Character, tho' they despise you in one which more properly belongs to them.

Amphialus

Amphialus was just going to reply to this long Harangue, when one of his Gentlemen came to let him know that there was a Messenger waited from the Camp with a Letter, which he said must be deliver'd into his own Hands; he immediately order'd him to be introduc'd, and taking the Letter, he broke the Seals, and found it contain the following Words.

"TO thee, *Amphialus*, Subject of *Arcadia*, tho' profess'd Enemy
 " to its Government, the Forsaken Knight wishes an Encrease
 " of Health and Courage, that he may be the Instrument of relieving
 " thy injur'd Country, and punishing thy Treasons in the same Man-
 " ner that thou hast most audaciously propos'd, and with too fatal a
 " Success maintain'd. To prove the Justice of this Accusation, I will, if
 " thy Heart fail thee not before thro' Guiltiness, meet thee in the Island,
 " in the same Order as the late unhappy Knights have done; or if
 " you have any Objection either to the Time, Place, or Weapon,
 " speak it freely, and I shall acquiesce to any reasonable Alteration
 " in either of them, so that the Subject of my Challenge is but ac-
 " cepted: If you have any Sparks of Honour which remain un-
 " quench'd, your Answer will be such as I desire it. Farewell; and
 " take this Caution, not to depend on Life longer than till we meet.

Amphialus ended this keen Invective with a deep Sigh, his aggra-
 vating Melancholly half perswading him that he merited those severe
 Reproaches: But however he accus'd himself, his Courage wou'd not
 suffer him to take such Usage from another without Resentment; and
 therefore, calling for Pen and Ink, he wrote the following Answer.

To the FORSAKEN KNIGHT.

"THO' my Birth and Station might hold me well excus'd, shou'd I
 " pass over a Defiance from so obscure a Hand, as either wants
 " a Name, or is asham'd to own it; yet be assur'd *Amphialus* will not
 " refuse a fair Engagement, tho' with the meanest Adversary: I there-
 " fore shall, without Delay, be ready to meet you in the Place ap-
 " pointed, without any great Apprehensions from your boisterous
 " Threats, such haughty Words generally taking from the Force of
 " Blows: I will but arm my self, and then attend you in the Island,
 " where I doubt not but to convince you that my Life will not be
 " purchas'd at quite so cheap a Rate as your sanguine Hopes have pro-
 " mis'd. Farewel.

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When he had wrote and deliver'd this Answer, the Herald told him, that if he approv'd of it, his Lord wou'd bring two Knights with him to be his Patrons ; which he very readily agreed to ; and then resolutely withstanding all his Mother's Importunities, he put himself in Readiness for the Engagement, tho' not wearing his usual Armour, but ordering one to be brought him that bore the Resemblance of his afflicted Mind, being all a perfect Sable ; in his Crest he wore the Knife of *Philoclea*, which his Mother had taken from her the first Night of her Imprisonment. Being thus arm'd, he ferry'd over to the Island, taking with him the two Brothers of *Anaxius*, where he found the forsaken Knight already waiting for him attir'd in his own sad Livery ; his Armour being Black as the Reflection of severest Sorrow ; their very Horses were answerable to their Dress, not having so much as one Star of White about them. Thus match'd, in all Appearance, one wou'd have thought them the Sons of Sorrow, that were there met in order to decide who had the greatest Right to the Inheritance of Grief.

Amphialus' Mind, made tender by that softning Passion Love, was so affected by this Resemblance, that, without advancing his Launce, or drawing his Sword, he rode gently up towards the Similitude of his own Misery ; and being very desirous to put off the Combat, his boding Heart restraining him from being forward to it, Sir Knight, said he, as we are Men, and consequently always ought to have a Reason, and a good one, for our Actions, inform me why you are thus eager to fight with one, that never, to his Knowledge, did you Injury. You might, reply'd the Knight, have better ask'd this Question of your own guilty Conscience ; but since that refuses to inform you, know, that 'tis because with impious Hand you lay Restraint, where you owe unlimited Obedience ; and injure, with rebellious Fury, those Ladies, who ought to be Commandresses of the habitable World. Put up your Sword, reply'd *Amphialus*, I will not fight with you upon this Quarrel ; I perfectly agree with you in all that you can urge upon that Subject ; but yet the Blame may, with more Justice, be laid upon the Tyrant, Love, and the Influence of their resistless Beauties, that has urg'd me on to Actions for which I must abhor my self. But further, said the Forsaken Knight, I will maintain that thou art much unworthy of that Passion plac'd in so divine a Creature. That too I perfectly acknowledge, answer'd *Amphialus*, since Nature ne'er yet form'd a Man so exquisitely meritorious, as to deserve that Honour ; but yet, I think, I have as good a Title as another, since no Breast can harbour a more sincere or awful Passion. Yes, reply'd the Stranger, I claim a better Right, since what I can't obtain by Merit, I wou'd not accept by Violence.

Amphialus

Amphialus was so fired with this Answer, (wrongfully imagining that the Stranger was his Rival, who, with equal Injustice, thought the same of him,) that in a Moment he banished all Desire of Reconciliation; and waiting no Signal but his own exasperated Fury, without attending the Ceremony of the Judges Trumpets, or his own Launce, he drew out his Sword, and only saying, With This, false Traytor, will I prove, that in thy Throat thou lyest, his Blows followed his Words as swiftly as Thunder does the blasting Lightning; but his till now unconquerable Arm gave not a Blow but what was returned with Interest: Never before were Combatants so justly matched; not the most nice Observer could distinguish which had the Advantage, or make the least Judgment who was most likely to overcome: The very Elements conspir'd to give them an uninterrupted Opportunity of urging the doubtful Victory; the Sun afforded them Light sufficient to direct their Blows, but did not shine out in its full Lustre so as to dazzle either theirs or the Spectators Eyes; the Winds were hush'd, the Earth compos'd, as if all Nature sympathis'd to give a fair and even Opportunity to those two Master-pieces of its Handy-Work, to prove (what ne'er before could be determin'd) which was most excellent. Destructive Jealousy stood ready as an Incendiary to foment their Rage; and every time they cast their Eyes up to the Castle Window, their Fury and Resentment fetch'd from thence fresh Fuel. Long the Fight continu'd, while Fortune stood Neuter by, and wou'd not give on either Side the Victory; which so urg'd *Amphialus*, that recollecting all his Strength, he gave the Stranger such a Blow upon his Head, as for some Moments made him insensible of any Injury; his Arms no longer cou'd defend their Master, but drop'd his Sword, not being able to make use of it; and he was just upon the Point of falling off his Horse, when *Amphialus*, willing to pursue the Advantage he had gain'd, dealt his Blows so thick, that the noble Beast, inflam'd with the Smart he felt, trotted some Paces on one Side, and gave his Master Time to recover his scattered Spirits; which when he did, and came fully to himself, Shame and the Hope of Vengeance inspired him with fresh Vigour; and taking up his Sword, which hung by a Chain upon his Arm, he struck at *Amphialus* with the utmost Fury, hoping with that one Blow to end the Combat; but *Amphialus*, who was prepared for him, by nimbly turning his Horse avoided the intended Stroke; so that the Stranger, by the Strength of his own Blow, which missing *Amphialus*, had nothing to light upon, was almost over-turned from his Horse; but more inflamed, the more his Purposes were defeated, he returned upon the Spur, and ran with such Violence against *Amphialus*, that his Horse, with the Force of the Shock, rose up before, and again he was in Danger of being over-turned; which *Amphialus* seeing, with both the Rein and Spur he put his Horse forward, and giving a forcible Blow in the Descent of his Horse, upon the

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strange Knight's Shoulder, from whence sliding down with great Force upon the Neck of his Horse, they both fell to the Ground; but e'er it could well be spoke that he was down, he had recovered his Feet, bravely proving, that his rising Courage exceeded his falling Fortune. *Amphialus*, in his wonted generous Manner, excused himself for undesignedly killing his Horse. Excuse thy self for viler Faults, reply'd the Knight, and use this poor Advantage as best you may, for soon I will convince you, that you stand in need of a much greater to save you from the Justice of my Arm. Your scurrilous and unjust Reproaches, answer'd *Amphialus*, shall not have Power to make me forget what I owe both to my self and Honour; and with that, trotting a little aside, he alighted from his Horse, disdaining Victory it self if gained by Odds. This gallant Action, so answerable to the whole of his Behaviour, would at once have stopp'd the Rage of the Forsaken Knight, had it come from any Body but the Jaylor of his Mistress; but that Thought stifled all Emotions of Good-nature; and therefore he had no sooner quitted his Horse, but he went up to him, and renew'd the most cruel Fight that ever Eye beheld or Fame reported. It would be vain to attempt describing their particular Actions; no Words can be sufficiently expressive of them; let it suffice, that they maintained an equal Fight, without either gaining the Advantage, for a Length of Time that almost exceeds Belief; till at last, the Forsaken Knight, who esteem'd a Delay in conquering one Way of being conquer'd, struck *Amphialus* so irresistible a Blow, that he obliged him to bend one Knee to the Ground, tho' far from being with a Design to do him Homage; but when he found himself so far o'er-power'd, and what still exasperated the Reflection, by his Rival, he exerted himself, with Fury in his Eyes, and Tempest in his Breast, in so formidable a Manner, that for a considerable Time no Eye cou'd have distinguished which had the Advantage; their Zeal was equal as their Courage; and as they were too angry to admire each other, that Passion degenerated into extreme Disdain.

It would be in vain longer to urge the Merits of this only equal Pair, or tire my Readers with the Repetition of the Actions perform'd by these real Heroes, since their own Imaginations will, from what I have already urg'd, paint them out much more emphatically. Let it suffice, that after maintaining the Fight a Length of Time almost incredible, they began to have no Hope of conquering, but all their Aim was to die together. Thrice did *Amphialus*, with exasperated Blows, drive the Forsaken Knight back almost to Staggering; but each Time the Favour was return'd with Interest: However, he now began to flatter himself that he had something the Advantage, tho' the utmost of his Hope was, that he might have the Satisfaction of seeing the other expire before him, for Death, he thought, was now inevitable to them both.

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Which the Forsaken Knight observing; *Amphialus*, said he, flatter not thy self that thou shalt this third Time escape me; no, assure thy self, thou now shalt satisfy my just Resentment, and be made a Sacrifice to thy own Cruelty, in bringing to Destruction the noble *Argalus*, and his hapless Wife. Justice, reply'd *Amphialus*, (with which you seem wholly unacquainted) obliges me to own, that I never yet engaged with any Knight that show'd so much in Action the Perfection of noble Courage; but your Words do their utmost to blast your Actions, or they wou'd never ungenerously reproach me with a Misfortune, which I was unhappily drawn into, and which, while I have Breath, I shall as much regret and detest my self for, as my worst Enemy; but whether my Chastisement is in your Power, let this shew; and upon that, with one Blow, he cleft his Shield in two; and despising the weak Resistance of his batter'd Armour, he made a Breach thro' his Side, as if he wou'd at once make a Sluice for his Life and Love to flow out at.

But Pain seem'd rather to renew his Life, than weaken it; for coming in with his Right Leg, and making it guide the Blow, he struck *Amphialus* upon the Belly so terrible a Wound, that his Guts follow'd his Sword; but his great Soul, that knew no Pang in Death, but that it was attended with the Dishonour of being vanquish'd, summ'd up all his Spirits, asking of them but a Moment's further Service; and lifting up his Sword with both Hands, he hit the Forsaken Knight a Blow upon the Head with such Violence, that he broke it short in two; but, faithful to its Master to the last, it did, just upon the Point of breaking, do such Execution, that the Forsaken Knight fell senseless to the Ground, reliev'd for that Moment from his every Care. *Amphialus* found he shou'd not long survive; yet eager for the Victory, tho' he had no Hope of the Enjoyment of it, he pull'd up his Helmet, intending with his Dagger to give him a more certain Death; but at that Instant, when he least expected any more Resistance, the Air so reviv'd the Stranger, that he came quite to himself; and finding himself in that immediate Danger, he muster'd up his drooping Strength, and caught hold of *Amphialus*' Thigh, and attempting to rise with him, overturn'd him; but with some Difficulty *Amphialus* scrambled up again; but both of them were now so weak, that it seem'd rather the Shadow, than the Substance of a Battle.

Amphialus now might well repent his Rashness, in breaking that approv'd Weapon with which he had gain'd so many Victories; for the just Resentment (and, as he thought, near approaching Death) of the Forsaken Knight blotted out all the Niceties of Honour, in not taking what Advantage was in his Power; so that pursuing *Amphialus* with uninterrupted Blows, and he endeavouring once or twice

to close with him, receiv'd most of the Wounds; till at last his ebbing Blood having almost all forsook his Body, he fell down at once a seeming lifeless Coarse.

Which when the two hardy Brothers of *Anaxius* saw, not standing upon Law of Arms, or Breach of Honour, they flew like Lightning in to the Rescue of their Friend, or at least to revenge his Loss; but they were as soon repell'd by the two brave Companions of the Forsaken Knight: And now these Four inheriting the exasperated Spirits of their Friends, began a most fierce and equal Fight; the Forsaken Knight not being able to join his Party, but constrain'd by his extreme Faintness to sit as an idle Spectator by. One of the Knights on his Part was in green Armour, on which and on his Furniture was represented a rural Garden; on his Shield was painted a harmless Lamb feeding in a pleasant Field; and his Motto, *Not shock'd with Fear, nor deceiv'd with cozening Hope*; from which he was nam'd the Rural Knight. The other was all in white; his Device was the heavenly Pole, with many Stars turning round it, but the Place left void; he bore this Motto, *Perfection inaccessible*. These Four having been some little Time engaged with equal Bravery, 'twas hard to say which was most successful, or which behaved most gallantly; but if any had the Advantage, 'twas the Rural Knight; when there came a Party of Soldiers, sent by *Cecropia*, with full Speed, to the Destruction of those Three noble Knights, of whom one was utterly incapable of making the least Resistance.

But in this Exigence, his two Friends gave almost more than humane Proof of their Courage and Fidelity; for turning their Backs towards each other, and bestriding the Forsaken Knight, who was now insensible of their Kindness, they held Play against the Odds, tho' *Anaxius*' two Brothers ungenerously join'd them; till *Philanax*, who was upon the Watch, expecting that if *Amphialus* was overcome, some Treachery wou'd be us'd, sent also over a chosen Band of Soldiers to their Relief, who quickly put the Rebels to the Sword, only the two Brothers, with some few of the bravest of them, convey'd away the Body of *Amphialus*, which they much sooner wou'd have died than quitted.

The Forsaken Knight was by his Party convey'd back to the Camp; but his Friends knowing the extreme Desire he had of being conceal'd, they cover'd him from the View of the crowding Soldiers that press'd to see this Miracle that had overcome the most invincible Soldier of the Age; *Basilus* himself overcoming the earnest Curiosity he had to know him, with the Fear of disobeying a Man that had perform'd such Wonders in his Cause; but Fame wou'd not be so easily repuls'd, but made a thousand Conjectures of who he was,
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but without any Certainty of that, fixing immortal Honour on him, employing every Mouth to sound his Praise, every Body putting up repeated Orisons for his Recovery, as thinking their own Safety in his was center'd; but when, by the repeated Applications of the ablest Surgeons, he began a little to recover his Senses and Reflection, he fell into a fresh War with his own Thoughts, injuriously calling his Manhood into question, and laying upon himself the Charge of Cowardice, which the most enormous Railer durst not have attempted; for his courageous Spirit, us'd to sudden and perfect Victory, knew not how to brook so long and gallant a Resistance; and besides, in a Lover's Phrenzy, he had not only promis'd himself the immediate Conquest of *Amphialus*, but depended upon scaling of the Walls, and delivering *Pamela*; and tho' in Reality he had gone beyond the most sanguine Expectations of other People, yet in his own Opinion he had done so little, that every Degree of Honour seem'd to mock him, since he thought himself so far from meriting it; and therefore he conjur'd his Friends to remove him to a Castle that was not far off, where he might in private wait the healing of his Wounds, and ne'er be known till he had done something that cou'd retrieve this, as he esteem'd it, sad Disgrace: His two Friends comply'd with his Request, leaving *Basilus* and all the Camp in the utmost Concern for their Departure, in whom they plac'd their greatest Confidence and Hopes of Victory.

After they were gone, *Basilus* and *Philanax* gave all necessary Orders for the strengthening the Siege, and fortifying themselves, that they might be Proof against any such sudden Onsets as that of *Anaxius*; while the Citizens, upon Account of their General's Wounds, only employ'd themselves in keeping a cautious Watch, making no Sallies out, and taking all their Orders from *Zoiolus* and *Lycurgus*; for *Anaxius* was still confin'd to his Chamber by his late Wounds; and as for *Amphialus*, the Agony of his Mind contributed so much to the Weakness of his Body, that it was hard to be determined which pushed him forward with greater Earnestness to his approaching End; for when the Surgeons had, with the utmost Difficulty, brought him a little to himself, Shame and Remorse stood ready like two Fiends to gnaw his Soul, and continually perswaded him to give himself up to the Destruction that hourly threaten'd him: Continually they represented to his labouring Mind his present hapless Case, displaying every Part of it in the most formidable Light; his Love cloath'd in Despair, his Honour wounded, and his Courage overcome; his Fame, that he had been so long acquiring, snatch'd from him by a Stranger's, and, what was still more dreadful to him, a Rival's, Hand. Wretched *Amphialus*, wou'd he cry, how canst thou ever more have Courage to give thy self the blissful Title of *Philoclea's* Lover; thou, Slave that thou art, who hast neither prov'd thy self a faith-

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ful Subject, nor a valiant Rebel; but, adding Cowardice to Villainy, hast laid thy self under such a Censure, as no Lenity can pardon, or Law acquit: Why, cruel Friends, why do you use Endeavours to bring me back to Life, since the only Use of it is to give me the sharpest Sense of strong Reproach and everlasting Infamy? I cou'd have bore my Fate, had Heaven so pleas'd, if this Disgrace had fallen upon me in any Cause but that of *Philoclea's*; but, to enhance the torturing Reflection, she was a Witness of my Rival's Victory, and my poor Defeat; that Thought alone brings sure Destruction with it: Had my unhappy Fate only been favourably related to her, she might perhaps have with a Sigh allow'd that she had lost a Lover, not unworthy to bear that Title; but now, Wretch that I am, all my past Conquests only serve to heighten my Rival's Glory; upon the Ruins of my Fame and Love he builds his Happiness, and envious Fortune levels me to raise him up a Hoard of Glories. These racking Thoughts wou'd put him beyond all Bounds of Patience, and urge him on to refuse all necessary Food, to tear the binding of his Wounds, nor suffer the Physicians to come near him; till at last his Mother was reduc'd to use the utmost Force: which was so tiresome to him, that, to avoid her Importunities, he promis'd her that he wou'd offer no farther Violence to himself, if she wou'd give him an Assurance, that none but the People absolutely necessary to attend him shou'd be suffer'd to come to him; his immoveable Melancholy making him loath all Company to such a high Degree, that the Surgeons and Servants appointed to attend him durst not speak to him, even to enquire how he did; and all that his Mother cou'd get from him was, that if she had the least Regard for him, or wish'd his Life, that she wou'd do her utmost to prevail with *Philoclea*; but if she fail'd in that, he laid himself under the most solemn Protestation that he wou'd never see her more.

This wicked Woman, abandon'd to all the Mischief that her corrupted Heart cou'd frame, or her Hands perpetrate, had yet some Tenderness remaining, some little Symptoms of Humanity, which were all confin'd to him; and therefore placing only those about him that she cou'd confide in, with Orders that they shou'd entirely conceal from him every thing that passed in the Castle, but what she from Time to Time shou'd direct them to discover, she determin'd that now she had the sole Power in her own Hands, that she wou'd either oblige one of the Princesses to gratify his Love, or have at least the Satisfaction of satiating her Revenge: But the first Step she took was to rid herself of the Dangers of the Siege; and in order to it, she sent a Herald to the Camp, with Assurances to *Basilus*, that if he did not immediately raise it, she wou'd order the Heads of the three Prisoners to be struck off before his Face; and, to confirm the dreadful Message, she had a Scaffold erected upon the Walls within his perfect View, where she brought *Zelmane* and the two Princesses,

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and kept them there, as ready for the Slaughter, till she cou'd receive an Answer from the King. No Age, no History, e'er cou'd produce an Instance of greater Horrot, than 'twas to see those three Master-pieces of Nature's most boasted Art, thus injuriously subjected to the cruel Sport of Fortune's racking Wheel. By *Pamela's* resolv'd Behaviour, one might find, that Death to her great Soul was far more eligible than Life held from the Courtesy of another; but yet her Eyes sparkled with Fury, at thinking it was in any Body's Power to force it from her. The tender *Philoclea*, like a harmless Lamb singled for destin'd Slaughter, stood silent by: The Damask in her Cheeks was sometimes over-power'd by the pale Harbinger of Fear; but when she turn'd her Eyes upon *Zelmane*, the Apprehension of her Danger made her forget her own, and only grieve for her. *Zelmane*, like a proud Lyons's robb'd of her young, and afterwards subdued herself, with fullen Majesty walk'd stately on; her Hands were bound, *Cecropia* not daring to trust her well known Courage, and especially among a Set of People not innur'd to Cruelty, and which so sad a Spectacle might possibly move to a Revolt; her noble Breast heav'd up and down with Rage and Anger; her Veins swell'd almost to bursting, but that the heated Blood found a Passage, and gush'd like Torrents through her Nose; her Eyes were cast upon the Ground, as if she thought it vain to lift them up to Heaven, that wou'd sit Neuter and permit such Injuries to be impos'd on helpless Innocence. Their very Persecuters felt Remorse, yet persevered in their inhumane Cruelty; some urg'd by an Impatience to have the Siege remov'd, and hurried on by their own Fears; others desirous to remove the Obstacles to *Amphialus's* Succession, on whom their whole Dependency was fix'd; but indeed the greatest Part assenting because others did, and the most well-meaning of them not daring to oppose the rest, or begin to work a Change, tho' their Consciences hourly inform'd them that this wicked Act was inconsistent with all the Laws of Honour or Humanity.

When the direful Message had reach'd *Basilus*, and that those solemn Preparations, so full of Horror, confirm'd him in his Sister's hellish Purposes, he summon'd all his Counsel; among whom he chiefly depended upon *Philanax* and *Kalander*; the latter being lately arriv'd at the Camp, weary of his retir'd Life without his Son, to cheer his Melancholy; and not having heard from his late valuable Guests since their Departure, he thought 'twas possible in that Resort of Strangers he might have some Account of them: This Man, grown old in Knowledge and of approv'd Fidelity, *Basilus* order'd first to give his Judgment in this important Business. Your Majesty, reply'd the good old Man, can certainly command me to speak upon this Subject, for no other Reason, but because you will still preserve your wonted wise and honourable Manner of doing nothing of Importance, without first hearing the Opinion of your Counsel; for you must certainly be already determin'd,
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since in this sad Extremity there is no Mean: What Statesman cou'd pretend to be so nice a Sophister, as to divide upon the Question, whether the Princesses, on whom your Majesty's present Joys and all our future Hopes are plac'd, should live or die; or whether since your first beginning of this Siege was wholly with a View to their Deliverance, you shou'd now pursue it to their inevitable Ruin? For who was ever so absurd as to take up a Cause, but with a View to some Effect? And when that ceases, the Cause shou'd drop of course: Therefore, my Lord, pursue the Method which I am well assur'd you must already have decreed; remove the Siege; and after that is done, endeavour by fair and gentle Means, or else by Stratagem, to gain what in this hostile Manner there is no Prospect you ever shou'd attain. In Cases of Extremity, the gaining Time is often the deepest Policy; but put the worst, by raising of the Siege, you will prolong their Dooms; whereas, if you persist, this very Day may put a Period to their Lives. Much I might urge to strengthen and confirm what I have spoke; but the present Time is too big with haste, to be employ'd in repeating what needs no corroborating; therefore I shall say no more, since your Highness wants neither the Wisdom nor the Tenderness which ought to attend the Father and the Prince. Here he ceas'd, being unwilling at this Juncture to hint at an Alliance between one of the Princesses and *Amphialus*; but left that for a calmer Opportunity. When he sat down, *Basilus* beckon'd to *Philanax*, who got up; and after standing some time in seeming great Perplexity, he gave the following Opinion.

If any thing cou'd make me wish my self incapable of sitting in this August Assembly, it wou'd be the present Exigence; which is of so high a Nature, that I wou'd even rather submit to have my Judgment call'd in Question, than be oblig'd to give it in so great a Strait; but since I am commanded to deliver it, this let me first humbly offer, that I do not now pretend to advise the Father of those unhappy Ladies, but the wise and penetrating Prince; therefore, as I apply to him, I must beg leave to dissent from that judicious Nobleman, the ever honourable *Kalander*: His Reasons had indeed been unanswerable, if given when first your Majesty appear'd in Arms, before your Subjects were advertis'd of your Intention, e'er so much valuable Blood had been expended, and your Enemies drove to this cruel Strait; but, if now compell'd by their Threats, you remove your Forces, why did you ever levy them; since you might be very sure, that whene'er you had reduc'd them to any Extremity, they wou'd certainly take this Method to restrain you? And for a wise Man to engage in an Action of the utmost Consequence, which he knew a Word at any one time cou'd frustrate, is in my Opinion an Inconsistency in Reason. If you persist, the Rebels threaten that they will immediately destroy your Daughters: What, if on the other hand they had promis'd you, that if you wou'd remove the Siege they should immediately have been released, wou'd
you

you have been inveigled by their fair Promises and flattering Words? I think you wou'd not: Neither does Reason more prompt you to submit to the Terror of their Threats; for of the two, a Promise is certainly more binding than a Threat; the one the Maker in Faith and Honour is obliged to stand to, the other may be broke without the least Reproach to either. But I think 'tis not our present Business to consider what our Enemies either promise or threaten, but what in all Probability they will perform; and the most reasonable Conjecture is, that they will at all Adventures do what is most adequate to their own Interests: Their Message is, that if you do not immediately remove the Siege, your Daughters Heads shall pay the Forfeiture; and how, if upon this you shou'd remove it, how, I say, can you be certain that they will not pursue the same bloody Purpose; since, if their Stratagem is to cut off all Impediments to *Amphialus'* Succession, the Cause will still continue, tho' you and your Forces are ever so far remov'd? Nay, they will be still more encourag'd to perpetrate their first Design, when there is no Scourge hangs over them, and they are possess'd of an uninterrupted Opportunity of being re-inforc'd by all their factious Friends. If this Proposal is only made with a View to their own Security; if 'tis refus'd, that very View will influence them to preserve the Princesses, since Vengeance must unavoidably follow the impious Act. But possibly it may be objected, that no one can tell what Desperation may urge them on to do: Which is very sure; but it is full as certain, that no Reason or Policy is sufficient either to foresee or to prevent any Action which is forwarded by Desperation; and therefore, such Accidents are not among the List of Dangers that the highest Wisdom can prevent, or is obliged to guard against. All therefore that, in my humble Judgment, is requisite in our present Posture of Affairs, is, that your Majesty take from them an Impossibility of surrendering, by publishing an Act of Grace for all past Faults, provided they immediately give up the Princesses, which will be the most effectual Bait to draw them in to do it. Is it not much more reasonable for your Subjects to depend on you, than you upon any of them; and in particular that Part of them, who have audaciously and openly declar'd themselves Traitors both to your Person and Estate? If they find you so timorous as to suffer their Threats to fright you from their Walls, what poor Submissions will they not exact from you with the same Weapons? If the Violence of *Amphialus'* Love (as they pretend) was the first Motive of this Injury, that Love will certainly deter him from suffering the Object of it to be by Death remov'd for ever from his Hopes? But if Ambition was the Cause, that quenchless Fire will remain, and burn as fierce when you're remov'd, as if you still were present: Therefore it certainly will be more adviseable for your Majesty to still keep your correcting Hand over him, which can never deter the one, and and may bridle the other; for as to their Threats and pompous Shew

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of Cruelty, those are but meet Bugbears, and fit only to fright Children or Fools, and not sufficient to claim a wife Man's Notice, who shou'd consider what Method it is most reasonable to think they will pursue, rather than build upon what they vainly threaten: Their Despair indeed ought to be remov'd; which as it is the last and most unwelcome Passion that usurps the Soul of Man, so no reasonable Creature will fall into it, while there is so safe a Way as your Highness may with Justice offer for them to escape it. To sum up all that I have urg'd: Your Highness is a Prince, the Father of a People, whom hitherto with studious Care you have endeavour'd to preserve, and whom, since I have your Permission to speak freely, claim as great a Title to your Protection, as those which by Nature bear that tender Name; nor can I think your Majesty stands now in need of being reminded, that a virtuous Prince, such as your Majesty has ever prov'd your self, ought rather, according to all Rules of Justice, Wisdom and true Fortitude, to prefer the general Good, when set in Competition with any private Interests, however near or dear they may be to him.

Philanax had scarce ended this Speech, e'er *Gynecia*, with breathless Haste, came running in among them: The Mother's Tenderness rose in her Breast, and choak'd her Utterance; but the Apprehensions of *Zelmane's* approaching Danger almost turn'd her Brain, and made her incapable of speaking with Coherence, cou'd her Words have forc'd a Passage; but throwing her self at *Basilus's* Feet, with half-form'd Words, heart-rending Sobs, and all the Signs of racking Anguish and insupportable Despair, she begg'd him to make no Delays, but immediately break up the Siege: He, by his own affected Heart, soon judg'd the Agony of hers, and therefore, before enough inclin'd to follow that Resolution, he immediately gave Orders for the Messenger to return to the City, with an Assurance that he wou'd comply, and accordingly he gave Directions for the discharging of the Soldiers; and leaving the Authority, as before, in the Hands of *Philanax*, he, with *Gynecia*, retir'd to a Castle of his that was strongly fortify'd, where the first of his Care was, how he shou'd deliver *Zelmane*, whom he term'd the Unhappy Stranger, and endeavour'd to perswade the World, that it was only with Regard to the Laws of Hospitality, that he was so earnest to have her first reliev'd; and in order to it, he sent several Messengers to treat with *Cecropia*.

But she, by the Removal of the Siege, being freed from all Apprehensions of present Danger, wou'd give no Ear to any Proposals that came from *Basilus*, unless he wou'd agree to an Alliance, by marrying one of his Daughters to her Son; which he was determin'd not to do; and therefore she dispatch'd every Messenger that he sent, without suffering them to be admitted to her Presence; and giving the

the Care of the City to *Zoiolus* and *Lycurgus* till their Brother's Recovery, desiring that they wou'd take all necessary Precautions as to the getting in fresh Provisions and Re-inforcements, in Case of any new Attempt; she set her self, with all the Art and deep laid Cunning that her malignant Wit cou'd furnish her withal, to bring about her Purpose, and gain her Son an equal Return to that Passion, in which she was too well convinc'd his Life was interwoven: For some Time she persever'd in using the unhappy Princesses with all the seeming Tenderness, Respect, and Friendship, that was possible; now exercising her utmost Eloquence to enforce Intreaties; then calling Flattery to her Aid, that gilded Bait, which she well knew few of her Sex had Power to withstand; not considering that those she had to deal with were not only form'd without those Weaknesses which are common to their Sex, but far beyond the boasted Resolution of Human-Kind in general. Sometimes she'd load them with unnecessary Presents, and try to bribe them into Love; too ignorant of that exalted Passion, to know that it disdains all Purchase, nor is to be dispos'd but by a voluntary Gift; and when all fail'd her, she had Recourse to Threats, but found them bear as little Weight. With equal Vehemence she attack'd both Sisters, but still had Cunning to vary her Perswasions as she found their Tempers differ'd; for tho' she knew her Son's Regards at present were wholly center'd in *Philoclea*, yet being very sensible that *Pamela* was every way her Equal, she hop'd that if she cou'd prevail on her to dress her Beauties up in Love and Gentleness, they wou'd be more attractive than the cold and lifeless Charms of *Philoclea*.

But, to her mortal Disappointment, her Oratory prov'd all in vain; for *Pamela*'s firm Resolves were built on so impregnable a Rock, that even her poyson'd Arrows cou'd make no Impression; while *Philoclea*'s more humble Mind, tho' it made them not rebound with so great a Shock, yet it as much resisted; nor cou'd her most penetrating Arts have Power to make their Way: Her subtle Arguments, embellish'd with false Wit, were answer'd with solid Judgment; her Eloquence was heard without the least Emotion, her keenest Threats repell'd with fierce Disdain, or else receiv'd with unmov'd Patience; her most valuable Presents were either not accepted, or else receiv'd in such a Manner, as plainly shew'd the Giver nor the Gift wou'd ever have been welcome, but upon Constraint. *Cecropia*, by Nature violent, cruel and ambitious, a Foe to every thing that held but the Appearance of true Honour, to which she had long proclaim'd a deep Defiance, spurr'd on by former Malice, which Envy had work'd up in her against *Gynecia*, and enrag'd that she had not a Power of influencing two such unknowing Girls, as she esteem'd them, tho' their maturer Judgments went far beyond their Years, and was much fitter to have instructed her; I say, all these Considerations work'd up her Rage to the utmost Height; but what put her beyond all Patience, was the Disorder of her Son,

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whom even her rough Nature lov'd to a laudable Degree of parental Tenderneſs; and having that Excuse to gratify her tyrannical Diſpoſition, ſhe gave a Loofe to her unbridled Spite, and redoubling her Threats with great Earneſtneſs, ſhe began to put ſome of them in Execution; and, for an Eſſay, ſhe depriv'd them of all due Attendance, obliging them to wait upon themſelves, or go without the Neceſſaries they wanted; but that they had been us'd to even in their Faſher's Court, and now were fully ſenſible how happy it was for them that they had not been bred in thoſe voluptuous Softneſſes which wou'd have render'd them utterly incapable of ſupporting under ſuch harſh Treatment. The next Step ſhe took, was to debar them of any thing above the bare Support of Life in either their Food or Lodging, hoping to humble them into a Compliance; but as before the Thought of Slavery had entirely taken off all Reliſh of any Honours that cou'd be offer'd them, ſo no Contempts cou'd, in their Opinion, ſink them lower. When ſhe had gone ſo far, and found it ineffectual, ſhe proceeded to alarm them with unuſual Terrors; ſometimes cauſing ſtrange Noiſes to be made near their Chambers, and that particularly in the Night, when lonely Darkneſs might contribute to the Horror of their Fears, and more powerfully help to diſarm their frighted Senſes: But what Dangers, what Horrors and Extremities, can not the united Forces of Love and Virtue repel and render fruitleſs? And they were always upon Duty to guard theſe fair Ones Minds, and make 'em Proof againſt the moſt ſevere Assaults, as well as harden'd againſt the moſt flattering Promiſes, which *Cecropia* ſtill intermix'd with their fierceſt Wrongs, that, ſhock'd with the preſent Evils, and ſtill having a Power to eſcape, they might at laſt beſtow that Pity on themſelves, which they ſo obſtinately refus'd *Amphialus*: But as the beſt of her Behaviour was nauſeous and ungrateful to their unviſiated Taſtes, ſo with their generous Minds her injurious Treatment cou'd much leſs prevail.

But their unmov'd Reſolution was ſo far from making her deſiſt, that it urg'd her on to far greater Extremities, and determin'd her to uſe the utmoſt, rather than fail of Conqueſt; not a Day paſt but ſhe improv'd in Cruelty, inventing freſh and greater Torments to terrify their Minds, and give their Bodies Pain: But ſtill finding them receive it all with equal Temper, the Rage ſhe hop'd to inſpire them with return'd upon her ſelf, and metamorphos'd her into a very Fury; ſo that hiring ſeveral old Woman, whom Age and Uglineſs had made apt to envy Youth and Beauty, ſhe flew to *Philoclea's* Chamber, and with the moſt terrifying Geſtures and dreadful Threats, ſhe order'd them to ſtrip and hold her, while with a Rod that ſhe had prepar'd for the inhumane Purpoſe, ſhe ſcourg'd, with unrelentleſs Blows, the moſt beauteous Body that ever Nature form'd, or Love inhabited. For ſome Time ſhe purſued her inſatiate Tyranny, till at length her
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tir'd Arm, not the least Remorse, oblig'd her to give the weeping Victim
 a little Respit; who taking that Opportunity, with swollen Eyes and
 sobbing Breast, she kneel'd to her remorseless Aunt, and begg'd of her,
 that since she had unhappily fallen beneath her Hatred, that she wou'd
 at least be yet so pitiful, as at once to end her wretched Life, and
 not take a Pleasure in tormenting a harmless Creature, who ne'er in
 Thought offended her. If, cry'd she, neither the Laws of Justice or
 Humanity can have Power to move you in my Favour; if common
 Hospitality can suffer you to treat injuriously a helpless Innocent,
 that, Heaven knows, unwillingly claims the Protection of your Walls;
 if our near Alliance, and the Remembrance that however I now am tram-
 pled on by the Tyrant Fortune, yet still I am a Princess, and the
 Daughter of a King, can fail to raise some Sparks of Pity in your
 Breast, yet at least let the Love you wou'd perswade me that your
 Son bears for me prevail so far, that for his Sake you wou'd esteem
 one Death sufficient for me; my Thread of Life is not so strongly
 spun, but That will be sufficient to untie it; nor are, I hope, my Of-
 fences either against Heaven or you, so mighty, but That may be a
 Compensation for them: I ask but present Death, and sure that's a
 Request the greatest Enemy may grant. As for complying with your
 Demands, in marrying *Amphialus*, I never will consent to be his
 Wife, who gives me more injurious Treatment, than he cou'd with
 Justice offer to the meanest Slave: No Torments shall compel me to
 it; I can but die; on that I am resolv'd; and all the Favour I hope
 or ask, is, that my Life and Miseries may end together. Here *Cecropia*
 interrupted her, being but enrag'd by her Behaviour, that one would
 have thought shou'd have mov'd the Heart of Envy's self to Pity: Yes,
 Minx, said she, you shall have your Desires; Death is your Portion,
 therefore hope not to escape my Wrath, but know that shall be fully
 glutted e'er I allow you your *Quietus*; and without saying more, she
 began to renew her Strokes, which the destin'd Innocent was forc'd
 to bear with silent Patience, till at length they left her (not that they
 meant her Torments then shou'd end, but to reserve her for more and
 greater) to reflect upon her hapless Case, which she had not the least
 Hope shou'd be redress'd, since *Zelmane* was barr'd from relieving
 her, in whose Aid alone she trusted, and for whose Sake alone she
 wish'd to be reliev'd. *Zelmane*, who wanted but the Knowledge of
 her barbarous Treatment, to be sunk into the lowest Ebb of Horror
 and black Despair, was yet shock'd almost to a Degree of Madness,
 when she reflected that *Philoclea* was a Captive, and what was more,
 she not in a Capacity of working her Deliverance: Full well she knew
 the Confidence that tender Maid with Justice put in her; what more
 than mortal Agonies must then her valiant Heart be torn with, when
 she found her self deprived of every Method to prove how much she
 merited that Confidence? This Thought wou'd work so strongly in
 her, that if the Soul has really that separating Power which some as-

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sign it, hers certainly often visited that darling Body, which it preferred so far beyond its own, that it would with Joy have given its Partner up a Sacrifice to her more valuable Safety. As to the unhappy *Philoclea*, she had yet one Comfort left; a hoarded Satisfaction which she enjoyed, in spite of Fortune's utmost Malice, which was, that she should die lamented and beloved of her *Zelma*; which State she much preferred to living with another. Thus wearing out the melancholly Hours, losing the Memory of her own Sorrows, by reflecting upon those which *Zelma* endured, the Agonies her Body suffered being almost swallow'd up in those more powerful Ones that tore her Mind, she waited, as she thought, the approaching Hour when both should be relieved and laid at everlasting Rest together.

But for some Time she found her Doom delay'd, her cruel Aunt being employ'd in exercising the same Tyranny upon *Pamela*; her canker'd Heart being not only pleas'd with what she thought would be the Consequence of such cruel Treatment, but grown to that Degree of brutal Inhumanity, that she took Pleasure in the barbarous Office: But sure, if ever Magnanimity trampled on Affliction, or ever Virtue shone the brighter for the fiery Tryal of Calamity, it was in that gallant Princess; for after Reason had inform'd her that all Resistance would be vain, she received the various Tortures that were invented for her with so divine and calm an Air, that tho' they had her Body at Command, she gave them Proof her Mind was far beyond their Power to ruffle; and when *Cecropia* gave her a Moment's Respite, and ask'd her, whether she yet was satisfied and would submit? she, with a scornful Smile, reply'd, No, inhumane Woman, pursue your cruel Purposes to the utmost of your Power, for well I know there is a far superior One that will not suffer it to be unlimited; therefore go on, you may distress and torture Innocence, but think not that the eternal Powers will permit you to overthrow it; neither shall I submit, to give you the Satisfaction of begging a Release in any kind; but be assur'd, that both in Life and Death, I shall with Honour triumph, and blast with everlasting Infamy your brutal Tyranny.

Thus they both conquer'd by Patience the severest Sufferings; while *Cecropia* hourly try'd all sorts of new invented Pains that might smart and frighten, but not do them a real Injury, which she avoided while she had Hopes of either of them marrying her Son; but *Pamela's* exalted Mind was rather pleas'd at having an Opportunity of trying how far her Virtue could be Proof, when plung'd into an Abyss of Misery, against entirely sinking; only when she allow'd her Thoughts to take Wing and fly to *Musidorus*, her Heart dissolv'd in Tenderness, upon reflecting how the Recital of her Sorrows would affect his noble Nature; and her heroic Spirit, that would have fac'd a thousand Deaths without a Tear to witness the Weakness of her Sex, yet wept
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for those she knew her generous Lover would shed for her; for gentle Love dissolves and melts the strongest Mind into a thousand little Tendernesses, which rigid Virtue, without that Softner, would ne'er admit: Oft would the late relentless Maid reflect upon the miserable State she left her hapless Shepherd in; and she that brav'd with an undaunted Courage the utmost Dangers, when levell'd at her self, shrunk at the bare Thought of those that his Despair might throw him into: From the first Moment that she had been acquainted with him, as Prince *Musidorus*, the Aim of all her Wishes was, that they might for ever be united; but now when she imagin'd that her Death approached, the Subject of her most fervent Prayers were, that Heaven would grant a tedious Separation; No, *Musidorus*, would she cry, may all the righteous Powers avert, that thou should'st share my early Fate; live long, my Hero, to record my Name, and treasure up my Memory in thy faithful Heart. Then would she sometimes hope that never any other Woman would be so exquisitely bless'd as to enjoy his Love; but e'er that Wish was truly form'd, her Generosity would give it a Repulse, and say, 'Twere wondrous Pity that so excellent a Man should not only pass Life without enjoying the only real Comfort it can afford, but leave no Pattern of himself, by whom a Part at least of his Perfections might be handed down to future Ages.

Thus would she employ her Mind, (spight of the Agonies her Body suffer'd,) in working up her Resolution, not only to expect, but bear the most consummate Evils; by Turns employing Love and Virtue for her Counsellors; the one confirming her in meeting Death (if unavoidable) without Remorse, the other perswading her that it was even eligible, when set in Competition with being false to him whom she was well assur'd would have done, if possible, a thousand Times as much for her.

Thus these two great Examples of human Fortitude, though born in an Estate wherein their Brightness might have been most conspicuous to the Eyes of wondering Men, were by a rebellious levelling Power reduc'd to suffer all the Inconveniences which the most abject Birth and Fortune could have heap'd upon them; that Fiend *Cecropia* daily exercising them with all the new invented lingering Torments that the most inveterate Foe could wish, or Woman's utmost Malice e'er invent, still seasoning the greatest of them with Fear of worse; which Dread at last became more insupportable than any that they felt; vainly imagining that she should by this subdue them to such an Ebb of Courage, that they would joyfully submit to be dispos'd the Way that she desir'd: But as in any kind of bodily Exercise, Use enables one still to persevere, and by Length of Time go through what at first seem'd impossible; so these Ladies, tho' born and bred in all the Softnesses that attend a Court, were by Degrees brought
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to such a Strength of Body and Intrepidity of Mind, that the most cruel Stripes, attended with all the Fears and Terrors that have Power to startle timorous Youth, were so familiar to them, that they despis'd them all, or look'd but on them as a Scourge from Heaven to exercise their present Patience, and sweeten future Joys. *Cecropia* now plainly found that this hard Method was so far from bringing them nearer to her Lure, that tho' possibly at first, by mild Perswasions, she might have prevail'd on them to have visited their Cousin, and have given his fleeting Soul a Pang the less at Separation, they now persisted more than ever in never speaking to him, unless 'twere to reproach him as their greatest Enemy, for using them in so inhumane and barbarous a Manner.

This urg'd her to the last Degree of Desperation: She knew not how to extricate her self from that rigorous Method she had so long pursu'd; neither indeed wou'd the Violence of her Passion have suffer'd her to desist, cou'd she have found a Way to bury in Oblivion all that was past; and therefore, summoning one of her old Associates, who was not only inur'd in Wickedness, but gloried in the Character of being compleatly so, they brooded over their infernal Counsels, till they at last determin'd, that such kind of cruel Usage more harden'd the Generality of Women's Minds, than made them soft and pliant; and that as to the Fear of Death, which wou'd, without Doubt, work most effectually upon them, they had so oft been threaten'd with the Name, and hitherto they had found it go no farther, that it was grown familiar to them; and therefore, the best and only prudent Method which their vile Imaginations cou'd invent, was to let one of them be indeed a Witness of the other's Death, and so be satisfied that there was no farther Trifling meant; and then they did not doubt but that a Woman's Soul wou'd submit to any thing, much more to so easy a Command, rather than leave so beautiful a Body to corrupt and mix with Worms and Rottenness.

This Stratagem being agreed upon, *Cecropia* went immediately to *Philoclea*, and told her, that she now was come to hear her last Determination, for tho' she had found her equally obstinate, and alike Proof against the tenderest Usage and the most severe; yet in regard to her Son's Passion, which he still idly persisted in, before she proceeded to the last Extremity, she had endeavour'd to prevail upon her Sister, hoping that if she wou'd be but kind, he might in Time forget a peevish wayward Beauty, and fix on one who better wou'd deserve his Love; but that finding her rather more than less perverse, she was determin'd that the Death of one shou'd be a Warning to the other, not to despise good Fortune when 'twas offer'd, because it came not in the Clothing that she lik'd; that in Regard to the Affection her Son held for her, and the Partiality she found her self inclin'd to in her
Favour,

Favour, tho' so unworthy of it, she wou'd first sign her Sister's Doom, who shou'd that Afternoon be beheaded in her Sight, if before that Time one of them did not better consider of it, and accept that Happiness, which, as they behav'd, was far beyond their Merit. This she affirm'd with the most solemn Countenance, and bid her be assur'd, that what she now had told her was more than Threats, and that Tomorrow shou'd see them past the Power of repenting, if they persisted in their Folly till that Day's Setting Sun; and therefore advis'd her not to depend on more Delays, or think to evade hers or her Sister's Fate, (which now had reach'd a Period,) on any other Terms, but those she had propos'd. Not all the smarting Pains her Malice had invented to rack the tender Form of *Philoclea*, and shock her gentle Mind, had half so much Effect upon her as this last Artifice; for in all Appearances of Danger, wherein her self alone was threaten'd, Love arm'd her Soul, and gave her Resolution to brave them, without the least Degree of Hesitation; but when her darling Sister's Life was put in Competition, it made her pause: But long the Conflict did not last, e'er Reason suggested to her, that since she wou'd her self much rather prove, if possible, a thousand Deaths, than either live in Slavery, or purchase Liberty at the Expence of Love and Happiness, her Sister certainly was of the same Opinion; therefore, with down-cast Eyes and folded Arms, turning her self to her remorseless Aunt, she told her, That since there was no Mean between the two Extremities, of yielding to *Amphialus*' detested Love, and avoiding it by certain Death, she must pursue her barbarous Design; for as to her, the Heavens and Earth shou'd sooner both dissolve, than e'er her Resolution stagger; but, continu'd she, for your own Sake, I wou'd advise you, (for as to my Entreaties, I know too well how little Weight they bear,) that you wou'd suffer my Death to be the Example to my Sister, whose Aversion may possibly not be quite so fix'd against *Amphialus*; so shall you not only have a seeming just Pretence to revenge your self on me, who make no Scruple of avowing, that I detest, abhor, and loath both your Son and you; but if that can have any Influence on you, preserve a valuable Life, and destroy one who, in the present Exigence, courts nothing half so much as an immediate Death: Besides, if you shou'd be so happy as to gain her over to your Purpose; instead of a peevish, obstinate, unhappy Creature, which I own my self to be, you will bless your Son with the most perfect Woman that Nature ever form'd. But *Cecropia*, who already was determin'd how to act, in the most aggravating Terms, assur'd her, That there was no Necessity for her so over-eagerly to court her Fate, for that if her Sister's Death did not teach her to be more wise, she shou'd not long have an Opportunity to lament her Loss; for since there was no Possibility of her Son's gaining them, the only Way that she cou'd find to restore his Quiet, was to put them entirely beyond his Power; and therefore, since no Entreaties, no Threatnings cou'd

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prevail,

prevail, she bid her prepare her self to be a Witness of those sad Effects her Obstinacy alone cou'd have produc'd, which she shou'd in a few Hours have a View of from her Window in the Castle Hall.

Thus saying, she flung from her, leaving the affrighted Maid to ruminate on her ne'er till now dreaded Threats; but long she was not suffer'd even the melancholly Comfort of Suspense, but freed from it by what she esteem'd the most shocking Certainty her Nature cou'd sustain.

The Hall belonging to the Castle, the Place *Cecropia* chose as fittest to play this Scene of Horror in, seem'd situate as if contriv'd on Purpose for the dread Occasion: The vaulted Roof high lifted up, had nothing over it but a Turret that overlook'd the neighbouring Country; on each End of it were built Apartments both for State and Use; in one of them, the first Story from the Ground, was *Philoclea's* Lodging, and opposite to her, of equal Height, was *Pamela*; plac'd in a Chamber over her Head, *Zelmane* resided; but the Walls were of such uncommon Thickness, that she could not ever have the Pleasure of hearing her move about: Each of their Chambers had little Windows that overlook'd the Hall; but because they shou'd not even enjoy the distant Comfort of each other's Sight, that envious Fiend *Cecropia* had given Orders for Curtains to be plac'd before the Outside of them, which was beyond their Reach to draw. But when the dismal Hour was arriv'd, and the sad Tragedy in Readiness to be put in Execution, they were both suddenly remov'd, which was a dreadful Summons for their Eyes to attend some shocking Spectacle of Horror, for else they knew they shou'd not have had that Pleasure granted them; but e'er they had much Time for Apprehension, there was led in at one End of the Hall a Lady with her Hands bound, attended by about a Dozen Soldiers; the upper Part of her Face was cover'd with a Veil, but from her Mouth to her Shoulders she was without Disguise: Thus, with a solemn Pace, she was led up to a Scaffold that was erected in the Middle of the Hall, cover'd with Crimson Velvet: Neither *Zelmane* nor *Philoclea* wanted to be inform'd for whom this dreadful Solemnity was prepar'd; for by her Habit, which was the same she wore that luckless Day in which they were trepan'd to that House of Misery, they knew it was the fair *Pamela*; who being come to the Scaffold, the rude Officers quitted their Hold, and made her kneel down: Upon that she seem'd desirous to speak; which made the astonish'd *Philoclea* summons her whole Attention, determining to be entirely guided by her Words, and, if she but glanc'd at it, give her self up a Sacrifice to *Amphialus's* detested Love, to save her Sister's precious Life; but e'er the poor unfortunate cou'd express three faltering Words, the bloody Executioner stopp'd her Speech with the cruel Instrument of his inhuman Office; but whether even his

his harden'd Heart relented, or that the senseless Axe wanted the Power to sever the beauteous Neck, which was so small, one wou'd have thought a much less Instrument need not have given a second Blow, I know not, but at first it only struck sideways upon her Neck; but the Russian re-lifting up his Arm, at the next Stroke sever'd her Head entirely from her alabaster Shoulders.

This dire inhumane Massacre was perform'd so suddenly, that the Action got the Start of *Philoclea's* frighted Senses; for some Time she stood quite motionless, as if a glancing Thunderbolt had struck her thro' the Heart; but when the ebbing Blood began to flow, and gave her Eyes too cruel an Assurance that they had been fatal Witnesses of such an Act of Horror, it strait again forsook her panting Heart, a deadly Cold chill'd all her trembling Limbs, successive Faintings follow'd, and so strong the Struggle was between her Soul and Body, that the latter wou'd certainly then have took its eagerly desir'd Flight, had not her remorseless Jaylors, spight of her self, restor'd her afresh to Life and Misery: But, with all their barbarous Officiousness, 'twas long e'er they cou'd perfectly bring her to the sharpest Sense of her Misfortune; but when at last her Sorrows found the Vent of Words, mine will, I fear, be vastly short of Force to express her direful Exclamations; no more she spar'd her lovely Hair, but tore it with remorseless Rage, and beat her tender Breast, as if she wou'd vainly revenge upon her self the Injuries her Sister suffer'd. O ye eternal Powers, cry'd the afflicted Maid, why was I made this Wretch? O *Pamela*, my dearest lovely Sister, had it pleas'd Heaven to have spar'd my Eyes the agonizing Sight of thy sad Fate, I shou'd have thought it Mercy, tho' my Death alone cou'd have had Power to prevent it; but now my Woe is perfect, thy happy Soul is fled to blissful Mansions, and left me in a wretched World struggling with rude Calamity, which with its cruel Gripe has seiz'd my helpless Youth, and will not be appeas'd but by my sure Destruction. O my lost *Pamela*, how did I love thy Goodness! how revere thy Wisdom! But thou art gone, and I must never more enjoy thy much-lov'd Company, nor have my attentive Ears fill'd with thy kind Instructions; thou wert the Guider of my tender Years, more than supply'd a cruel Mother's Place, who flings me from her Arms, Heaven knows how undeservedly! But while *Pamela* liv'd, that Misery was scarcely felt. Curs'd be this wretched Day, that gave sufficient Light for such a piteous Deed! O may it never know Prosperity! be wip'd away from Fate's eternal Annals, or else be mark'd to all Futurity as a Day of finish'd Horror and never ending Woe! May it ne'er be mention'd but with attending Imprecations, nor let no daring Wretch attempt to invoke offended Heaven on it, lest his Prayers return upon his Head trebled in Curses! O *Pamela*! thou art for ever lost, for ever gone! No more shall I behold thee! O Gods, how can I bear that
dreadful

dreadful Certainty, and yet survive; but long it will not be ere I shall follow; and while I am necessitated to bear this Load of Life, my suppliant Hands shall be continually held up in Prayers to righteous Heaven for ample Vengeance to be shower'd down upon thy Murderers. Thus, with Heart-rending Agonies, did she lament her Sister, and bemoan herself till her fainting Spirits were again o'erpower'd, and she sunk down in so deep a Swoon, that her Attendants almost despair'd of ever more reviving her; but, at last, with proper Applications they brought her back to Life! Alas, cry'd she, opening her half-clos'd Eyes, Why, cruel Women, do you use me thus? Is it not sufficient that I already have endur'd, far fiercer Agonies than any Death can bring, and which Death only can release me from, but you must force me back to Life, and a fresh Sense of my distracting Pains? Let me conjure ye, if yet you have not lost all Sense of Pity and Humanity, not to torment me longer; but suffer me to follow my hapless Sister, and so excuse your Hands from being deeper embu'd in Blood and Cruelty! But, oh *Pamela*, both Heaven and Earth deny me so much Mercy: I fear I am reserv'd for greater Evils; yet is there not that Misery which I cou'd not have sustain'd with unmov'd Resolution, except thy Loss: Thou wert my Pattern; thy Steps I trod; thy Wisdom was my Guide: Now am I left in erring Darkness, without a friendly Hand to lead me thro' the Maze of Life: But if my Persecuters may be believ'd, they yet will show me so much Mercy as to send me after thee. Thus in distracted Sentences she continued to bewail herself till her remorseless Jaylors grew tired of her Company, tho' their harden'd Bosoms were not in the least mov'd, either to pity or redress her Wrongs; and therefore leaving only one Woman with her, to prevent any Violence her Agony of Grief might tempt her to commit upon her self, they went to give *Cecropia* an Account of her Behaviour, and consult how they might best make Advantage of their late bloody Massacre.

After several Proposals, one of the Women, that used chiefly to attend upon *Zelmane*, told *Cecropia*, that upon several Occasions she had found that there was the most inviolable Friendship between *Zelmane* and *Philoclea*; which was the Reason that she advis'd the Curtains shou'd be drawn from before her Window when *Pamela* was beheaded, that she might be in still greater Apprehension for her darling Friend; and therefore it was her Opinion that they cou'd not take a better Method than now, while both their Spirits were full of Horror at *Pamela's* Fate, to suffer them to meet; for it wou'd certainly not only urge *Zelmane* on to be more earnest with *Philoclea* to comply with *Amphialus's* Love, but make her much more apt to yield to her kind Perswasions. This Advice met so much the Approbation of *Cecropia*, that she gave immediate Orders for the Person that propos'd, it to go and assure *Zelmane*, that *Philoclea* was destin'd, and that very soon to share

share her Sister's Fate, unless she wou'd consent to gratify *Amphialus*' Love; which Message the Woman perform'd in every particular, adding many, as she thought, unanswerable Reasons why *Amphialus* was the most proper Match for *Philoclea* that cou'd possibly be found.

Zelmae, who had but lately been made acquainted with the cruel Usage which the Princesses had met with, and her Eyes just wounded with the dreadful Sight of one of their Destructions, was so confus'd and shock'd, that she cou'd not presently collect her Judgment enough to give a determinate Answer, and therefore begg'd the Woman that she might have some Time allowed her to consider what she had offer'd, who granted her that Night; a Night not half so black as her despairing Mind! The Battle in her Thoughts was long and powerful; for tho' she wou'd herself with Joy have sacrificed a thousand Lives, had she been in Possession of them, to have preserv'd *Philoclea* from a Rival's Arms, yet she cou'd not bear to think the lovely Maid shou'd die by her Decree; and she who wou'd with Joy have given up her Life when set in Competition with her own Honour, yet was very near dispensing with it when *Philoclea*'s came in question; her Tongue refus'd, on any Terms, to pronounce her Death, and she at last determin'd to preserve her at any Rate: But the next thing to be consider'd was, how she shou'd extricate her from the next Degree to Death, which was her being married to another. This touch'd her Thoughts and her Invention to the quick; and after revolving a thousand impracticable Ways in her distracted Mind, she concluded that *Philoclea* shou'd pretend to yield to all that *Cecropia* ask'd, and so gain time by flattering Promises and well laid Stratagems, till by conversing with *Amphialus* she might work upon him to give her Liberty; and all that she desir'd was to be but once more in Possession of that and of a Sword, and then she did not doubt but very soon to set the Princess at perfect Liberty; so trifling did *Amphialus*' Forces seem, when look'd upon from the towering Height of her exalted Love.

Big with this Resolution, tho' strongly bound, she was convey'd to *Philoclea*'s Chamber, fully determin'd in herself what she wou'd say, and what powerful Reasons she wou'd make use of to urge her into a Compliance with her tender Wishes. The mourning Fair was sat upon her Bed, the Extremity of Sorrow had seiz'd her Soul, and brought her almost to a Lethargy of Grief; but neither that nor the Agitation of contending Passions, which had so long maintain'd a cruel War within her tortur'd Breast, cou'd have the Power to ruffle the Composure of her Face, or rob her Beauty of a single Charm; and tho' adorn'd with nought but killing Grief, and deep Despair, yet she appear'd (at least to *Pyrocles*) as lovely as when in the greatest Calm of Happiness. When he was seated by her, and the Woman

gone, (who retir'd because she thought that possibly *Philoclea* wou'd be asham'd to be prevail'd upon before her, who had heard her so many times affirm she never wou'd) the Language of their Eyes was for some time the only one they cou'd make use of. *Zelmane* attempted first to speak; but the eloquent Perswasions which she intended to make Use of, were all broke and disorder'd, and she only had the Power in half-form'd Sentences to cry, O *Philoclea*! O thou injur'd Excellence! why have I liv'd to prove this sad Alternative? But, think, my Soul's eternal Hope, Death will for ever separate us; yet all the Powers of Heaven and Earth can witness for me, that nothing but this cruel Strait could ever have prevail'd upon me to have resign'd ——— Here the Violence of her rising Passions swell'd her Breast to such a Height, that her Breath could not find a Passage to express her farther Meaning, but she sunk almost fainting on the Bed; which *Philoclea* seeing, My *Pyrocles*, said she, I am but too well assured, that this exceeding Satisfaction of your Presence is not allow'd me as the Forerunner of any Good design'd me; but I suppose, in order for you to influence me to preserve my Life with the Ransom of my Honour; tho' sure I think no Mortal breathing shou'd be so improper or so unwilling an Advocate in such a Cause; yet possibly you wou'd urge me to preserve my Life, tho' at so dear a Purchase. Your sacred Honour, reply'd the amaz'd *Pyrocles*, No, *Philoclea*, the Heav'ns forbid that any Cause shou'd work me up to wish that blemish'd; but yet I think without an Injury to That, you may pretend at least to be prevail'd upon, since where Deceit is used, it can be no Injustice to return it. This is all that, would my fluttering Spirits have given me leave, I wou'd before have beg'd, since by gaining time my Liberty may be procur'd, or something unexpected happen to relieve us.

Believe me, *Pyrocles*, reply'd the steady Fair, Hope is the greatest Traytor we can deal with; it would delude us with flattering Promises and fruitless Expectation, only to make our Fall the heavier; and as to gaining Time, how can that be esteem'd a Happiness to those poor Wretches, whose Hours all pass in Anguish and Dispair: Can you believe *Pamela's* Fate has had no more Effect upon me? Or is Life so valuable that it is worth supporting in Slavery and Bondage? Or grant it were, how cou'd I teach my Tongue so meanly to betray my Heart, as to pronounce I love to any but *Pyrocles*? For what shou'd I commit so great a Baseness, only to save a despicable Life? O my *Pamela*, wou'd I survive my Sister! Yet, my *Pyrocles*, Heav'n knows, amidst these complicated Ills, I wou'd for thy dear Sake accept of Life, tho' nothing else cou'd make me bear the Weight of it after *Pamela's* Loss; but well I know I ne'er can live to thee, and is thy Love so full of base Allay, that thou canst bear to see me in the Possession of another? As to what you say of feigning a Regard, believe me I am so
little

little Mistress of Dissimulation, that I shou'd soon betray the Counterfeit ; but cou'd I play the Part of a Dissembler, the most finished one in this unhappy Case wou'd have no room to act ; an immediate Answer is required ; but that alone won't satisfy unless Performance follows ; and that I never will consent to had I Ten thousand Lives to sacrifice : No, Death is not to me so great a Bugbear ; therefore shock me no more, my dear *Pyrocles*, nor make Death doubly terrible by torturing my Resolution ; for since I can't in Life enjoy your Love, the next Degree of Happiness is dying a Martyr to it. When I am gone, cherish my Memory ; and tho' I know my self unreasonable in what I'm going to entreat, yet, O *Pyrocles*, I must ask it ; let not another Woman enjoy my Right of Love ; for tho' I know my self far unworthy of thee, who not in all the habitable Earth canst find an Equal, yet think my Love was meritorious, and that no other Woman e'er will with Justice reckon half my Sum. *Pyrocles* was so depress'd with these moving and emphatical Expressions, that conscious how unexpressive Words wou'd be to speak his Gratitude and her wondrous Merit, he continued in a deadly Silence, fill'd with Despair, and destitute of the least Gleam of Comfort, till the Attendants came in to enquire how he had succeeded. The Sight of them rous'd him out of his Trance of Woe, and put him upon renewing his Intreaties, tho' he scarce knew himself what he wou'd ask ; but the Substance of them was to beg Delays : But *Philoclea's* Resolution, like Rocks of Adamant, was not to be remov'd by Force or Stratagem ; and at last receiving all his ardent Intreaties without making any Reply, he was obliged to end them, yet begg'd that he might have another Opportunity allow'd him ; which, with several more were granted ; till at last *Cecropia* finding that these Delays were of no sort of Consequence, she determin'd to pursue her first Intention. While poor *Zelmane*, wasting with Sorrow and torturing Suspence, quite desperate when in *Philoclea's* Presence, and mad when absent from her, found herself reduced to such a dread Necessity, that she had not the least Gleam of Hope remaining, but to submit the greatest Courage that the World cou'd boast, to meanly fall at *Cecropia's* Feet, and beg a Respite of her Doom till she cou'd further try the Force of her Persuasions.

Cecropia pretended to be greatly affected by her Importunities ; in-
 somuch, that many Days of painful Life were gain'd to the sad *Philoclea* ; while *Zelmane* in some Degree reliev'd her anxious Heart with Hopes that they might meet with some Relief from *Musidorus*, who she knew wou'd use his utmost Power to succour and relieve them ; till one fatal Morning a bustling Noise awak'd her from a little Slumber which her tired Body had stolen from her overwatchful Mind ; her Eyes no sooner open'd, but busy Care resum'd his wonted Post, and jumping from her Bed, she went directly to the Window which over-look'd the Hall, for thither the Noise directed, and there her
 Eyes

Eyes encounter'd (the Curtains being left undrawn e'er since *Pamela's* Execution) Six or Seven People standing on the Scaffold; and soon as they dispers'd, she saw the Head of *Philoclea* swimming in Blood, and placed in the Midst of a Golden Bason. This horrid unexpected Sight at first so seiz'd her Sences, that she doubted whether she really saw, or whether it was only a Dream of Terror; but stretching her aching Eyes to their full Limits, she too plainly found it was indeed her *Philoclea's* Face in that sad Situation: It had no Veil but a livid Paleness, yet look'd as beautifully as when supported by the lovely Body; her sparkling Eyes shone with their usual Lustre, and as they mov'd, for yet they were not clos'd, they cast a Light around that wou'd have made the mourning Gazers think, that, so far from being robb'd by Death of that Brightness for which they were before so wondrous conspicuous, they had warm'd the frozen God, and inspir'd him with Motion.

Grief, Pity, Wonder, Rage, and sore Amazement, were all united in *Pyrocles's* Breast at this distracting Sight; his Spirits boil'd with irritated Fury, and, in an Agony of desperate Passion, he blasphem'd the Heavens, and curs'd the hospitable Earth. O Gods, cry'd he, can you pretend to Justice, and yet stand tamely by and suffer such an execrable Act, without levelling immediate Thunder on the Murderers Heads? By Heaven, 'twas more than Parricide! Were there a Providence, this impious Act could never have been suffer'd, for Justice ought to be its Attribute: But surely erring Chance guides all below; yet if this miserable World has a supreme Commander, let him unite his Force to shower down all his Hoard of Curses on my devoted Head; and if he can contrive to make me more exquisitely wretched than I am, I'll say he is indeed a God. O *Philoclea*! wert thou for this made the most perfect Creature that Nature ever form'd? Have I for this employ'd my watchful Nights and weary Days in never-ceasing Prayers to irrelentless Heaven for thy Deliverance? May that Hand, that execrable Hand, which gave the cruel Blow, rot hourly off with lingring Torments; and may the impious Devil that commanded the dire Execution, be doom'd eternally to groan under an equal Weight of Agonies with those that now gnaw my distracted Heart, and make me curse my Being. But why, *Pyrocles*, dost thou employ thy Time in womanish Complainings? Death still is in thy Power; lay hold of that Relief, and defy the further Malice of thy Stars. Here in a Phrenzy of Despair, (being depriv'd of every Weapon that could give him Liberty,) he ran with furious Strength against the Wall, thinking with one rude Blow to dispossess his Brains, and put himself beyond the Pain of Thinking; but the Eagerness of his Design prevented the Execution of it; for in the Haste of Running, his Feet trip'd, which in some Measure broke the

the Blow, yet not so much but that he fell upon the Floor stunn'd, and for some Moments insensible of Anguish.

But soon he found himself revive to Life and Misery ; when lifting himself from off the Floor, with an Intent to give a surer Blow, he thought he heard a Voice, which, in a hollow Accent, cry'd Revenge, Revenge ! Whether it was his Guardian Angel which assum'd that Voice, to prevent him from doing an unnatural Murder on himself, or that his wandering Spirits, made subject by their Weakness to Starts of Fancy, hit upon that Sound, I can't determine ; but from that Time it so affected him, that it stopp'd his present Purpose of taking that Revenge upon himself which was due to others ; and in the Flights of his Distraction, he determin'd (without considering whether it were practicable) to destroy all the *Amphialians*, without sparing the resistless Women or helpless Infants ; then to raze the Castle, and in its room erect a sumptuous Monument for *Pamela*, and another for *Philoclea*, and then sacrifice himself upon the Tomb. Inspired with this Thought, he grew a little calmer, content to bear the eager Thirst of Death, till he cou'd find a way to free himself, and put in Execution this big Resolve : But when he was again upon his Feet, they of themselves convey'd him to the Window, that he might take another sad Adieu, and feast his Eyes with once more beholding his *Philoclea's* beauteous Face : But alas ! that direful Satisfaction was denied him, for the Head, and all the Attendants were remov'd, and nothing left but the fatal Scaffold, surrounded with solemn Silence and dreadful Stillness. Alas ! said he, and are my weeping Eyes denied the Satisfaction of a last last Look ? Perhaps I'm envy'd even the Excellence of Sorrow : But in that I place my extremest Happiness ; nor can the Gods themselves rob me of that wretched Satisfaction. No, *Philoclea*, while I have Life and Breath, it shall be spent in mourning thy untimely Fate. The World has done its worst by me, for which my dying Curses shall attend it ; nor will it suffer less its self, for its chief Ornament is gone. Malicious Envy will now deny that Beauty ever had a Being, since the only perfect Pattern of it is now no more : No more the Musick of her Voice shall give us the Idea of that which plays triumphant in the heavenly Spheres. Virtue hereafter will be known by nothing more than Name, since the very Centre of it is destroy'd ; and Envy, Malice, Cruelty and Rage is planted in its stead. How vainly do the Philosophers aver, that Hope is the last Passion that animates the Soul, nor leaves it till separated from the Body : I am a living wretched Witness, that their Morality is false ; my Hopes and Wishes are all buried in *Philoclea's* Tomb ; nor has Heaven left itself possess'd of Power to make me happy ! O Love, make haste and prune thy tender Wings ; then fly to *Philoclea's* Grave, and there quench all thy Fires, since there is nothing left in Life to justify the Extravagance of thy transporting Passion, or blend it into Reason. Mourn

ye *Arcadians*, let Sackcloth dress your Bodies, and trickling Tears be all the Jewels that adorn your Faces. Your Princess is destroy'd by sacrilegious Hands, torn from your officious Tendernefs, and given up a Prey to rank Ambition and insatiate Envy.

Thus in Complaints, attended with Heart-rending Groans, and Sighs that thrill'd thro' every Vein, he spent the weary Day; his necessary Food he utterly refus'd, nor was there any then about him that had Tendernefs enough to press him to receive it. When Night arriv'd, he spent it in the same Excess of Agony, sometimes throwing himself upon the Floor, sometimes upon his Bed, but alike he found them restless, still calling upon *Philoclea*, and every sad Moment renewing his Complaints; when just about the Dawning of the Day, finding his Spirits quite fatigued, and his Limbs tired, he flung himself across his Bed, and for some Moments lay without Motion, when of a sudden he thought he heard a Rustling in his Chamber, and starting up, in an angry Tone of Voice, he ask'd, Who 'twas that durst presume to interrupt his Grievs? One, reply'd the Person, that from her Soul petitions Heaven to grant you Happiness and Length of Days. How, reply'd he, may that Heaven soon stop thy uncharitable Breath, for wishing me the greatest Curse my Nature cou'd sustain. This rude unmanner'd Answer, reply'd the Voice, is far unworthy the Greatness of your Soul, but fully answerable to your present weak Behaviour; 'tis now some Hours since I was let into your Room, unheard by you, so strongly were you separated from your self, brought hither by my Curiosity, to know so great, so fine a Creature, as you have been represented; but Fame I see's a common Babler, that speaks but on Report; for all this Night I have been listning to your Words, and find 'em far more answerable to the weakest of our puling Sex, than to so fam'd an *Amazon*. I wou'd, reply'd *Pyrocles*, thou wert a Man, that I might convince thee, to thy Cost, that I'm no Trifler; but as thou art a Woman, I will so far condescend, as to answer thy unjust Reproaches, and tell thee, that I have a curs'd Cause for Grief, so horrible, that but to hear it nam'd, wou'd move the Hearts of Tygers, and teach them to relent: All Nature ought to mourn as much as I, since *Philoclea's* dead. How are you sure of that? answer'd the Lady; perhaps you are deceiv'd, 'tis possible she yet may live. O that we both were dead upon those happy Terms, reply'd he eagerly. Nay now, said she, the Violence of your Passion transports you far beyond the Bounds of Reason; for were you dead, and she alive, wou'd not the Distance be as great between you, as on the contrary? But suppose her irrecoverably gone, was she not born to die? For what do you lament then? only because she cou'd not be immortal; yet a few Years and Fate had shear'd her Thread of Life. Where is the mighty Difference then, whether the Fruit be torn from off the Tree while yet 'tis green, or suffer'd to hang on till of itself it falls
a Prey

h Prey to Worms and Rottenness? O Gods, cry'd *Pyrocles*, now those two valuable Women are remov'd, who only cou'd support the Worth of Female-kind! What is there left in all that trifling empty Sex, but Babbling and Business? Your Scorn, reply'd she, shan't release you from my unwelcome Visit; for since you won't accept that charitable Comfort I came to offer, out of Revenge I'll stay, that you may know there yet are farther Plagues in Store for you. With all my Heart, reply'd he; for the short Time that I am doom'd to drag this Load of Life, I would not know a Moment's Rest. Surely, reply'd the Lady, you take your self to be of more than mortal Consequence, that since all humane Things must meet an End, and have their Being given them only on that Condition, you shou'd repine that *Philoclea* was not exempted from the general Doom, because you plac'd your Happiness in her uncertain Life: But 'tis not her that you lament, 'tis for your self alone you grieve; since, were her Happiness consider'd, you shou'd rejoice rather than mourn, that she has prov'd her self worthy your Friendship, and by one glorious Act preserv'd her Honour, and freed her self from all the Miseries that patient Merit meets in this ill-judging World. Peace, cry'd *Pyrocles*, with thy ill-tim'd Philosophy; go preach it to the whistling Winds; they full as soon will listen to the Force of Words. Suppose 'tis for my self alone I grieve, have I not consummate Cause? Am I not robb'd of all my present Joys and future Peace? Which ever Way I turn my joyless Sight, Confusion and Despair present themselves; they seize me like two ravening Fiends, and will not be appeas'd, but with my certain Ruin. Alas, said she, you much deceive your self, in fancying that Nature, when she form'd your *Philoclea*, did not preserve a Power to her self, of not only creating many more her Equals, but even much superior to her, and whom you your self wou'd own to be so, wou'd you shake off this Mist of Passion, and give impartial Reason leave to judge.

This last Sentence provoked him to such a high Degree of Fury, that jumping off the Bed, he went determin'd, spight of good Manners, to turn this Wrangler out of his Room; but coming nearer, by the dawning Light, which just began to usurp the Face of Darknes, he saw, or thought he saw, the very Form of *Philoclea*, dress'd in her brightest Beauties, and fully visible as when alive. The violent Surprise so much affected him, that his Strength failed him, and he fell prostrate at her Feet: Thou heavenly Being, cry'd he, since in Compassion to my Miseries thou hast submitted again to take a mortal Shape, well might your own be fix'd upon, since Heaven it self could not have Power to bless you with a brighter; permit me to enquire why that beauteous Form so soon was snatch'd from our desiring Eyes? Why did the Almighty Powers permit Injustice and Oppression so far to govern? Why was you shown a Pattern of Perfection, to be so soon remov'd?

remov'd? Be not deceiv'd, cry'd she, my dear *Pyrocles*, I am no Angel; your *Philoclea* lives, lives to be once more folded in your Arms, and in one happy Moment paid for an Age of Torment: Upon that she gave him her alabaster Hand, still warm and yielding to his fond Impression. This sudden Turn of Joy o'ercame his Spirits, and put him into such Confusion, that he could not for a considerable Time believe his Senses: The gushing Tears stood ready in his Eyes to allay the doubtful Transport. Alas! cry'd he, how is it possible I shou'd give Credit to my deluded Senses, or trust them when they contradict themselves; but Yesterday they gave me a too fatal Proof that your angelick Face was separated from the dear lovely Body; To-day they tell me that was all Delusion, and that you still exist to Love and me; but yet I will not suffer that Tyrant, Hope, to flatter me into a weak Credulity, which after the Deceit is seen thro', will make my Agonies and my Despair the greater: If Witchcraft is not most predominant in this accursed City, these Eyes were sad Spectators of *Pamela's* untimely Fate, and after saw that heavenly Face smiling in Death, and beautiful in spite of all those cruel Agonies which constantly attend the torturing Separation of the Soul and Body; how, my eternal Dear, can this be so, and you alive! And if it be not so, how can I trust my Senses! If they were not to be believ'd, why shou'd I suffer my self to be thus vainly flatter'd into an Assurance, that what they now present to my eager Wishes, is not the Effect of meer Distraction, and the Representation of an over-tir'd Fancy.

Trust me, my *Pyrocles*, reply'd the tender Maid, (whose melting Heart felt every Pang his Doubts occasion'd,) you may give Credit to your Senses, and be assur'd that I am still alive, and only live to you; nor is my Sister dead, as you imagin'd, altho' the mischievous *Cecropia* invented artful Sights to make each of us think our selves assur'd the other was destroy'd; which Stratagem she hop'd wou'd fright us into a Compliance; and first, as justly thinking that my Strength of Mind was far inferior to my Sister's, she made me be a Witness, as I then firmly thought, of my *Pamela's* Execution; but indeed it was *Artesia*, that guileful Maid, who justly suffer'd for her double Treachery; tho', had I been her Judge, her Punishment had been referr'd to righteous Heaven: This Lady, dress'd in my Sister's Cloaths, which they took from her under Pretence of changing them for others, did they execute in my despairing Sight; and when they found me still continue obstinate, which glorious Resolution thy Love alone, my *Pyrocles*, cou'd have inspir'd me with, they try'd with the same cruel Artifice to work upon my Sister, placing me under the Scaffold, in which there was a Hole bor'd for the Occasion, and fix'd to that a Golden Bason without a Bottom; the Sides of it were so artfully besmear'd with Blood, that you your self may judge, whether it was possible, when my Neck was plac'd in the Midst of it, to distinguish

distinguish but that it flow'd from my distorted Veins. When they had kept me in that uneasy Posture till I was almost strangled, they convey'd me back to my desolate Apartment, and went to see whether the Appearance of my Death had had the wish'd Effect upon my Sister; but her noble Mind, that cou'd without a Pause have met her own Destruction, was shock'd so violently at the Injuries I suffer'd, that she defy'd them to exert their utmost Malice in her behalf, for that she never wou'd receive or Food or Comfort from the Hands of those that were distinguish'd by the accursed Title of my Murderers. Thus obstinate in Grief, and strict to Friendship, she persisted all that Day not to receive the least Degree of Nourishment; till at last, my pious Aunt, finding us both reduc'd to such a sad Extremity, that a few Hours wou'd in all Probability bring us in Reality to our pretended End, and which wou'd not in any Kind answer her Purpose, inform'd us of the Counterfeit, and suffer'd us to have an Interview with one another: with how much Joy, my *Pyrocles*, you surely are a Judge, since my panting Heart informs me, that you now are sensible of an equal Share; only this sad Allay attended it, that we were both suspicious that we were reserv'd to prove, if possible, superior Miseries. It is indeed my firm Opinion, that this little Respite is only granted us to make our future Torments less supportable; tho' one of my appointed Guardians, who ever has been more tender of me than the rest, wou'd fain insinuate, that this Change proceeds entirely from *Amphialus*; who, having heard some Whispers of our inhumane Treatment, sent immediately for his Mother to attend him, having kept his Bed e'er since his late Engagement, and conjur'd her, by all that Tendernefs that she pretended for him, to give us the same generous Usage that she wou'd hope her self; vowing, by all the dreadful Imprecations which he cou'd invent, that if he ever came to know that, upon his Account, I had felt the smallest Pang but want of Liberty, he would not suffer Life another Hour; and the same Woman told me, she was so well acquainted with his Humour, that she was very sure, were he inform'd how barbarously we had been us'd, his Mother's Death wou'd be the Consequence, but that her Cunning still had kept it from his Knowledge, only having by Chance heard his Attendants whisper my Name, he had, it seems, out of his honourable Love, given this Charge about us, tho' I think our being confin'd at all proves his Passion very unworthy of that Epithet. But upon this, *Cecropia's* Fears oblig'd her to give us the Liberty of the Castle; for me, I am too well acquainted with the Baseness, both of her self, and those she places near us, to give Credit to any thing that they can urge, since I know my Honour is the Mark that guides their Aim, and which they wou'd at any Rate beat down: Therefore, my dear *Pyrocles*, expect the worst, and arm thy noble Soul to bear the Effects of it with Fortitude; and, notwithstanding what may happen, enjoy the

present happy Hour, which, I must own, I stole from Death with infinite Delight, to employ it in seeing my darling Sister, and my dearest Love; and for that Purpose, the Moment that my Liberty was given me, I flew to my *Pyrocles*' Chamber, where entring in, your Grief had so entirely employ'd your Senses, that you heard me not: and, O forgive me, my eternal Happiness, for suffering you to bear it a Moment longer, when I cou'd have remov'd the Cause; but the Pleasure I conceiv'd at hearing my Death so eagerly lamented by that dear Mouth, took from me the Power of discovering my self: Believe me, my *Pyrocles*, that one extatic Moment has more than paid me for all the Miseries I have receiv'd; to be my self a Witness of my *Pyrocles*' Truth, and not only that, but to be assur'd that not the Grave itself had Power to alter it, is such a solid Satisfaction, as makes a large Amends for all the Ills I have or can endure: My Soul dissolv'd in pleasing Anguish at thy sad Lamentations, yet had I not the Power to put a Stop to them till I had farther prov'd their Truth, by trying if thy Soul was capable of Comfort; which unnecessary Stratagem I pursued so long, till you were very near obliging me to quit your Chamber. *Pyrocles*, who had all this Time remain'd in the most deep Amazement, but late flung into the bottomless Abyss of dread Despair, now rais'd to the extremest Pinnacle of Hope, contending Passions shock'd his Soul too much for Words to express; but on her Hand, that happy Pledge that she had given him to confirm his wavering Faith, he printed the fond Affections that mov'd his labouring Soul; but after his first Surprize and Extasy began to settle into a calmer Satisfaction, and that he had in some Degree check'd the Excess of his opposing Passions, he began to reflect upon their present hapless Case; but comforting himself and her, that the Fury of the Storm was surely spent and over, since as to all the Torments that Wit and Malice cou'd invent, they had already try'd; and if they were determin'd to close the Scene with Death, they certainly wou'd then have done it, when *Amphialus*, confin'd by Illness, was not in a Capacity of preventing it, shou'd his fond Passion interpose; still earnestly entreating her so far to second *Amphialus*' Love, that she might procure his Liberty; and then what Difficulties cou'd not his Love and Courage united overcome!

Whoever wou'd pretend to paint in lively Characters the Interview between this hunted Pair of hapless Lovers, must first himself be sensible of the Extremes of distant Passions joining in the Soul, and rearing it a thousand several Ways: Their present Joy of Meeting was now overcome with dreadful Apprehensions of an eternal Separation; then Hope assumed the Government; but long his Power had not maintained the Field, e'er that gygantic Monster, fell Despair, routed his Force, and took Possession of the batter'd Place. At length the intruding Sun, with piercing Rays, inform'd them that 'twas time

to part; but e'er she went, *Pyrocles* so far prevail'd, that she permitted him to take a fond Embrace, and print upon her Lips, with an extatic Kifs, that Rapture, which defy'd the Power of Words to express: Then leaving him to feed on the Reflection of his past Bliss, she went directly to her Sister's Chamber; where she had been but a few Moments, when *Amphialus*, all weak and fainting, supported by his Servants, was conducted to them: His panting Heart, ne'er since he had heard the Sound of *Philoclea's* Name pronounced in murmuring Whispers, had granted him the least Repose; altho' not any of his Attendants, aw'd by his Mother's Violence, durst acquaint him with her barbarous Usage: Innumerable Messengers he hourly sent, during his whole Confinement, to enquire of her Health, and whether there was any thing within his Power that cou'd alleviate her Confinement; but still such Answers were return'd as best suited with *Cecropia's* Purposes; till at last his faithful Heart, dreading he knew not what, and sadly allarm'd with Apprehensions from what slight Murmurs he had heard among the Servants, and having spent the Night in Agonies, which none but restless Lovers can imagine, he that Morning, unmindful of his Wounds, which ill cou'd bear the Exercise, got up; and being dress'd with feeble Limbs, and Looks that spoke his Mind an equal Sufferer, if not a greater, than his mangled Body, he went with dutiful Respect to wait upon the Princesses; and with some Difficulty bending his trembling Knees, he begg'd they wou'd forgive any Neglect which his Confinement might have occasion'd, endeavouring to excuse the want of Conveniencies in that limited Place, to treat them in the Manner that his conscious Duty inform'd him they deserv'd. Thus this unhappy Youth, impos'd upon and ignorant of their inhumane Usage, spent his Time in making vain Excuses for trifling Things, while not the Service of his Life cou'd make Atonement for the Outrages which had been offer'd to the suffering Fair.

Pamela's rising Heart, the Moment that he came into her Presence, sent all its warmest Blood into her Cheeks, to witness how unwelcome he was to her Sight; and urg'd with Injuries too great for her high Spirit to support with an Equality of Temper sufficient to hear him out, she interrupted him with Fire in her Eyes and Rigour in her Words: Traytor, cry'd she, false to thy Blood, thy Honour, and thy pretended Love, blast not our Ears with thy nauseous Flattery and false Excuses, pursue thy Malice, and continue to rack our Minds and Persons with new-form'd Cruelties, which none but such a Son and such a Mother cou'd ever have invented; for my self, and equally I answer for my unhappy Sister, not any Reparation, were it in thy Power (as it is far from being) to make one answerable to the Injury, nor the sincerest Penitence, shou'd ever meet Forgiveness in our too justly irritated Bosoms. Amaz'd and thunder-struck with this sharp

sharp Declamation, which he was so little conscious of deserving, he turn'd to *Philoclea*; And is this, Madam, cry'd he, sighing, the Doom I'm to expect from you, who only have a Power of pronouncing it? Her gentle Heart, more apt to soft Impressions than her Sister's steady Mind, was sadly griev'd to see *Amphialus* so mov'd, whom she was very much inclin'd to think was ignorant of their unworthy Treatment; for tho' she never cou'd endure him as a Lover, yet as a Friend and a Relation she ever had esteem'd him: Now seeing him reduc'd to such a weak Condition, and in an Agony of Grief and Shame that almost stopp'd his Speech, she dropp'd some pitying Tears to his unhappy Fate, and only told him, that she had the same Reason for Repentment as her Sister, which on Enquiry he wou'd be convinc'd of. He gave her no Reply, but with an humble Bow immediately quitted the Room; and sending for one of *Cecropia's* Women, with blended Threats and Promises, he made her tell him every Particular of the Ladies Treatment; which when he had heard, the Torments of the severest Rack are mean to those that seiz'd his Soul: Ye Gods! cry'd he; and then, unable to utter more his Passion, being much too big for Words, he snatch'd one of his Servant's Swords, and having heard before that his Mother was gone up to take the Air upon the Leads, with Rage and Terror in his Looks, transform'd entirely into Despair, he flew upon the Wings of Fury after her, none of his Servants daring to interpose, tho' by his unusual Gestures they apprehended some dire Event; and there he found her walking as calmly as if her Mind had ne'er been conscious of a guilty Action, tho' she was then revolving how she shou'd end this wicked Scene of Horror, and determining to give all outward Proofs of Kindness to her Nieces, while she had them by Poyson secretly dispatch'd; for since she cou'd not gain them for her Son, she thought the putting then entirely out of his Power wou'd be the only Means to mitigate his Passion.

But when she saw him coming towards her with that Instrument of Vengeance in his Hand, and Flashes from his Eyes that almost pierc'd her Sight, like pointed Light'ning, her guilty Conscience gave her Soul a terrible Allarm; yet the ever humble and dutiful Behaviour of her Son something supported her frighted Senses, till advancing towards her, he cry'd, (in a Tone of Voice which was alone sufficient to speak the Agony his Soul endur'd,) Thou execrable Woman, fit only to be the Parent of such a Prodigy of Misery as I, how has thy cursed Wiles destroy'd the little Prospect I had of future Bliss! Despair must now for ever be my Portion here, and, if the Gods are just, it will be thine hereafter! But this, cry'd he, waving his Sword, shall do its Master Justice, and put at least a Stop to future Ills. *Cecropia*, upon these Words, imagining that he design'd her for immediate Death, (tho' indeed his Purpose was to turn his Sword on his own Bosom,) went so far backwards to avoid the Blow, till her Feet
slipping

flipping e'er she was aware, she tumbled backwards from off the Leads, and by one Blow receiv'd that Death, which, had her Merits met their just Reward, shou'd have been convey'd to her by the most exquisite and lingring Torments: Yet did she not entirely 'scape the Vengeance which hover'd o'er her; for tho' she was for some Moments quite senseless with the Fall, yet after she reviv'd enough to see her darling Son finish the dreadful Purpose which mistakenly had hurry'd on her Ruin, and plunge his Sword in his own Breast, which had already prov'd far greater Tortures than that cou'd put it to. This rais'd the Agonies her parting Soul already suffer'd to more than mortal Ones, and she expir'd blaspheming Heaven for snatching her away before she had compleated her devilish Designs, which she own'd were to poyson the two Princesses, conjuring her Attendants then to murder them, and she shou'd die content.

Thus, flagrant in Crimes, and ripe for Justice, ended this Master-piece of Female Mischief; but tho' her Ruin was what *Amphialus* himself cou'd scarce have griev'd at, had any other's Hand been made the Instrument, yet to see himself the Author of her Fate, enhanc'd, if possible, the Horrors of his Mind; for when he saw her fall, and the Surprise had stopp'd his flowing Tide of Rage: O ye immortal Powers, cry'd he, was not I before enough the Instrument of Heaven's Vengeance, but I must be the Author of my own Parent's Fate, who, infamous as she has been, my Eyes cou'd well have spar'd the horrid Sight! O *Amphialus*, to what a Scene of Miseries hast thou been reserv'd! Thy Life has been but one continued Action of (Heaven knows) unwilling Homicides; thy Friend, thy dear Companion *Philoxenus*, and his generous Father, who bred thee up with more than a paternal Tendernefs, both perish'd by thy destructive Arm! These Hands, these Traytor's Hands, have cowardly fought against a Lady, and brought Destruction to the most meritorious of her Sex! Thy faithful Servant, thy *Ismenus*, these Eyes beheld destroy'd in thy Defence, and thou not able to relieve him! Even animated by the Presence of her thou lovedst, thou cou'dst not bravely maintain thy Honour, but suffer'd a Stranger and a Rival in her Sight to wrest it from thee! Rebellion, with its bitter Tinct, hath gilded thee! Thou hast with Justice been proclaim'd a Traytor to thy lawful Prince, false to all the Ties of consanguineal Tendernefs! But what outweighs these Evils, and Thousands more, if complicated on my Head, is, that the heavenly *Philoclea*, that divine One, has been tormented in the Bounds of my Command! *Amphialus*' Authority, which ought to have protect'd her even to its own Destruction, has been wrested to abuse and treat the Princess of his Soul like an abandon'd Slave! But why, my Soul, dost thou subsist, to repeat the cursed Tale? Perhaps this Hand, only inur'd to Mischiefs, thinks the Act of killing its unhappy Master wou'd be too commendable a One to close its lawless

Power; or else the Traytor, embru'd in Woman's Blood, cowardly fears to strike a Man: But yet strike home, my Hand, without Regret, and think thou but destroyest a Coward, and, what is more, the Object of *Philoclea's* Hatred. With that he furiously tore his Waistcoat open, and setting the Pommel of his Sword upon the Ground, and the Point against his Breast, he rush'd upon it; but the Pommel of his Sword slipping, it glanc'd aside, and only slightly razed one of his Ribs; yet the Fall opening his other Wounds, the gushing Blood flow'd in such Purple Streams, as might have wafted *Charon's* Boat without the Help of *Styx*: But not content with all that Prospect of his End, he took a surer Method to hasten Fate; for as he tore his Waistcoat open, there fell from out his Bosom *Philoclea's* Knife, which his Mother had taken from her at her first Arrival, and given to him, and which he had ever since that fatal Time worn next his Heart, as the only Relick that he was in Possession of belonging to his darling Saint: And now seeing it lie upon the Ground, and being too weak to disengage his Sword, he took it up; and first devoutly kissing it, then bursting into a Flood of Tears, he thus address'd himself to the senseless Instrument: O happy Knife, well dost thou present thy self at this sad Juncture, to revenge thy Mistress's Wrongs, and the Injury which thou hast suffer'd in being so long debarr'd the Happiness of being touch'd by her, and worn by one she thinks unworthy the least Favour; but yet, alas! be Witness with me once e'er I die, and well you know the Emotions of my Heart, that being your Place of Residence e'er since you have been in my Power, that had not oppressive War and villainous Deceit kept me without the Knowledge of her hard Usage, I would by much sooner have perish'd, than have suffer'd one Moment's Injury to have reach'd her. O *Philoclea*, if yet thou wer't but sensible how much I love, nay idolize, thy Beauties, and that the every Pang thou hast endur'd is double in my Soul, thou surely would'st not thus cruelly have pronounc'd my Death: I own my self deserving of any Epithet that can confirm the Villain; I am a Monster of Ingratitude, a consummate Traytor, but not to thee; thou hadst the Power to wrest my Sword, and stop its Force, when pointed on my most mortal Foe; Excess of Love has drawn my Ruin on; and if that be a Crime, the Gods themselves are guilty. But, Wretch that I am, thus to enhance my Crimes, by endeavouring to find Excuses for him, whom she condemns. Since then there's no Way left for me to make Atonement, but by revenging her Injuries upon this faithful Breast, come, noble Knife, and execute thy Mistress's Commands: And with that he gave himself repeated Stabs into the Breast and Throat, till weary Life, tir'd with the hard Labour it had sustain'd, took its desir'd Flight, and left his harass'd Body to enjoy perpetual Rest.

By

By this Time, his faithful Servants, who had been stay'd by his Commands from coming near him, fearing the Event of his exasperated Fury, ventur'd in, and found their Lord swimming in his own Blood, and past a Power of chiding them for their officious Breach of Duty : The dreadful Spectacle bereav'd them of all Patience ; they rav'd, they tore their Hair, and stamp'd about like Men devoid of Sense ; the horrid News spread swift as Light'ning thro' the Town ; old Men and Boys, Persons of every Age and Rank, came with Confusion in their Steps to take their last Farewel of their dead Lord, lamenting o'er his Wounds, thinking their Safeties drown'd in his flowing Blood, and their Honour in his Destruction perish'd. But when these horrid Tidings came to the Ears of his haughty Friend *Anaxius*, (who was then perfectly recover'd of his late Wound, tho' he still kept his Chamber, disdaining to converse with any but *Amphialus*,) he appear'd exceedingly perplex'd, not that I can think his Tyrant Heart was ever made susceptible of the Strings of parting Friendship ; but his Pride was touch'd most sensibly, that any whom he honour'd with the Name of Friend, shou'd come to so untimely and tragical an End : He scarce deign'd to answer the Messenger of this unwelcome News ; but calling for his Brothers, order'd them to go immediately, and in his Name summon the Citizens and Soldiers to take the Oaths to him ; and not only that, but swear them to revenge *Amphialus'* Death ; if possible, upon *Basilus* and his Family ; and then with Eyes inflam'd, and Cheeks glowing with Rage, he went himself to view the Body, calling for all the Surgeons and Physicians, and threatening that he wou'd hang them to a Man if they did not restore him to himself ; but after they had search'd his Wounds, they fell down prostrate at *Anaxius'* Feet, and told him, that tho' their Lives were in his Power, they wou'd not flatter, for 'twas not in the Force of Art to keep Life in him for four and twenty Hours ; he stood for some Time doubtful whether he should perform his Word, and kill them for this fatal Truth, which they were innocent of occasioning ; but however determining with his own Hands to take Revenge upon the Princesses, whom he esteem'd the Ruin of his Friend ; when his Brothers interrupted him, and came to let him know that they had perform'd his Orders, in receiving an Oath of Allegiance from the People, which they gain'd without much Difficulty, the most Part being terrify'd not only by his well-known Valour, but those that had been the most forward in supporting the Rebellion, were willing to submit to any thing, rather than be deliver'd up to *Basilus*, which they assur'd those that resisted should be immediately done.

But the most important Business they then had, was to inform him, that the fam'd Queen *Helen* was arriv'd, with a great Retinue, at the Town, desiring earnestly that she might be permitted to see
Amphialus,

Amphialus, whom she had long been in Pursuit of, but without Success; till despairing to hear more of him, she return'd to her own Kingdom, and there the Tidings got the Start of her, and waited to inform her of the late Siege, as also of the Combat wherein he was so dangerously wounded: Upon which cruel News, full of Anxiety for him, for whom she scrupled not to own she had the greatest Passion, how ill soever he return'd it, she had obtain'd Permission of *Basilus* to pass his Frontiers in Security, and carry *Amphialus* to her Court, where there was a Surgeon that, by his unequal'd Skill, had perform'd Cures almost beyond Belief, but was so worn with Years, that he cou'd not undertake so long a Journey, and that he had given her some valuable Ointment to keep his Wounds from taking Air, till he cou'd be convey'd to him. This Petition she deliver'd to *Lycurgus*, of which he inform'd his Brother, who, altho' he held all Womankind in the lowest Degree of Contempt, and in particular now that the Princesses had more and more enrag'd him against the Sex, being, as he thought, the Murderers of his Friend; yet in Regard to his Brother's joining in her Request, he permitted her to enter the Castle, and be conducted to the Chamber where *Amphialus*' wounded Body lay without the least Symptom of Life or Breath.

When the despairing Queen, after so long a Search, found him in this sad Posture, altho' her Apprehension had painted to her Senses the most shocking Idea of this dreaded Sight, yet the Reality far surpass'd her most keen Imagination, and so much overpower'd her, that in attempting to kneel down by him, she fell into a Swoon across the Body, as if her Thread of Life was twin'd in his; but not so happy as to have that her last Shock of Grief, she soon recover'd, and opening her languid Eyes, O Gods, cry'd she, to what a Destiny am I reserv'd! How hard has been my Fate, that after spending so many weary Months in Search of my *Amphialus*, I shou'd at last have Reason to curse the Time that my sad Eyes encounter'd him! How little did I once imagine they e'er wou'd view him but with the utmost Transport, or these Arms embrace him without a Heaven of Rapture! How often have I with fervent Prayers petitioned Heaven on any Terms to give him into my Possession! Yet now, wou'd that preserve his dear, his valuable Life, I wou'd even with Joy for ever bear a Separation! Oft, my *Amphialus*, hast thou disdain'd these Tears, and mock'd those Woes which none but you cou'd ever have occasion'd! But now, without offending thee, I may employ them for ever to lament thy early Fate! Had they had Power to have mov'd thy Heart, and turn'd thy Soul to Love and me, this Mischief then had not befallen; thou still wou'dst have surviv'd to Empire and to Love! How cou'd thy noble Soul submit to pay thy Vows, and place thy Happiness upon the only Woman in the World that cou'd be blind to such Desert, and turn thy Heart from her who weigh'd thy every Perfection,

tion, and valued the minutest Part beyond her Fame, her Life, and Empire. O *Philoclea*, O relentless Maid! the World speaks Wonders in thy Praise; and certainly that Merit must be infinite that cou'd attract *Amphialus*' Love! Yet sure thy Judgment wanted much of Weight, since it cou'd not turn the Ballance in such a Hero's Favour! How often have I shudder'd as I thought of thy approaching Happiness, in marrying *Amphialus*, and eagerly petition'd Heaven to bar the fatal Contract! My impious Prayers have been too soon return'd, and I cou'd curse my self for making them! O were he but alive, with Joy, upon those Terms, I wou'd behold the Ceremony, perform the once detested Office of thy Bride-Maid, and give him up with equal Rapture, as I wou'd have receiv'd him.

Upon this the Body, not quite bereft of Life, began to move; and giving a Groan that, to all Appearance, was like to be his last, she fell upon his Face, and kissing his clammy Cheeks, which, with the Sweat of Death, was cold as giving Marble, she shriek'd, and cry'd, O my *Amphialus*! yet stay a little, and let me have one last Adieu that is not ravish'd from thee! Thus in vain Laments she spent the Time, till an ancient Lord that she most favour'd among her Counsellors ventur'd to interrupt her, and begg'd her to reflect how she expos'd her self in a strange Nation, thus to descend beneath her Honour and her Greatness; and that the truest Way of shewing her Regard, was with the utmost Speed to convey him to her Surgeon, and in the mean Time embalm his Body in those Ointments which he had prescrib'd. Her pliant Mind, made flexible by the corrosive of Affliction, submitted to his Advice; and leaving some of her own Surgeons to dress *Amphialus*' Wounds, she went to wait upon *Anaxius*, and humbling her self before him low as his own Pride cou'd wish, she begg'd him, that since the Surgeons there had given *Amphialus* quite over, that he wou'd permit her to take him with her in her Litter, since at the worst he cou'd but die, and wou'd expire in her Arms, who wou'd with Joy have given her Life to have ransom'd his, and who wou'd pay his Body all the Honours her Fondness cou'd invent, or Power execute; withal entreating him, that since she was in a Place surrounded with avowed Enemies, and cou'd much more depend upon his Protection than *Amphialus*' Promise, that he wou'd convey them safe out of those Dominions. Her Tears and Prayers, back'd with such reasonable Arguments, a little mov'd his Iron Heart; but when she came to ask his Aid, to gratify his Pride, he granted her Request, and bid her be certain of an unmolested Passage, since that Sword shou'd be her Guard. She immediately accepted his Promise; and having receiv'd as little Hopes from her own Surgeons, as those belonging to the Town had given her, she order'd him to be gently convey'd into her Litter. The frighted Citizens crowded about the Corpse, rending the Air with Shrieks and Lamentations, as if

they never had till then been sensible how great a Loss they had sustain'd: and if the Dread of *Anaxius* had not in some Degree restrain'd them, they would certainly have mutiny'd, rather than have suffer'd the Body to be convey'd away; but *Anaxius* himself riding before the Litter with some chosen Troops, Fear kept, in some Measure, down their Grief and their Despair, or at least oblig'd them to only shew it in dumb Marks of Woe; which they did by throwing Dust upon their Heads, flinging themselves upon the Ground, and some of them even wounded themselves, and sprinkled their dearest Blood to darken the gloomy Air, and make it appear answerable to their Sorrows.

This rous'd *Anaxius* more to consider the Merit of his Friend; and being by Nature more prone to Thirst of Vengeance than Pity and Compassion, he gave Orders to his Brothers to go back and keep the Prisoners safely guarded till his Return; and from him assure them, that when he had convey'd the Queen in Safety, he wou'd with his own Hands cut off their Heads, and send them for a Present to their Father.

This Message was deliver'd to the Ladies as they were sitting together with *Zelmane*, consulting how they shou'd behave, having heard of *Cecropia's* and *Amphialus's* Destruction; and as no Dread of Death is half so terrible, as where intruding Hope staggers the Resolution, so this new Allarm, altho' it did not quite remove that Constancy their noble Minds were upon all Occasions guarded with, yet it a little shock'd it; but after a small Pause, *Pamela* fix'd hers to its usual Standard, yet still anxious for her Sister, whose Life was equally her Care.

My *Philoclea*, cry'd she, you see how Fortune takes Delight to make a Sport of us; but remember, no General was ever yet renown'd for warding one Attack: No, my Sister, 'tis Perseverance gives the Glory. Perhaps this Trumpet of our Deaths may now sound in Reality; if so, let us expect it as the End of Sorrows, and the Confirmer of our Glories. Indeed, my dearest Sister, reply'd the gentle Maid, I have been so beaten in the Storm of Life, that tho' I had not arriv'd at such a Pitch of Vertue, as to be Proof against the Blandishments and Pleasures of it, yet my Weakness had made me so weary of the Pains which I endur'd, that I wou'd willingly have parted with Both together; but this last Gleam of Hope, which flatter'd me our Grievs were at an End, I must confess stagger'd my Resolution, and made this fresh Attack much less supportable; but in the Darknes of that Horror there is a friendly Star appears to light and guide my Steps! How can I err when my *Pamela* leads the way! Yet wou'd all bounteous Heaven hear my last Request, she shou'd live to be a Witness how
her

her Example had prevail'd, and live to say her Sister had died worthy herself, and of her Friendship. Talk not of Life, my *Philoclea*, cry'd *Pamela*, on such hard Conditions, as wou'd make it bitterer than the severest Death: No, let Fate approach; undaunted we will meet the Bugbear, and convince the World that Fortitude is not an Attribute confin'd alone to Man: With that she paus'd a little, and fetching a deep Sigh, yet O! said she, in a soft Whisper, there is a Thought that comes across my Resolution, and mocks its Force; when I reflect that *Musidorus* will share all my Agonies, and that my Shepherd's Fate is wove in mine, then I cou'd almost stoop to wish for Life, even on ignoble Terms. This Speech, so answerable to her own Thoughts, made *Philoclea*, sighing, fix her Eyes upon *Zelmane*, who was walking with disturb'd Motion up and down the Chamber, ruminating upon *Anaxius*' Message; for being well acquainted with his Character, he thought it highly probable he wou'd perform it to a Tittle; and therefore musing what Method she cou'd take that wou'd be most likely to prevent it, she continu'd almost silent; their Case, indeed, so full of sad Extremity, admitting of few Words of Comfort, and she was loth to exasperate their Griefs.

Thus tossed with various Agitations, they continued unmolested till *Anaxius* returned; who, without Resistance, had convey'd the mourning Queen, and the dead Body of his Friend, safe within the Verge of her own Territories; for tho' several of *Basilus*' Officers would fain have attempted to destroy *Anaxius*, and so have had at least a Chance for delivering the Princesses, yet *Philanax*, having received his Master's Orders to the contrary, and knowing his Word was given, wou'd not suffer them in the least to be molested; and the Black Knight, whose Wounds did but just then permit him to go abroad, was ignorant of what had passed, and was busied in levying a Force to redeem his Princess from *Amphialus*' Power. But *Anaxius*' arrogant Heart believed it Fear, not Honour, that kept *Basilus* and his Party from attacking him. Thus swell'd with Pride, and flush'd in Cruelty, as soon as he return'd, he called his Brothers, and order'd them to follow him up to the Prisoners Apartment, still determined to destroy at least the Sisters with his own Hand, notwithstanding his Brothers persuaded him, as far as they dared to speak, against such inhumane Cruelty: But when he came into the Room, enflamed and thirsting for Revenge, the first Object that his Eyes encounter'd, was the fair *Pamela*; who, having been informed of his Arrival, and thinking Death inevitable, had work'd her noble Spirit up to meet both him and That with an undaunted Courage, and welcome them with Majesty elate, and unmoved Constancy of Mind. This great Behaviour, so unexpected from a Woman, joined to the Brightness of her Beauties, so struck the Tyrant's Soul, and gave his Pride so great a Shock, that tho' his Anger could not, in such a Moment, transform to Love,

nor

nor his vain Insolence give Place to honourable Thoughts, yet it made him give a little Truce to Both, and pause upon his late cruel Determination.

Which *Zelmane* perceiving, and having before resolv'd how to accost him, she step'd forward, and with a resolute undaunted Air, void either of a too high Disdain or mean Submission, My Lord, said she, if Fame reports you right, and is not over partial in your Favour, you are a Gentleman that can with Justice boast superiour Courage; therefore to that I would appeal: Let your own Vertue judge between us; and, upon due Consideration, say, Whether, even in your own Opinion, Justice obliges you to revenge his Death, who fell a Victim to the Wrath of Heaven, and in so foul a Cause as injured Majesty? Or can that Arm, which has subdued its Thousands in fair and open Battle, descend to play the Executioner, without entirely erasing all its former Deeds, and levelling its Master with the meanest of the People? The Office of a Hangman, tho' in a licens'd Cause, and exercis'd upon the poorest Object, has ever been esteemed a vile one; how much beyond the Power of Words then must it be, to express its Baseness in such a Cause, where Beauty pleads, and Justice bids thee hold? I won't pretend to urge or Wisdom, Reason, Justice or Compassion, to enforce my Arguments, since those are Rules thy haughty Soul, I know, disdains to be attach'd to; but to the Vertue which thou allowest commendable I appeal; let That decide our Controversy; meet me in Arms; the Time, the Place and Weapon I leave to thy own Choice: All that I insist upon is, that these Ladies may have Liberty to be Spectators of the Combat, and he whoever fairly conquers, the other must submit to his Mercy and Discretion.

When *Zelmane* began to speak, her surprising Beauty and graceful Manner enclin'd the Tyrant to give her his Attention: Besides, *Pamela's* Charms had struck him with an Awe unusual, which he ne'er before experienc'd; but when she came to give him so resolute a Defiance, he thought that her Confinement had turn'd her Brain; till finding all her Words join'd with the most strict Coherence, and that, at last, she gave him a downright Challenge, he stood with frowning Brows and gaping Mouth, surveying her from Head to Foot, lost in a Maze of Wonder, that he who ne'er had met with such a bold Defiance from the most undaunted Soldier, shou'd thus be threaten'd by a Woman. When her Speech was ended, he made her no Reply; but turn'd and look'd upon his Brothers, giving a scornful Smile, and lifting up his Eyes, as if amaz'd at her surprising Boldness: Which she perceiving, My Lord, said she, perhaps your haughty Heart disdains to give even a Reply, much more to accept a Challenge from so poor an Adversary, as you, I'm sure, esteem the most courageous of our Sex; but know, that from my Childhood I have been exercis'd in Arms,
and

and often have both encounter'd and overcome much thy Superiors in that noble Science; and so much Honour has snarling Fame allow'd me, as even to set me in Competition with the fam'd *Pyrocles*, who slew thy valiant Uncle the great *Euardes*.

Anaxius, nettled at the Mention of his Uncle's Death, with some Warmth, reply'd, Indeed thou well may'st boast of equal Courage with that Boy, who traiterously slew my unhappy Uncle; and after, like a Dastard, flew my Vengeance in the open Field, and meanly hid himself from my just Wrath, while I pursu'd him all over *Asia*, still tracing him from one Retreat to another, till coming into this Country, where, hearing of my Friend's being besieg'd, I hasted to puff away the Insects that annoy'd him; but tho' that Trifler for a Time may hide his Head, not Earth nor Seas shall keep him long conceal'd, or from the Vengeance of this Arm, which waits to crush the Insolent, and pay him the Reward his Treachery deserves. Now, by the dreadful Thunderer, reply'd *Zelmane*, thou lyest even in thy Throat; that Boy, as thou art pleas'd to term him, has never yet pass'd thro' a Kingdom without performing Actions, which even thy Heart, vain-glorious as it is, durst not imagine, much less put in Practice: But to make thee more willing to undertake that sincere Defiance which I once more give thee, know, that I am of the most near Alliance to that *Pyrocles* which thou thus poorly scandalizes, I being the Child of an *Amazonian* Lady, by his Father, for whom he had the tenderest Regard; and so great is the Affection which we hold for one another, that I am very certain he wou'd not be more shock'd at his own Death than mine; therefore hast thou now a gallant Opportunity of revenging thy Uncle's Death, since if I fall, that Sword which wounds my Heart, can never fail of piercing his; which, if thou durst with Honour to attempt, thy Fame will still remain unfully'd; but if, in spite of all Decrees of Justice, thou like a Coward should'st put to Death these injur'd Princesses, and poorly take the Advantage of my Captivity, without allowing me the Privilege of a fair and open Combat, the World will then see thro' thy boasted Courage, and find thee but a braying Ass that has ungenerously assum'd a Lyon's Skin; nor think, because I am a Woman, your Honour stands excus'd if you refuse me this common Piece of Justice, since, if you'll take the trouble to enquire, you'll find, that I not only have engag'd but overcome experienc'd Soldiers, and such as even you yourself wou'd own worthy your Arms.

But all that she cou'd urge, had no Effect upon *Anaxius*, unless to raise his Contempt to still a higher Pitch; and all the Answer he wou'd give her was, that it wou'd ill become the Terror of the World to fight, much worse to scold with a vain froward Woman; but, continued he, for these two Girls, my Mercy shall preserve them: And as

to you, my Child, said he, going to *Pamela*, and attempting to take her by the Chin, if you have Sense enough to relish Happiness, know you have it now in your Power, not only to live a Princess, but what is greatly more, the Mistress of *Anaxius*, a Title no other Woman cou'd ever boast, and which the envious World — Here *Pamela*, shock'd with his rude Treatment, and much more disgusted at his Fondness than his Threats, thrust him from her; and with a fierce Resentment in her Eyes, that even pierc'd his stubborn Heart, Insolent Wretch, cry'd she, this Farce becomes thy brutal Nature still worse than the consummate Tragedies thou'rt us'd to act: As for my self, I swear now, that each Moment my Life or Death hangs at an equal Poize, had I a Power to turn the Scale, I wou'd, by Heavens, much sooner chuse thee for my Executioner than Husband. This said, she stopp'd, and turn'd away her Angel Face, as she disdain'd to bless him with her Looks; while in his haughty Bosom, Rage Pride and Anger strove to assume their usual Sovereignty, and revenge this bitter Answer, but found themselves repulsed by a new Guest; for wanton *Cupid*, pleas'd with a new Conquest, and more especially, one that had so long defied his Power, had taken Possession, tho' he himself scarce knew who 'twas that put him in so uncommon a Restraint: And being entirely a Stranger to any Gentleness in his Behaviour, and yet finding himself incapable of exerting his former Pride, he hastily retir'd, hoping that in a little time he shou'd compose this Contest in his Breast between Desire and Rage, and left his Brothers to guard the Ladies. The Elder, nam'd *Lycurgus*, pretended Love to *Philoclea*, and *Zoiolus* amus'd himself with complimenting *Zelmane*. *Lycurgus*, more of the Bragard, and nearer his Brother's Humour, began to recommend himself, by boasting of his Nobility of Blood, his glorious Deeds in Arms, how many Women of Birth and Beauty he had despis'd, and suffer'd to pine and languish for him without making the least Return; and consequently, how happy she ought to esteem herself, that had found a Way to move that Heart which never any Woman had before found penetrable: In short, his every Speech was much more adapted to one that was to give extatick Pleasure, rather than sue for it; while *Philoclea* with artful Ignorance evaded all his Court, but acquiescing in the Praises he so liberally bestowed upon himself, and adding one Perfection to the Catalogue, which she hoped to flatter him into a Belief he was possess'd of, and of course he wou'd think it laudable and pursue it, which was that Nicety of Honour that shou'd be paid to Ladies, and which she told him she believ'd him perfectly acquainted with: But this well-laid Flattery had no Effect upon his brutish Nature; and when he cou'd not well answer what she said, he supplied the Place of Words with Blandishments and fond Caresses; which tho' *Philoclea* resisted with the utmost Wrath, yet that he only look'd on as Maiden Bashfulness, and therefore did not then proceed with Violence, because he did not doubt but his superior Merits and

a little Time wou'd bring her to his Lure ; while *Zelmane* observed every Particular of his Behaviour, and plac'd it in her Memory as a Debt due to Revenge, although she had enough Business of her own to defend her self against *Zoiolus'* Rudeness, who being a much less Talker than his Brothers, turn'd his Thoughts entirely to Action, taking unwarrantable Freedoms, and such as *Zelmane* cou'd ill have bore, but that she in herself was conscious she was not much dishonour'd by them. But for that Time they were happily deliver'd from their troublesome Companions by *Anaxius*, who sent for them to give him their Advice, being strangely perplex'd how to behave under this Prepossession, so wholly new to his disdainful Soul ; while *Zelmane*, taking that Opportunity, with steady Judgment, began to search into the Intricacy of their Affairs ; and upon the best Consideration, she, with the utmost Earnestness, press'd it to the Princesses, how absolutely necessary it wou'd be for them to suit themselves so far to their present Fortunes, as they might gain a little Time ; and that indeed they had no other Way to free themselves from lawless Outrage, but by seemingly consenting ; that Time cou'd not bring them to a worse Condition than they then were in, and might possibly relieve them. And why, reply'd *Pamela*, shou'd we longer suffer our selves to be the Sport of Villains, and bandy'd up and down like Tennis-Balls, for injurious Fortune to reek her Malice on ? Even when at home, did not our Parents play the Tyrant over us, and keep us in a base Restraint, little inferior to the meanest Slavery ? Since then we have in every Degree been treated most unworthily, and even by those who were oblig'd by all the Ties of Nature to skreen us from every approaching Injury, I think we shou'd esteem the falling into these Wretches Hands a Happiness, who will at least save us the exasperating Anguish of suffering by our Friends Decrees : But that you, fair *Zelmane*, shou'd share the Infection of our Woes, I own, staggers my best Resolves ; but as to me, and my unhappy Sister, we certainly have nothing left to do but to die nobly, and worthy of our Births, while we have done nor suffer'd any thing that may stain our Memories, and can leave these Bodies pure and unblemish'd from even a Thought of Ill : Hope is a fawning Rebel, that traiterously flatters the Mind into dismissing its most useful Counsellor, Resolution ; and that once done, it then abandons it to its worst Enemy, Despair. What you have urg'd, reply'd *Zelmane*, undoubtedly is just ; but yet shou'd the rankest Traytor offer his Prince wholesome Advice, for his own Sake he shou'd accept it : A noble Mind ought still to struggle with Adversity, while there is any Hope of Conquest : What Help there may be for us in the Womb of Time, as yet we know not ; but put the worst, 'twill then be Time enough to die heroically, when Life can no longer be held but on ignoble Terms. Thus, with unanswerable Arguments, she urg'd them on to put *Anaxius* upon gaining their Father's Approbation, which they knew wou'd take up some
Time

Time in the soliciting; which Stratagem *Pamela* at last agreed to, because she thought it reasonable; and to *Philoclea*, the being *Zelmane's* Proposal, gave it a sufficient Sanction.

This Resolution being formed, the first Time that *Anaxius* renew'd his hateful Suit, *Pamela* told him, that if he could prevail upon her Father to give him his Consent, she should endeavour to make her Inclinations suit her Duty. *Anaxius*, who never doubted of Success in any Thing he undertook, was very well contented with this Answer, being, as he thought, not only assured of *Basilus's* Consent, but earnest Wishes; and in order to make no Delay, he chose out an officious Servant from among his Train, one whom he esteem'd exceeding wise, because he always found him square his Principles to his Opinion, and gave him Commission to go as his Ambassador to *Basilus*, and from him give him to know, That if he meant to have his Daughters safe and happy, and not only that, but to be bless'd in such a Son-in-Law, as either would protect him in his Retirement, or, if he pleas'd, invest him in the Monarchy of the known World, that then he must accept *Anaxius*, who never was before acquainted with Submissions, but us'd to nobly seize whate'er his Inclinations prompted him to have; That if *Basilus* should be so rash as to refuse this Offer, which he might look on as a peculiar Blessing sent him from high Heaven, he then would make him sensible that *Anaxius's* Will was as little to be resisted, and that he would by Force obtain what it would be his greatest Interest to grant.

The Messenger made the utmost Speed, and perform'd his Lord's Command. *Basilus*, by Nature indolent, and his Resolution swallowed up in Superstition, was unwilling to appear again in Arms, wherein he had hitherto been so unsuccessful, altho' *Philanax* urged him to it with the greatest Vehemence, by representing to him, that in still retiring, he would but encourage more and greater Injuries. But all his Arguments were vain; for *Basilus*, toss'd between the Fear of *Anaxius's* Power, the Violence of his Love, and Danger of his Realm, was in such great Perplexity, that, not able to come to any Resolution, he took the Method common to all Mortals, which is, when humane Arts prove vain, to have Recourse to Heaven; therefore detaining the Messenger with feign'd Excuses, he refer'd the Message to *Apollo*; and because at that Time it was utterly inconvenient for himself to go to *Delphos*, he gave Commission to the trusty *Philanax* to go and make Enquiry of the Gods concerning this great Affair. The faithful Counsellor, tho' contrary to his own Opinion, yet thinking Obedience to his Prince an unanswerable Reason, went with the utmost Diligence; and being arriv'd at the sacred Temple, he enter'd into the most secret Part of it; where, having performed with much Indifference, the usual Sacrifices, the Spirit that possess'd the
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phesying Women, full of enthusiastick Fury, stay'd not to wait his Question, but as if it meant to reproach his Incrédulity, told him his Errand e'er he spoke, and that not in the wonted ambiguous Manner, but in plain and open Terms, charging him to go directly back to his Master, and bid him resolutely deny his Daughter to *Anaxius* and his Brothers, and rest assur'd they were reserv'd for more worthy Husbands, belov'd of Men, and favour'd of the Gods; that he might quiet all his Fears, and depend that Heaven wou'd speedily restore his Daughters with Safety and with Honour; that he shou'd still pursue his retir'd Way of Life, till they were both convinc'd that every Title of the former Prophecy was fulfill'd; closing his Speech with commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to offer Tribute, but not Sacrifice, to humane Wisdom.

Philanax, now convinc'd that humane Reason cannot soar a higher Pitch than to submit and acquiesce, without making vain Enquiries into Things beyond its Reach, return'd with Speed unto his Lord; and not asham'd to own an Error, and preferring Truth even beyond his own Opinion, he acknowledg'd all that he had heard, and from that Time never attempted to dissuade him from following the Dictates of the Celestial Oracle, but employ'd his Time in repairing the broken State, torn and mangled by Civil Discord, and fortifying the Lodges, till he had made them almost impregnable to any Force; he left *Basilus* to bewail his Daughters Loss, tho' much more regretting the Absence of *Zelmae*, and gave the Messenger, who attended all the Time, an Answer according as the Oracle directed; but in respectful Terms bid him from him say to his Master, that if he really was possess'd of that Honour he so loudly boasted, he cou'd not prove it more effectually than in delivering the injur'd Ladies, and so make *Amphialus*' Fault redound to his Fame and Glory.

The Messenger return'd with this Reply; but being us'd to gild and varnish over every thing that he imagin'd might give his Master the least Uneasiness, he told him, that when *Basilus* first was made acquainted with the Honour he design'd him, it went so far beyond his most sanguine Hopes, that he thought it wou'd be much too presumptuous for him to determine any thing relating to a Man, in whom the Gods had a peculiar Interest, without first imploring their Opinions; and therefore he had sent his first Minister to learn their Wills from the sacred Oracle of *Delphos*; and altho' they had, as was usual, conceal'd its Answer with the utmost Secrecy, yet his prying Zeal had search'd into the Knowledge of it, and found that it had warn'd *Basilus* not to presume to mix his Blood with one who was already enroll'd among the Demi-Gods, but much less attempt by Force to take his Daughters out of his Power.

Anaxius, who till that Hour had look'd on Fortune as his Creator, and Power his God, now began to own another Deity, since, as he thought, it had so rightly judged his Merits; but however, determining not to be stop'd in his Career of Pleasure, no more than that of Glory, he call'd his Brothers to him, and told them, that tho' they had vainly wasted the Time, that the Messenger waited *Basilus'* Reply, in trifling Courtships to those squeamish Girls, yet now he was determin'd to take a Soldier's Method, and give them the Excuse of Force to gratify all their Desires: But while he was thus talking with his Brothers, one of the Centinels came to give him Notice, that from the Tower they had descry'd several Companies of armed Men in hasty March towards the Town; upon which, he gave present Orders for all his Officers to guard the Gates and Walls, leaving none within the City but himself and Brothers, whose Thoughts were so intent on their promis'd Pleasure, that not even *Mars'* shrillest Trumpet wou'd at that Time have had Power to call them to the Field.

But while *Anaxius* was giving proper Orders, hoping to secure himself at least one Day of Love and undisturb'd Repose, his Brother *Zoiolus*, proud of the Commission, went, with joyful Steps, to tell the Ladies, that the Messenger had brought Answer from their Father, that they might behave to them in the Manner they best approv'd, for that he entirely resign'd them to their Power; and therefore, continu'd he, I am now come to let you know, that we are all three of us determin'd to be no longer fool'd with airy Words and empty Promises, but give you this last Notice, that you may immediately determine which is most eligible, to be compell'd by Force to meet your Wishes, or else to gently yield to what I'm well assur'd your own Desires must lead you. *Pamela*, with undaunted Resolution, reply'd, That in an Affair of such exceeding Moment, on which the Happiness or Misery of her future Life depended, and in which she had still resolv'd to follow her Parents Will, she thought it but reasonable that she shou'd either have their Determination by Way of Letter under their Hand, or else by a particular Message be assur'd that it was really their Command, and not be oblig'd to take it upon Trust, and the Report of a partial Messenger. As to that Matter, reply'd the Villain, I shall not talk with you upon it, but leave my Brothers, who will be here immediately, to plead their Cause, while I pursue my own Affairs. With that he march'd towards *Zelmane*, strutting and holding up his Head, as if he would lead up a Jigg; and taking her by the Hand, My Darling Dear, said he, now let thy Heart rejoice, and thy fair Eyes double their Lustre, for this happy Day shall see thee bless'd in *Zoiolus'* Embraces; *Zoiolus*, whom innumerable Women have desir'd with the eagerest Wishes; but know, my Girl, that Happiness was reserv'd alone for thee! O how it joys my
Heart

Heart to think upon the glorious Progeny that will attend our Loves! The World, by Heavens! the World will be too narrow to contain them! With that, in a rude Rapture, he was going to embrace her, and throwing his rough Arm around her Neck, she gently put it by; and drawing her self a little back, My Lord, said she, I'm very sorry to interrupt your Hopes; but, that you never may have Reason to charge me with Deceit, I must inform you, that formerly my Curiosity prompted me to have my Nativity calculated, which was done by an ancient Man, whose Skill in the Occult Sciences never was known to fail, and was by him assur'd, that I shall never answer to the Name of Mother; but if your Love is strong enough to pass that great Objection, I have one Thing to request, which is, that you wou'd suffer me to fulfil a Vow I made in my own Nation of the famous *Amazons*, that I wou'd never marry any one who had not Power to withstand me in single Combat: Now tho' I am not in the least diffident of your well-known Valour, yet before I join my Faith with yours, I must entreat you to let me have all necessary Arms, and that, at least, you wou'd give me the Satisfaction of making an Attempt to fight with you, that I mayn't have the Sin of Perjury lie upon my Conscience, and sully our future Joys. At this Proposal, *Zoiolus*, with a noisy Laugh, offer'd to take her in his Arms, telling her, that since she had a Mind to try his Manhood, he wou'd give her immediate Proof that it might be depended on; and, without any Respect to the Presence of the other Ladies, he began to struggle with her in the rudest Manner.

But then *Zelmane*, who only had, when Occasion offer'd, disguis'd *Pyrocles*, not put him off, work'd up by Anger and Disdain, assum'd the Man again; and being much stronger as well as nimbler than her rude Antagonist, she in a Moment trip'd his Feet, and laid him sprawling at her own; and resolving to pursue her Victory, she pull'd out his own Sword; but before she could have Time to strike him, he got up again, and with the Wings of Fear flew towards his Brother's Chamber; but she follow'd him so close, that just as he was ready to throw himself into their Arms, and as he thought sure of Protection, she hit him so desperate a Blow upon the Waste, as almost sever'd his Body, and sent his Soul to *Proserpine* for Punishment, whose Vengeance was never yet escaped by Ravishers. *Anaxius* being so unexpectedly a Witness of his Brother's Overthrow, and in that, as he thought, degenerate Manner, was much more oppress'd with Rage than Grief; and looking at *Licurgus* with an Eye of Terror, Brother, said he, do you chastise this insolent vile Woman, while I go down and see no farther Mischief happen by her Treachery; and then, with hasty Steps, he went directly to the Ladies, fearing there might be farther Contrivances than he as yet was made acquainted with; but finding them in the old Situation, and strong in nought but Patience, he

he went and secured a great Iron Gate, which was the only Passage that led to that Part of the Castle, not that he was in much Apprehension of any farther Violence, but that his Brother's Shame, in falling by a Woman's Hand, might be conceal'd, and then returned to glut his Eyes with the Revenge which he assured himself his Brother had by that Time taken of *Zelmane*; but to his great Confusion, when he approach'd the Door, he saw his Brother lying at her Mercy; and notwithstanding his Prayers and Threats, both which he sent before him in Hopes to save his Life, soon as his Footsteps reach'd the Room, his Ears were wounded with his dying Groan. This unlook'd-for Accident of his Brother's Death, so sudden and so shocking, would have commanded Tears even from his flinty Temper, but that his burning Rage still dry'd them up, but in his Heart blaspheming Heaven, that it could have a Power to inflict such Contumely upon his Family, almost as much ashamed of attempting Victory over a Female Adversary, as of his Brother's being overcome by her; but yet determin'd to revenge their Deaths at any Rate, he flew with eager Haste towards her, who was ready upon her Guard to receive his Fury, and tho' guided by Rage, yet he press'd not on but with the utmost Conduct; and being not only of an uncommon Size, but his Courage as superior as his Stature, *Zelmane*, in all the Battles she had ever fought, had never more Occasion for steady Courage and fortifying Conduct. Long the Contention lasted, while neither could with Justice say he had the Advantage; till all faint and breathless with the violent Exercise, and eager Thirst of Vengeance, they were constrain'd, before their ebbing Blood requir'd a Respite, to allow each other a little Space, that with recovering Breath they might renew the Fight, and try whose Genius was most powerful.

In this Interim, while they retir'd a little Distance from each other, *Anaxius* leaning upon his Sword, settled a grim and surly Look upon *Zelmane*; which she observing, Well, said she, *Anaxius*, what is it that with thoughtful Brow you muse so seriously upon? Does the fatal End of thy unhappy Brothers make thee with Remorse reflect upon thy own past Crimes; or does the Apprehension of thy coming Punishment employ thy Thoughts? Neither, reply'd he, sternly; but I'm considering what spiteful God, jealous of my more than mortal Glories, for no humane Creature cou'd have so great a Power, has brought me to this dishonourable Strait, that neither thy Death can glut my Vengeance, nor thy Destruction be esteem'd a Victory. You judge exceeding justly, reply'd *Zelmane*, in thinking that the Gods have interfer'd; for, be assur'd, they take this Way to make thy Pride receive the greatest Wound it can sustain, and punish thy vain Arrogance in making that weak Sex the Instrument of thy Destruction, which thou hast always so ungenerously contemn'd.

Anaxius

Anaxius made her no Reply to this Reproach; disdaining Words where he thought himself secure of Actions, he fell afresh to Blows; *Zelmane* was not behind hand with him, and the Fight renew'd was far more terrible than when they first engaged; their Courage and their Fury both, if possible, encreas'd, and the Desire each of them had to prove themselves superior, made them both exert their utmost Courage to such a high Degree, that for a Length of Time almost incredible, neither could boast the least Advantage: At last, *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* within his Reach, he summon'd all his Strength, and aim'd to strike her Head; but she dexterously beating back his Weapon, and coming in with her left Foot and Hand, wou'd have cut a Passage thro' his Side sufficient to have let out Life, but that he meanly leap'd away; a Thing he ne'er in his whole active Life before had been reduc'd to —

I don't know whether it will be expected of me to supply the Gap that was by the accidental Loss of several loose Sheets here left in this Story; but be that as it may, I must beg to be excus'd; Sir Philip Sidney's Invention may be imitated, but scarce equall'd, or at least I own my self incapable of so great a Task: I shall therefore leave my Readers to raise the Structure of a Supplement in their own Imaginations, and give them an Opportunity of trying the Strength of their Fancies, as also the Pleasure of adding something to Sir Philip Sidney, and, without farther Digression, proceed to the Sequel of the Story, as it is reassum'd from his own Writings.

When *Basilus*, answerable to the Oracle's Determination, was once more in the peaceable Possession of his little Family, and settled in his beloved Retirement, there pass'd not many Days e'er the happy *Dorus*, who now was re-instated in *Pamela's* Favour, watch'd an Opportunity of following *Zelmane*, when she was retir'd to steal an Hour's Contemplation in her little Arbour; and overtaking her e'er she reach'd the Bower, they sat down together upon a Bed of Flowers, which grew under the refreshing Shade of a broad-leav'd Scycamore, which shelter'd them from the too powerful Rays of the Sun's then extremest Heat; and with a Pleasure unknown to any not experienc'd in the solid Joys that Friendship only yields, began to give each other a particular Account of all the various Mazes which their Passion had provided for them, and oblig'd them to pursue, not omitting the minutest Circumstance; for in Friendship nothing that concerns each other can be esteem'd a Trifle; 'tis alone in a Friend's Bosom that the over-burthen'd Soul may safely give a Vent to either its Cares or Joys; there, secure from Envy or Contempt, it may reveal its good or evil Fortune; and as the one is lessen'd by a Partner, the other is reflected back with double Satisfaction. But even this

Happiness *Dorus* was far from the Enjoyment of without Allay; the Perturbation of his Mind wou'd scarcely suffer him, secure as he was of *Pyrocles*'s Tenderness, to let him into the Knowledge of that Determination, which lay alone in him to cancel or confirm. At length, after a thousand Hesitations, he work'd his Spirits up to tell him, that the generous *Pamela* had consented, if he cou'd find a Way to carry her safely off, to fly with him into *Theffalia*; for that, besides the strange unreasonable Temper of her Father, which hourly encreas'd, that hateful Way of Life, and that hard Restraining she was laid under, without the least Foundation for it but visionary Whims and false-grounded Jealousies, the late apparent Danger she had been in of being for ever separated from him, and the great Probability there was, that if they continu'd that Way of Life, she might again be brought into the same Anxiety, which she protested she had rather undergo a thousand Deaths than suffer, had confirm'd her in it; that having come to this Determination, they wanted but a lucky Opportunity to escape the Watchfulness of their loathed Guardians, whom Age and Envy had made too suspicious to be easily deceiv'd. And now, my dearest *Pyrocles*, continu'd he, whom Nature, Gratitude and Inclination give me the Privilege to call a Friend, I have given you the highest Proof that I am capable of doing, how dear I hold that sacred Name, by trusting a Secret to your Knowledge, which, by the eternal Powers, is dearer to me than my Soul. I need not ask you to judge favourably of my Love; I know you are too well acquainted with his irresistible Sway, to be severe in any Action which his Tyranny imposes: Yet tho' I cou'd with Joy perform whatever he enjoins; yet, O my *Pyrocles*, without an Oath you may believe me, not all the Joys his Godhead has a Power of bestowing, can make me truly bless'd without thy aiding Presence: Not greater Pangs the Soul and Body feel in separating, than will rend my Bosom at the cruel Hour of Parting; I know it will, and yet this Phrenzy of my Soul has taken such a solid Root, and my enchanted Sense so tyrannizes over its Master, that I no longer have a Power to check its Force; yet, *Pyrocles*, tho' the whole Faculties of my Love-sick Soul have been employ'd in finding Means to bear me from thee, with Grief and Shame I own it; but Tyrant Love, whose Influence thou art no Stranger to, will have it so; yet still, I say, if thou commandest me Stay, 'tis possible, tho' I have lost all Power o'er my self, this soft enchanting Witchcraft may fly the Injunctions of severer Friendship: But if you can submit to bear my Absence for a little Space, upon the Consideration that now I'm with you, it is impossible for me to be of Use to you, or to my self; and by the Separation of the Lodges, we rarely, very rarely, can have even the Pleasure of each other's Company; and by my Absence you may, and certainly will find another Self soliciting your Cause, and raising such an Army as shall oblige

lige *Basilus*, spight of himself, to yield his Daughter to your fond Embrace ; then *Pyrocles*, I shall with Pleasure, go about this long-wish'd Enterprize, nay, think it half atchiev'd, if it shall meet the lucky Omen of your Approbation. This long Harangue so broken and disjointed, was very distant from the wonted flowing Eloquence, that always us'd to attend the Words of *Musidorus*, besides heart-rending Sighs, and varying Looks, most plainly spoke him truly sensible how great a Breach it was in Friendship, to suffer any other Object to interfere, and like a Cloud before the Sun, eclipse its Lustre ; while poor *Zelmane*, who with the utmost Pleasure had listen'd to her Friend's Success in every other Part, was yet dissolved in Trouble and Amazement, when this last Project struck her attentive Ears ; her Mind made tender by complicated Woes, straight represented to her boding Fancy, the Images of her own hapless Fortune, the Impatience of her burning Love, the Thorns of sharp Despair, which hourly sprung up and choak'd the Prospect of any coming Harvest, the loathsome Fondness of *Basilus*, and the more dreaded raging Jealousy of *Gynecia*, herself a wandring Prince, without assisting Servants, liable to all the Inconveniencies of a weak Woman, offended hourly with hateful Declarations of offensive Love, and labouring under the most dangerous and inconvenient Passion ; and to compleat these complicated Ills, her Friend, in whom she placed her only Hopes, was going to abandon her, and leave her alone, to stem the Overflowings of capricious Fortune : These melancholy Thoughts revolving in her anxious Mind, kept her for some time silent ; but soon her Resolution got the better of these Objections, and preferring her Friend's eternal Happiness before her own immediate Pleasure, with an affectionate, but steady Look, she gave him this Reply ; If, *Musidorus*, the Source of that eternal Friendship which I have vow'd to you, and ever will maintain inviolable, though at the Expence of more than Life, were grounded on a selfish Principle, or that the Joy of having such a Friend were my chief Motive in it, I now shou'd be so sensible of my own Sufferings in this Separation, that I should charge you with the utmost Cruelty, in robbing me of my greatest Comfort, which you will certainly bear away with you ; but as I not esteem you for my own sake a thousandth Part so much as for your self I value you, believe me, I shall in every thing prefer your Satisfaction to my own, and think my self well paid for all the Pangs of parting, if by it you shall purchase Happiness ; only leave with me a sincere Assurance that I still am dear to thee, and I shall live at Peace, be well and easie ; go on then, *Musidorus*, pursue the Path that leads to so much promis'd Bliss ; as Virtue is thy Guide, may prosperous Fortune lead up the Rear ; may thy Love be paid with Transports, answerable to thy keenest Expectations ; for me, this be assur'd, not Absence shall have Power to remove thee from my Sight ; no, mine Eyes shall still behold thee, spight of intervening Nations ; not even the heaviest Curses pour'd on this devoted Head,

Head, shall hinder me from sharing in thy Joys ; nor shall this Prepossession, which has seiz'd my Heart, with all its Power, have force to drive thee from its innermost Recesses ; no, there thou shalt ever sit triumphant, spight of this Devil, or this Deity, I know not which to call him, that has with irresistible Force defac'd all other Images. While he was speaking, *Dorus* was summoning his utmost Resolution, that he might make him a Reply suitable to his uncommon Merit, and his own Gratitude ; but the Grief of parting from him, the anxious Care he suffer'd for the dangerous Estate he unavoidably must leave him in, rais'd such a Conflict in his Soul, that a thousand times he wish'd, that he had never form'd the Resolution of leaving him, or saved himself the Pain of telling the unwelcome Message : But *Zelmane*, who had by this time survey'd the utmost of his Purpose, and found those Bugbears vanish upon a nearer View, that at first sight crouded before his affrighted Imagination, sav'd him the Trouble of an Answer ; and thus reassum'd what he had before been saying ; Since, my dearest *Musidorus*, your better Stars, have so far favour'd your generous Love, as to put you in this Way to Happiness, let not, I conjure you, a false Ceremony, which Friendship ever ought to shun, deter you from pursuing it : I won't deny but that your Presence gives me an Infinity of Pleasure ; but, be assur'd, the Knowledge of your Happiness wou'd give me a double Joy ; that Friendship, which selfishly prefers a present Pleasure before a Friend's eternal Happiness, believe me, borders so near on Hatred, that 'tis scarcely just to allow it any other Name ; for my Part, be assur'd, the greatest Grief that I shall feel in this Affair, is, that I want the Power to be of Use in it. O *Pyrocles*, cry'd *Dorus*, with Eyes swimming in Tears of fond Affection, I did not think I cou'd so soon have work'd up my boding Heart to have disclos'd this mighty Secret to thee, but intended first to form and mould thy Judgment into proposing it thy self ; but thy unartful Friendship drew me in, e'er I was sensible, at once to let thee into all my Counsel, and now thy generous Disposition confirms me in what I basely dreaded thou should'st be made acquainted with ; but, be assur'd, my Gratitude shall never sleep ; in Absence That shall be employ'd in Cares for thee, which while I here remain, can only bear the Name of fruitless Wishes ; but then they shall be turn'd to Action, and give my *Pyrocles*, by stronger Proofs than Words, a sincere Assurance, that *Musidorus* can be happy but by halves till he sees *Pyrocles* equally blest'd.

Thus, in mutual Declarations of the sincerest Friendship that ever warm'd two generous Hearts, they spent the winged Hours, nor wou'd have known to speak the dreaded Word, Farewell ; had not *Zelmane*, at some little Distance, 'spyed *Basilus* approaching them with all the Haste his feeble Legs wou'd suffer him ; for having offer'd

fer'd a Sacrifice in Gratitude to *Apollo* for his Daughters, but principally for his Mistress's happy Return, had since been every where in Search of her; and seeing her at some Distance, he began to stroak his Beard, and form the most inviting Countenance that he was able: Alas, my *Musidorus*, cry'd *Zelmane*, look yonder is the croaking Raven that bodes our cruel Separation; farewell, thou best of Friends, and most valuable Man among the Sons of humane Race; may the Gods constrain the Tyrant Fortune to wait upon thy Virtues, and enable me to wade thro' this huge Sea of Intricacies that surround me. *Dorus* bursting out into a Flood of Tears, and wringing her Hand in his; No, no, *Zelmane*, cry'd he, my boding Heart informs me, that this Separation will end in nought but Ruin to us both; but I am enter'd, and this assure thy self, that if I live, you very shortly shall see me at an Army's Head. Thus said, the Time's Necessity admitting of no farther Conference, they parted, *Dorus* towards the Lodge, where he hop'd to relieve the Torture of this Separation with the Sight of the dear Authoress of it; while *Zelmane* compos'd her self, as much as she was able, to meet *Basilus*; who coming up to her in the most submissive Manner, Thou Goddess of my Soul, cry'd he, to whom Heaven knows my most fervent Prayers are all directed, let not my Charmer be displeas'd at that Shadow of Devotion I have been making to *Apollo*, since he can Witness for me, that in my Soul I pay you far greater Homage. You still, I find, will be deceiv'd in me, reply'd *Zelmane*; I ne'er yet pretended to set my self in Competition with *Apollo*; nor, be assur'd, can I esteem my self exalted by Blasphemies to him. Upon that *Basilus*, to stop the Fury of her Reproaches, which were to him by far more terrible than Claps of sudden Thunder, took a Paper out of his Bosom, and kneeling down, presented it unto her; Here, Madam, cry'd he, is the Produce of those unhappy Hours I spent in Absence from you; this Hymn, which, with awful Zeal, I at first intended to dedicate to *Apollo*, spite of my self, ended to you; read there the Overflowings of the most tender Heart that ever felt the Power of Love. *Zelmane* took the Paper, and perusing it, wou'd have only answer'd with a disdainful Look, but that *Basilus* began to renew his Prayers and his Entreaties in the most earnest Manner, and in the Conclusion hinted, that possibly that obscure Way of Life might be the Bar to his desir'd Happiness; and therefore he was determin'd, since the evil Influence was past, the Dread of which at first oblig'd him to it, and that the late Trouble had by dear Experience taught him the Danger of trusting to so weak a Guard, to return to his Palace in *Mantina*; and there he told her he should have a thousand Opportunities to convince her how much his Crown, himself and Kingdom were at her Disposition. This last Proposal alarm'd *Zelmane* indeed; for tho' in that Retirement where she pass'd the Observation of but a very few, she found it tolerably easy to conceal her Sex; yet amongst the Numbers

that surround a Court, she knew how difficult it would be still to carry on the Counterfeit without Discovery; and therefore she determin'd to dissuade him from leaving that happy Solitude, which only cou'd befriend her Purposes, and give her Opportunity to work her self out of the Maze of Troubles that surrounded her.

And therefore looking at him, with Eyes more dress'd in Kindness than was usual; My Lord, says she, you can't be now to learn that coming Years dilate and cool the Blood, and make the Mind more apt to engender Apprehensions and false Alarms, than lustier Youth is subject to; but yet I thought you'd been enough acquainted with Woman-kind, to know that our Caprices are not soon to be surmounted; we often wait the Excuse of a long and powerful Battery to justify our yielding: But don't mistake me, I speak not this with an Intent to give you Hopes I never mean to gratify; but this, assure you self, I am not among the Number of those vain Ones, that can be taken with the Lustre of a Court: No, believe me, Sir, this Solitude to me has greater Charms than the most elegant Diversions a Court can yield; nor think I shall esteem you more for flying thither for Protection, when I am sensible that Fear alone cou'd drive you from this once lov'd Retreat. O *Hercules*, reply'd *Basilus*, how can you charge me so unjustly? Was *Basilus* ever known to fear; or can his Blood deserve the Epithet of Cold, that boils within his Veins, like the eagerest Furnace? O! no, believe me, fair *Zelmane*, while I enjoy your Presence, I hope nor wish no other Guard; nor can any Change of Place relieve my anxious Mind, but as you bless it with your Smiles; arm'd with those Arrows, I cou'd stand ten thousand Dangers; for be assur'd, the Love that you inspire must be invincible; nor is my Age less vigorous than boiling Youth. *Zelmane*, believing that she had given him Hopes enough to keep him from on a sudden trying new Experiments, took that Opportunity to relieve her self from his troublesome Company; and making him a very civil Bow, she told him, she wou'd leave him to contemplate upon the Favour she had shew'd him. The timorous Lover durst not press her stay; and beside the Gleam of Hope that she had darted on him, was at that time sufficient to enlighten all his Mind, and put him into Contemplations equally agreeable with her Presence. *Zelmane*, as soon as she had left him, went directly towards *Pamela's* Lodge, in hopes of meeting *Dorus*, and having the painful Pleasure of another Farewel; as also to advise a little with him in her own Affairs, which the Concern she before was in made her neglect: But just before she reach'd the Lodge, she cast her Eyes upon a Hollow, which seem'd the Mouth of a large Cave; her Curiosity led her to take a nearer View of it; and stooping down, she enter'd, and found it was indeed a Cave; and though the entire Work of Nature, such a one as might defie the utmost Power of Art to equal; the vaulted Roof was beautified with natural Marble, the Ground was pav'd with a shining

shining Mineral, that glanc'd like Glitt'ring Spangles, a little Rivulet run murmuring through the middle of it; and in short, the whole Situation seem'd fram'd to make a Temple for the God of Melancholy. This drew *Zelmane* again into contemplating her hapless State; and sitting down within the Entry of this Place, so fram'd to flatter Melancholy, and sooth Despair, she gave a loose to all those agonizing Passions, which she so seldom had an Opportunity of venting; when in the midst of her Complaints, she was interrupted by a soft murmuring Voice, which seem'd as it proceeded from the Hollow of the Cave, and which was wholly taken up with uttering the most deep Complaints against injurious Fortune, and lamenting the dire Effect of disappointed Love. O Heavens! cry'd *Zelmane*, in an Extasie of Passion, who can this be who knows so well to give the Portraiture of my unequall'd Miseries? Perhaps it is that Guardian Spirit, to whose Care I am assign'd, which takes a Pleasure in repeating the Sorrows of its unhappy Charge; I think it must be so, for surely there is so great a Charge of Woe heap'd on my Head, *Jove* has not left sufficient, in his Store of Ills, to inflict an equal Quantity upon another Wretch; but whosoever thou art, continued she, thy Words assure me that thou art a fit Companion for my Sorrows, and therefore I will seek thee out: With that she rose and follow'd the Direction of the Voice; 'till coming to the middle of the Cave, she saw upon a Stone that was rais'd a considerable height beyond the Ground, a little Wax-light burning, and by it a Paper with some Words that seem'd newly written; she had not read above a Line, e'er she heard a Rustling; and lifting up her Eyes, she saw lying prostrate upon the Ground, a little Distance from the Stone, a Lady with her Face so near the Earth, that there was no Possibility of seeing, or being seen by her; but as Curiosity is very prevalent, and Sorrow ever covetous of a Companion, *Zelmane* softly advanced, 'till she came close to her, and then distinctly heard her pronounce this sad Soliloquy: O awful Darkness, how aptly dost thou represent that more than hellish One that reigns within my Bosom! O may the terrible Similitude incline you to receive, and to conceal the deep Complaining of the most consummate Wretch that ever was the Sport of cruel Fortune! How is my overburthen'd Soul oppress'd with Guilt, Despair, and Rage! Ten thousand Agonies surround me, nor have I in the World a Friend to whom I dare entrust the fatal Secret, which, pent within my tortur'd Bosom, tears it with convulsive Agonies, too great for humane Nature to support! O Reason, Reason, thou boasted Privilege of Human-Kind, why art thou falsely term'd a Blessing, since all thy Business is but to make us sensible of Wrongs, which, potent as thou art, is far beyond thy Power to remedy! O that I cou'd at once entirely fling off thy Government, and own no other Influence, but that of dear destructive blissful Vice! But 'two' not be, even that ruinous Pleasure is deny'd me; intruding Honour, like a glaring Spectre, stands before my Sight, and bars my Way to perfect Infamy,

Infamy, tho' it is far from being powerful enough to attract me to its peaceful Paths. Where, O where, thou Phantom Virtue, hast thou hid thy self? for other Name I never can allow thee, since, when in full Possession of my Breast, at the Approach of solid strong Desire, thou in an Instant vanishedst, and gave thy Votary up a Prey to lawless Love, and burning Passion? To whom then now must I address my self, since Virtue is no more my Deity; and the offended Gods must sure be deaf to all my impious Prayers, or turn them into Curses? Come then, ye Infernal Furies, come and aid my Purposes; to you I dedicate my self, since you alone are capable of furthering my Wishes; nor fear to make me too compleatly happy, since the Scourges of a guilty Conscience, with smarting Pains, hourly torment me; yet, curs'd as thou art, *Gynecia*, thy Woes might yet meet an Alleviation, wou'd the dear Author of them incline his harden'd Heart to shew a little Pity to those Sufferings, which only he cou'd ever have occasion'd. *Zelma* no sooner heard that fatal Name, but stepping back, a shivering Coldness seiz'd her; her Bosom glow'd with direful Apprehensions, as if her erring Feet had just been ready to encounter a deadly Adder: the Perturbation of her Mind made her incapable of going back with that Gentleness that she advanc'd; and in her Haste she made so great a Noise, as rouz'd *Gynecia*, who with a Lover's Eye, soon pierc'd into the Knowledge of who she was; and seeing by her Manner that she was about to leave her, she hastily rose up, and flinging her self upon her Knees, she seiz'd her Garment, and in the utmost Agony of Passion, O whither, cry'd she, whither dost thou fly, inhumane Creature! Whom wou'd'st thou shun, or how has the unfortunate *Gynecia* deserv'd this Usage from thee! The most savage Brute may be reduc'd by partial Kindness and generous Usage into gentle Fondness: O think not that Ingratitude or Cruelty becomes a noble Mind; do but consider and weigh the wondrous Effects my too destructive Love of thee has caus'd! Behold, a Queen puts off her Royalty, and what is more, that bashful Shyness by which our Sex is most distinguish'd, and throws her self a Suppliant at thy Feet! Shou'd such a Suiter be deny'd? O, no! mine are no common Sufferings: With Pity then behold them; and yet, e'er 'tis too late, save me from Death, Despair, and everlasting Ruin.

Zelma was in the utmost Consternation how to behave in this Perplexity; but composing her Looks the best that she was able, Madam, said she, were your Desires of such a Nature as admitted a Possibility of being gratified, I soon shou'd be determin'd how to answer; but, where there is an absolute Bar in Nature, it much surprizes me your Wisdom shou'd in the least give Way to such a monstrous Passion. Be dumb, for ever dumb, reply'd *Gynecia*, in the utmost Rage, rather than thus with scornful Irony offend my Ears; nor think thou could'st thus grossly impose upon my Understanding, tho'

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penetrating Love had never found a Place in this unhappy Breast; but since I'm thus despis'd, and flung from thy Embraces, as I were Poyson to thy Touch, be well assur'd I will not fall alone; the wretched Authors of my Destruction shall share my Fate; thy Courage must needs be infinite, that can undaunted stand the Rage of disappointed Love in Woman's irritated Breast: But know, to thy Confusion, know, it is not thou alone can'st satiate my Revenge; that Girl, that Idol of thy Soul, for whom I am despis'd, scorn'd, and abus'd, shall feel the Weight of my avenging Wrath, and perish in the Flame her self has kindled. Here faint and breathless, with raging Agonies, she paused; while poor *Zelmane*, who long had fear'd the Falling of this Storm, knew not what Part to take: To urge her Rage, she too plainly saw cou'd end in nothing but Destruction to them all; and to comply with her Desires, was what her generous Love for *Philoclea* represented worse than ten thousand Deaths; and yet she plainly found there was a sad Necessity for her to come to some Determination, since *Gynecia's* raging Passion wou'd bear no longer trifling; and if she once shou'd be enough exasperated to discover her to old *Basilus*, her Hopes wou'd, in one fatal Moment, all be blasted. These Reasons prompted her at last to form a Resolution of soothing *Gynecia's* Passion, till she cou'd find some Way to extricate her self out of these surrounding Evils, and which she had great Hopes *Dorus'* Flight wou'd help her to accomplish.

He, on his Part, while *Zelmane* was in this sad Perplexity, was far from being easy; he could not help suspecting, that what he was going to transact, was against the Rules of Friendship; tho' that generous Tie is in itself far from restraining the Happiness, in any Point, of its chosen Object: But however, as he now was enter'd, his chief Care was, how to carry on his Point without Discovery; and for that Purpose, he easily obtain'd Leave of *Dametas* (who now esteem'd him as his Son in Law, and therefore gave him a far greater Liberty than usual) to be absent for a Day or two; which Time he spent in roaming round the Desert to find out some unfrequented Path, which led to the next Sea-port; which having luckily hit upon, and hir'd a Bark, ordering it to be in Readiness at a Minute's Warning, he return'd towards Home. And now his only Task was to deceive the more than *Argos'* Eyes that guarded the Treasure of his Soul; but long it was not e'er his fruitful Brain found out a Stratagem to rid himself of every Incumbrance, which the intimate Acquaintance he had with all their Humours furnish'd him with: *Dametas*, he well knew, by Nature covetous, and by Age confirm'd in that insatiate Vice, would best be tempted by a Golden Bait; the shrewish Temper that *Miso* was ever inclin'd to, he thought wou'd soonest be agitated with groundless Jealousy; and *Mopsa* he was pretty sure of well securing, cou'd he find out a Way to employ her Curiosity: In order therefore

to compass this grand Design, the first Step he took was to employ a Day in digging and opening the Ground under an ancient Oak, that grew about ten Miles beyond the Lodge, a quite different Way from that which he design'd to take; he came back to his Master, and with a Countenance between Surprize and Joy, he took him by the Hand, and drawing him aside, Master, said he, I know the Gods wou'd never have possess'd me with that ardent Inclination to become your Servant, without designing me a Power of gratifying that Thirst I have to be of Use to you, and now, believe me, I have it in my Power to make your Fortune answer your Deserts, great as they are; another Servant wou'd have turn'd the Use of all that shining Treasure to himself, but as I e'er long hope to prove a nearer Title to your Favour, I judge your Interest much dearer to me than my own. *Dametas* all this Time stood with the utmost Impatience, while *Dorus* let him play upon the Hook, that he might be the eagerer for the Discovery; at last, he brought him to the Point, and told him, that digging by Accident under an ancient Oak, and giving him sufficient Marks to find the Place, he had in a very little Depth discover'd lying a considerable Number of valuable Medals; and further in the Ground a huge great Stone, which, by the hollow Sound it gave, seem'd to be the Cover of a Vault; and upon the Stone there lay a Cypress Box, with the Name of the valiant *Aristomenes* engrav'd upon it; that opening the Box, he found some Verses in it, which gave him to understand, that some Depth under that Place all his Wealth lay bury'd; that he conceal'd it there in the Time that *Arcadia* was over-run with Civil Discords, which oblig'd him to retire there to keep himself and Wealth in Safety: To prove what he had spoke, he pull'd some Golden Medals, which he had long carry'd about him, out of his Pocket, and giving them to *Dametas*, ask'd him, since it was a Thing that requir'd the utmost Secrecy, and what in twenty Hours might easily be perform'd, whether he would have him go and fathom to the Bottom of it, which he had forbore to do till he had received his Orders, assuring him that he would bring him all he found; or whether he would go himself, and make his own Eyes the first Witness of this glorious Sight? 'Tis very easy to imagine which Side *Dametas* wou'd pitch upon, who had already in his gormandising Fancy devour'd all this Mass of Riches, and even now began to grudge a Partner, e'er he was in Possession of his own Share; and therefore chusing out one of his strongest Horses, and loading it with Spades and Mattocks, intending to leave them behind, and bring the Beast home laden in another Manner, he took the nearest Way, as *Dorus* had directed him, saying not one Word to any Body whither he was going, only leaving a strict Charge with *Dorus* to have a careful Watch over *Pamela*, promising him Mountains for this Discovery, tho' those Promises were all he ever meant to give him: But e'er he was gone half a Mile towards this promis'd Treasure, which his Impatience thought a
hundred

hundred times as far, *Dorus* went back to *Miso*, whom he found sitting with her Elbows upon her Knees in the Chimney-Corner, muttering to her self in such a Manner, as plainly show'd she was in a fit Humour to receive the Falsity he had prepared for her; therefore advancing, and placing himself full before her, with a smiling Countenance, as seem'd between Pity and Contempt, he stood casting up his Eyes without speaking one single Word. The least Appearance of Ease or Cheerfulness in others, never fail'd to rouse the Envy in her Breast; and therefore looking at him with a sour Countenance, Now the Devil, said she, destroy these grinning Villains; because, Forsooth, I'm not so young and fair as Mrs. *Mopsa*, I must be made Game on by every saucy Jackanapes. This Notice was what *Dorus* wanted; and therefore coming a little nearer her, In good Faith, Mistress, said he, you do me wrong; it was not you that rais'd my Mirth, but those you little dream on; not but I must say, continued he, it is high time you were dispos'd out of the way, since there wants not those who can possess your Place, even while you are with us. *Miso*, who never was in want of Malice sufficient, on the least Intimation, to make her suspect the utmost Evil, to satisfy her new-raisd Suspicions, forc'd her self to put on a seeming Mildness, to wheedle *Dorus* out of all he knew, and in a gentle Manner desir'd him to tell her what he meant; for, said she, I too well know how likely I am to be abus'd by that Churl, my Husband. *Dorus*, having rais'd her Curiosity to that Pitch, went a little off from the Subject, to make her still more eager; 'till finding her in a fit Temper to believe all he cou'd say, putting on a formal Look, and laying his Hand upon his Heart, as if his Conscience was concern'd in the Discovery, Mistress, said he, I call the Heavens to Witness that my Inclinations have always led me to be strictly honest; but in some Cases 'tis very difficult for the Judgment to determine what may justly be esteem'd so: 'Tis a general Rule, that a Secret intrusted to our Knowledge, ought to be kept sacred; but on the other Hand, Dishonesty, I think, shou'd seldom be conceal'd; and more especially, when the Discovery may possibly hinder a Continuance of it: But which ever is most just, the Love I bear my ever honour'd Mistress, has determin'd me to take the latter Part; and more especially, as I am well assur'd, that you will use with Moderation any Advantage, which, by my Discovery, you may justly take over my unhappy Master: And therefore, continu'd he, prepare your self to hear with equal Temper what I am going to relate. Yesterday, as I was carelessly driving my Flock up the delightful Hill, whose towering Head o'erlooks the populous City of *Mantina*, I happen'd to cast my Eyes upon the Side of it, where in a little Falling of the Ground, which serv'd her as a Rampier against the Sun's too powerful Rays, I spy'd a young and beauteous Damsel, dress'd in a Shepherdess's Habit; her Hair was loosely flowing round her Shoulders; yet in this careless Way, without the least

Partiality

Partiality I speak it, she seem'd as beauteous as a Goddess; beside her, playing with her alabaster Fingers, which had been Sport for *Cupid's* Self, there lay a Shepherd, but his Face so near the Ground, that I cou'd not discern the least Glimpse of it; but as I was intently gazing on the beauteous Maid, she address'd her self to sing; her Voice was charming as her Person; and her Performance ended, the Shepherd in a Rapture embraced her Knees, and fetching an amorous Sigh, O my sweet *Charita*, cry'd he, when shall I enjoy a Respite from my labouring Thoughts? When shall I be so happy, so compleatly blest'd, as to enjoy the blisful Promise you have made me, and which I now am come to claim? By this Time, prompted with Curiosity, I had stole a little nearer them; and to my great Confusion, found the Shepherd (who had rais'd up his Face to bask in the Lustre of her shining Eyes) to be my Master, the unjust *Dametas*. Here *Miso's* Patience wou'd not suffer her to hear him longer without Interruption; and she was fain to give her swelling Breast a Vent, in such sharp Reproaches, and exquisite Railing against *Dametas*, that none but the must consummate Scold, that ever grac'd a Ducking-Stool, cou'd repeat them justly. *Dorus* pretended to be very angry at her Impatience, and wou'd proceed no farther, 'till she had promis'd him to hear him without Interruption; for, continu'd he, if the Beginning gives you this Uneasiness, how will the Conclusion foment and chafe your Blood! Her Eagerness to know the Conclusion of the Story, oblig'd her to give her Promise, that she wou'd be still 'till he had told it out; upon which he proceeded to inform her, that after *Dametas* and the Shepherdess had spent some Time in Blandishments and fond Caresses, he urged his Power and Place, his Interest with the King, presenting her with several valuable Trinckets, and promising her the Disposall of all his Fortune; and at last so far prevail'd upon her, that she agreed to meet him that very Night at *Mantina*; in the *Oudemian-Street*, about Ten a Clock; and after the Appointment was fix'd upon, his Master 'spying him, call'd him to him, and swearing him to Fidelity, let him into the whole Secret, desiring him to go back to the old Witch *Miso*; for so said *Dorus*, to tell the Truth, he term'd you, Mistress; though I believe, his Words proceeded more from Wantonness than any settled Malice, and make some probable Excuse for him; for, said he, turning to *Charita*, and kissing her Ruby Lips, If my dearest Girl, said he, thou did'st but know what an uneasy Life I lead with that old good-for-nothing Shrew, thou wou'd'st in Pity take me to the Heaven of thy Embraces. Now, Mistress, continu'd *Dorus*, you have an Opportunity of exerting your utmost Prudence and Discretion; and if I were assur'd you cou'd so far command your Temper, as not to fly out into Extreame, I wou'd advise you to conceal your self in one of your Friend's Houses till the appointed Time, and then you may your self detect them when they meet, and by prudent Management turn the Discovery to your own Advantage, and reclaim my

Master

Master from his evil Ways. There was nothing in all this feign'd Relation that half so much affected *Miso*, as *Dorus*' Encomiums on *Charita*'s Beauty; her rising Envy swell'd her Jealousy, and That, encreas'd by the Presents which she believ'd her Husband had bestow'd, and which she thought so many Drops of Blood tore from her Heart, turn'd her into a perfect Fury; her wither'd Limbs were animated so much with Rage, that tho' she was before scarce able to walk with Crutches, she now flew up and down the House born with the Wings of Rage and Jealousy; there was no one Kind or Sort of Vengeance, that she did not determine to take on the imaginary guilty Pair; and in her Heat of Fury, she run down Stairs, and went her self into the Stable, and with her own Hands, not thinking any Body else wou'd make sufficient Haste, saddled a rusty Mare, who had not been subservient to the Bit upwards of seven Years; and in that uneasy Situation she trotted to *Mantina*. Where we will leave her ruminating upon what Method she cou'd best take to publish her Husband's Shame, and return to *Mopsa*, who was the only one now left for *Dorus* to dispatch: She, in the Absence of her Parents, was watching the confin'd *Pamela*, which Employment extremely suited with her envious Disposition; and therefore it touch'd *Dorus*' Invention to the quick to find a Stratagem to take her off it; indeed, he easily might have made use of Force, to stop her Tongue from giving an Alarm when they were fled, but that *Pamela* wou'd not suffer, and therefore he was necessitated to make use of some little Art which might amuse her, till they were past Pursuit; and having hit on one which he thought very probable to take, he went into the Room, where he found *Pamela* sitting in a very thoughtful Posture, ruminating upon the strange Exploit she had consented to, and *Mopsa* by her, watching her very Looks, tho' she was far from being Conjuror enough to find her Meaning by them: He seem'd to take no Notice of either of them; but passing by them towards the other End of the Room, casting his Eyes up to the Heavens, and shrugging up his Shoulders in such a Manner, that *Mopsa*, who was always full of Curiosity, cou'd not forbear enquiring the Reason of that odd Behaviour; he kept her as long as the Time wou'd permit in Suspence, that she might be the eagerer to make the Discovery, and then told her a fancy'd Tale, how that in ancient Times, *Jupiter* having taken a Grudge against *Apollo*, thrust him out of Heaven, bereaving him of the Privilege of his Godhead, and reducing him to a Necessity of working or begging for a Livelihood; that in Process of Time, *Admetas* took Compassion on him, and employ'd him as his Herdsman; and having sent him into *Arcadia* to fetch some Cattle, he happen'd to light into that very Forrest which enclos'd the Lodges; where being tir'd with his Journey, and resting himself under the Shade of a pleasant Ash, he had with fervent Prayers prevail'd on *Jupiter* to re-instate him in his former blest'd Condition, and from that Tree he was again

translated to his heavenly Mansion, leaving so great a Blessing upon that Tree, that for the future, whoever in the Quality of a Shepherd or Shepherdess shou'd sit down in it, shou'd be in immediate Possession of whatever they then wish'd; and *Basilus* being let into the Secret by the Oracle, that was the only Reason which inclin'd him to take that Way of Life, hoping, that if he condescended to make himself a Companion to those of that Occupation, it might entitle him to the Privilege of that miraculous Tree; but having often in vain attempted to prove the Virtue of it, he had at last discover'd the mighty Secret to *Dametas*, but withal enjoining him by Oath never to wish but as he directed: Now, continu'd *Dorus*, *Apollo*, upon Account of his Journey, and the Sun's extreme Heat, being muffled in a Scarlet Cloak which *Admetas* had given him, and having left Orders, that whoever hop'd to succeed in that Place must also be in such a Cloak, my Master is gone with all Speed to provide one for himself, and To-morrow intends to return with it: My Mistress, either by Listning, or by what other Way I know not, is got into the Knowledge of the Secret, and is trudging in all Haste to *Mantina* in Hopes of getting one before him, and so having the first Wish. My Master at his going trusted me with the Secret, leaving it in Charge with me, that no Body, upon any Pretence whatsoever, shou'd climb the Tree till he came back; but now, my dearest *Mopsa*, as good Luck wou'd have it, I have here a Cloak just proper for the Purpose; and tho' nothing but the Passion which I have for you cou'd tempt me to break my Master's least Command, yet when that comes in Competition, all other Ties vanish before it; and therefore, if you are inclin'd to it, I will immediately help you into the Tree, and you shall be beforehand with them both.

All the Time he had been relating this wondrous Tale, *Mopsa* swallow'd the Fiction with gaping Mouth; and when she had heard it out, capering about the Room as if she had already been possess'd, she conjur'd him to let her go that Moment into the Tree; and *Dorus*, said she, casting a Sheep's Eye at him, don't you fear but you shall partake of my good Fortune. *Dorus*, whose Time grew very precious, hardly stood to make her a Reply; but, without farther Ceremony, taking her by the Hand, he led her to the Tree; and lifting her up so great a Height, that it was hardly possible she shou'd come down without some Help, he muffled the Cloak about her so tight, that 'twas not even in her own Power to undo it: And now, *Mopsa*, said he, you must continue in Devotions to *Apollo*, without the least Interruption, or making any Noise, and in Twelve Hours at farthest you will hear a Voice call you three Times distinctly by your Name; but till the third Time you must not answer upon any Score, and then have all your Wits about you, and wish with Wisdom, and depend upon't *Apollo* will be at your Elbow ready to free you from
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this uneasy Posture, and give a Confirmation to your Wishes. *Mopsa* promis'd him to punctually obey these Directions, overjoy'd to think that she had an Opportunity of being a Princess, and vyeing with *Pamela*; for that was what she determin'd to ask of *Apollo*; and in this happy Situation *Dorus* left her. And having now so luckily dispos'd of his three Goalers, he deferr'd not to employ the Opportunity that he had gain'd. *Pamela* now determin'd in every thing to acquiesce with her dear Shepherd, suffer'd herself immediately to be convey'd by him a little Distance from the Lodge, where he had placed an able Horse, on which he mounted the Treasure of his Life; and himself getting before her, he spurr'd him on 'till he came into the thickest and most unfrequented Part of all the Forrest, but where he had before left Marks to direct his Way to the next Sea-Port, where a Bark lay ready to receive them. *Pamela's* Thoughts had hitherto entirely been employ'd between the the Transports of an eager Passion, and the alternate Shocks of restless Hope and Fear; and consequently, her Judgment had not the Leisure to examine into the Bottom of this strange Enterprize, which she had undertaken at the Instigation of imprudent Love, which knows no Bar to its impetuous Laws: But now that the impatient Longings of her Soul were allay'd and calm'd, and her Apprehensions of a Discovery a little quieted, Reason began to resume his Seat in her deserted Breast, and with strict Scrutiny to search into her Actions, and weigh the Motives of her Flight, and what reasonable Grounds she had to build so strange a Project on. But mighty Love strengthen'd, and animated by her Lover's Presence, still kept the Ballance; and *Dorus* slackening his Pace (being come, as he thought, beyond Pursuit) for fear the unusual Exercise shou'd tire his lovely Fellow-Traveller, she cast her bashful Looks upon the Ground, and then breaking that Chain of Thought which she had kept collected almost till that Moment, If, said she, Prince *Musidorus*, you are, as I am sure you must be, sensible how great a Trust I have repos'd in you, I never shall have Reason to repent my fond Credulity, in thus entrusting you with my Life, my Fame and Fortune; and, what is still more dear to me, my yet even in Thought unsully'd Honour: Since, I say, you have prevail'd upon me to repose a Confidence in you so great, that not another Creature upon Earth cou'd have had the Power of doing; be it your Part to prove your self worthy the Compliment which I have made, and let my Reason continue to give a Sanction to my Love. Remember that your Honour is now concern'd to cherish and preserve that Passion, which Inclination only prompted you to raise; nor think me yet, tho' I have put my self entirely in your Power, so much your own, but that I still acknowledge my Vertue has a far superior Claim, and which, for your own sake, you must support: A little Time and solemn Rites shall give our Joys a Sanction; let not, I conjure you, then our future Happiness be stain'd with the Reflection of any past Offence, that like an eating Canker will penetrate into the very Core. But what

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Occasion is there for Words to urge you further? If you are what my Judgment speaks you, this Caution will be needless; if not, they will be thrown against the Wind, and I must bear to add one to the Number of those unwary Women, whom Indiscretion and too precipitant a Choice have thrown into eternal Shame, Remorse and Infamy. No more, thou everlasting Charmer of my Soul, reply'd the happy Prince; forbear to wound thy tender Heart with these unnecessary Doubts, and rest assur'd that penetrating Judgment was never given you by the bounteous Gods only to prove the wond'rous Power of Deceit; believe a Prince, a Lover, and one who had not interfering Love eclips'd his Glories, might by this Time have made some just Pretences to the Hero, that your Honour stands higher in my Estimation than ever you your self cou'd rate it; nor wou'd I, by my Life, and all I hope of Happiness, offend against it, even in Imagination: A very little Time, I hope, will make your Eyes the Witnesses, that tho' my Birth and Fortune are not deserving of your excelling Merit, since that's impossible, that yet they can make out as good Pretensions as any other, and are sufficient to justify your generous Behaviour to the giddy World, who think Greatness, not Merit, the most valuable Consideration. Thus, in Assurances of mutual Love and never-ending Passion, they sooth'd the Hours and beguil'd the pleasing Time, till the Princess being fatigued with the unusual Travel, they lighted off their Horse a little to refresh themselves, invited by the uncommon Pleasures of the Place, it being in the thickest Part of the Wood, encompass'd round with stately branching Pine Trees, whose extended Heads meeting together compos'd a perfect Shade; the verdant Grass beneath was short and even; and in several Places, scatter'd up and down, ran little bubbling Brooks and murmuring Rivulets. In this delightful Place, the Grass their Carper, and Necessity their Cook, they chose to take a small Repast of such Provisions as *Musidorus*' officious Care provided for that Day's Refreshment: But *Pamela* took more Pleasure in walking up and down among those regularly wild Commoners of Nature, and wounding their penetrable Barks with hers and *Musidorus*'s Name, which seem'd proud to receive so great an Ornament. A thousand little Couplets which bespoke their Love, and the sad Series of Misfortunes they had pass'd, were there left Witnesses how apt a Lover's Memory is to retain every Particular of Joy or Sorrow that it conceives; till at last the Princess, tir'd with their little fond Amusements, and having been many Nights kept waking with the perplex'd Reflections of her hazardous Attempt, found herself grow exceeding sleepy; which Drowsiness being encouraged by *Musidorus*, who hop'd a little Rest wou'd enable her to perform the remaining Part of her fatiguing Journey with greater Ease, she sat her down upon a mossy Root, and making *Musidorus*' Knees a Pillow for her Head, she fell into a Slumber, and gave him Leisure, if possible, more narrowly to observe her Beauties than ever yet he had done. The Charms of every Feature seem'd to him augmented, so different

different was he from our modern Lovers, who even before Possession, if once they think themselves secure of Conquest, despise the Giver, and contemn the Gift; but his generous Heart, tho' full of Love and Fondness, cou'd yet find room for Gratitude and Honour, and in his noble Breast the one was always the Fore-runner of the other: A thousand Times he gently kiss'd her glowing Cheeks, and stole ambrosial Odours from her rosy Breath; a thousand Times he bless'd his happy Fortune, that had conducted him to such a hoarded Treasure; but O, how frail is mortal Happiness, and of how little Use all the Precautions we can take to make it permanent! This happy Pair, who but this Moment thought themselves beyond the Reach of Fortune's Spight, were almost e'er the next involv'd in Mischiefs, and drove into as cruel Straits as e'er before capricious Fate had made them prove.

But for a little Time we'll leave them in that peaceful Situation, and return to the distress'd *Zelmane*; who having so unfortunately encounter'd *Gynecia* in a Place where she so little cou'd evade her keen Reproaches, was in the most deep Perplexity; but finding that a resolute Refusal must unavoidably involve both her and *Philoclea* in inevitable Ruin, she determin'd to stop the Violence of her Resentment with some Insinuations, which might encourage her to hope, tho' not assure her of Success; and to that Purpose, looking at her with kinder Eyes than she was wont, Madam, said she, your Words are so perplex'd and intricate, that you must pardon me if I am at a Loss how to unfold the Mystery they conceal, or frame an Answer suitable; at once they threaten Love and Hatred, Affection and Revenge; your Prayers are intermix'd with Threats, your kindest Words with keen Reproaches; you seem enraged when you suspect I am disguis'd, and yet must be assur'd, that if I am not so, the Consequence must bring to you at least eternal Desparation; you threaten Tyranny where you have not yet assum'd a Power, and are afraid of losing what you was never in Possession of; you ask me for my Love, and yet at the same Time seem fully satisfy'd that it already is dispos'd of; and what still helps to heighten the Absurdity of such a wrong-plac'd Jealousy, you fear your Daughter shou'd possess what you esteem a Happiness; and yet so different are your Circumstances, that 'tis far from being a Necessity for the One's Happiness, to be built upon the Other's Ruin; for shou'd I prove what you imagine, it is impossible that I shou'd be your Husband, which is the only Thing I can aspire to in her; neither need that formal Tie be a Bar to that Gratitude, which I shall ever own my self bound to pay your Majesty, for the mighty Treasure of your Love. *Gynecia*, whose despairing Heart had been so long oppress'd with Agonies too powerful to be supported, was in a Moment sensible of the least Intermision; and being willing to give *Zelmane* a Proof, that nothing but Extremes of Cruelty cou'd

drive her to treat him with the least Harshness: Alas, said she, too lovely Youth, if you consider that our Words are but the Servants of our Thoughts, and only say as they direct, you wou'd not be surpriz'd that mine are full of Contradictions, since my Mind is hourly at War within its self; and cou'd my Reason once more gain the Field, I shou'd not then have Cause to mourn those Devastations, which its rapacious Foe, tyrannick Love, has made: But 'twill not be; I am no longer under its mild and peaceful Government, but given up a Prey to eager Passion and uncontrollable Desire: Do thou, *Zelmane*, in Pity then receive my troubled Soul into thy kind Protection; nor drive it by Contempt or Scorn to prove Extremes which will be fatal to us all: I ask but Love for Love, and that once granted, mine will direct me in every thing to study your Happiness and Honour, and make me think your Presence cheaply purchas'd with my Daughter's Person. *Zelmane*, who found already that the small Compliance he had made, had in some Measure sooth'd her Mind, and given a little Stop to her impetuous Rage, determin'd to pursue that Method, and by a pretended Openness, find a Way the better to deceive her; and looking at her with an Air of Fondness, which she had never done before, I did not think, said she, that the Regard I held another, cou'd e'er have prompted me to have betray'd my self; but you have a prevailing Power, too great for humane Prudence to resist: Take then the Secret of my Soul, which, without my Confession, you might have well suspected, but never cou'd have prov'd, and so must unavoidably have spent your Life in sad Uncertainty and torturing Suspense; but now, to end your Doubts, I own I am a Man, and further, born a Prince; and, to convince you that for the future I don't design to keep the least Reserve, I will acknowledge, that since my Fortune drove me to this Place, I have had some Design upon the Princess *Philoclea*; for how was't possible I cou'd imagine that the Fates had such a Good in Store for me, as the Blessing of your Love? And as to her, there was at least Room for the Flatterer, Hope, to play his Part, which is Love's chiefest Emissary: As to my being in this strange Disguise, I shall with equal Truth let you into the Reason of it, tho' my Sincerity must unavoidably be attended with Disgrace; It happen'd two Years since, my Curiosity carrying me into the famous Country of the *Amazons*, that challenging several of them in single Combat, I still was overcome; till in the End, hoping in some Measure to retrieve my Credit, I fought with an old Woman in the Presence of *Marpesia*, their gallant Princess, thinking my self secure of Victory over her Age and Weakness; but Fortune, bent to rack her utmost Malice on me, gave her the Advantage; and to preserve my Life, I was necessitated to comply with her Injunction, which was, that I shou'd wear the Appearance of an *Amazon*, till Years advancing my Beard, shou'd make it morally impossible for me to continue it, and never till that Time disclose my real Estate to any Body whatsoever;

ever; and I have kept the Contract till this Hour, that mighty Love, who knows no Ties, or at least will suffer none to come in Competition with his Commands, has prevail'd with me to break it.

Here she stopp'd, to see what an Effect this seemingly sincere Confession would have upon *Gynecia*; hoping that it would not only convince her that she had kept nothing a Secret from her, but that the feign'd Account of her Disgraces wou'd lessen her in her Esteem. Her first Design entirely succeeded, for *Gynecia* did indeed firmly believe that she had dealt sincerely with her; but as her Passion was not grounded upon her Courage, nor that of Consequence to the Gratification of it, she pass'd that Part of her Relation slightly over; and beside, she had had sufficient Proofs of her being no Coward, however her Modesty might prompt her to give such a Relation of her self: Therefore, taking no Notice of that Part of her Story, she entirely dwelt on the Acknowledgment of her Sex; and looking at her with Eyes swimming in Tears of Gratitude and fond Affection, May the all-righteous Powers, cry'd she, give me the Means of answering thy wondrous Goodness, in thus raising the veryest Wretch that ever crawl'd upon the miserable Earth, to at least a Glimpse of Happiness, by giving me a full Assurance, that it is not impossible my Wishes shou'd be gratified: But there still remains more for thy Charity to do; the knowing that thou hast the Power to return my Love, serves but to urge me on against all Rules by which our timorous Sex is guided, to ask the Consequence. Consider well e'er thou pronouncest mine, thy own, and *Philoclea's* Fate; in thee it stands to save or to destroy; thou art my Deity, and in thy Words are plac'd my Weal or Woe, my Ruin or my everlasting Happiness. O do not then with savage Power trample upon that Heart, which lays its self a Sacrifice before thee; let not the Condescensions that I make, sink me in your Esteem, but judge of me as in my self I am, and what I ever have been, till driven from the Government of my own Heart, and irresistibly necessitated to make thy Love the Standard of my Actions; to that Account place all my Errors, and think, however culpable I may be to others, yet to thee my greatest Faults bear a Degree of Merit. Here, pretending Faintness thro' the Variety of agitating Passions that contended in her Breast, she sunk upon the Floor, and as she fell, her flowing Robe unfasten'd to her Waste, open'd a View to twenty thousand Beauties, which were before conceal'd; and had there been the least Reserve in any Corner of *Zelmane's* Heart, she wou'd undoubtedly have taken it up; but *Philoclea's* Image was in full Possession there, nor had her most insinuating Arts a Power to drive her from the Field; but reflecting that her Part at present was to keep *Gynecia* ignorant of that fatal Truth, she rais'd her from the Ground, and embracing her with a feign'd Ardency, which pass'd on her Credulity for real, Think not, said she, thou heavenly Creature, that

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'tis in humane Nature to refuse the Blessing that you offer; to compass which, an Age of Slavery wou'd be well rewarded; all my Concern is, that I have not a Power of recompencing the mighty Favour: I can but give my self, 'tis all I have to offer in Return for your excessive Bounty; take then the trifling Present, and what it wants in Value, shall be made up in Truth and Gratitude, and be assur'd, that howsoever my Inclinations were before disposed, that for the future in you shall rest the sole Command of them and me; therefore dismiss these Marks of Grief, dry up these lovely Eyes, which were design'd for a far gentler Exercise than weeping, and think there is not any thing within the Compass of my Power, but shall be to the utmost exerted to give you Joy and solid Happiness. But as our Conversation has possibly taken up more Time than we imagine, let us, to avoid Suspensions that may interrupt our future Bliss, leave this retir'd Place: Be careful of your self; banish that Devil of Distrust; let Pleasure revel in your beauteous Eyes, and Joy possess your Heart, and leave the Care to me (who now shall think it the substantial Business of my Life) of contriving a Time and Place, where, undisturb'd and unsuspected, we may compleat our yet untasted Joys, and give a mutual Pledge of lasting Faith and never-ending Love. This said, without waiting her Reply, she took her glowing Hand, and led her from the Cave, justly imagining, that if they long remain'd in that retir'd Place, his Presence and her own impetuous Wishes might break the Bounds of Woman's Modesty, and draw him into a Perplexity from which he cou'd not extricate himself; and certainly nothing cou'd have prevented it, but the Faith and Word that he had given soon to contrive a more convenient Time. This Promise, added to that natural Timidity inseparable from the Sex, oblig'd her for that Time to be contented without a farther Proof of his Regard; but her anxious Mind remain'd in the Condition of a convicted Criminal, who hourly expecting Death, is suddenly apprized there is a Pardon granted for him, but not sign'd. Thus agitated with opposite Reflections, they left that gloomy Mansion, *Gynecia* already half perswaded that *Zelmane's* Inclinations were turn'd to her; so weak is humane Judgment, and of such strange Materials are we form'd, that first deceiv'd by the Insinuation of Self-love, we greedily devour the Bait of Flattery laid for us by others, nor feel the Hook, till 'tis too late to disengage our selves from Ruin.

Zelmane was now involv'd in Difficulties, which requir'd the utmost Cunning to evade; she was but too well satisfy'd that 'twas impossible for Things to long continue in that Posture, and how to turn the Alteration to her Advantage, rack'd her Invention to the quick: This she was certain of, that Deceit alone cou'd finish what it had begun; but how to blind such penetrating Eyes, to gratify the Queen's impatient Love, and yet continue just to *Philoclea*, gave her Spirits the

the most sensible Alarm they ever had experienc'd; but both she and her uneasy Partner were disturb'd from their Reflections by the Appearance of *Basilus*, who missing the Queen of his Desires, and not knowing where to seek her, was sitting upon the verdant Green with his Daughter *Philoclea*, enjoying the cooling Breezes of the Evening, and soothing his love-sick Mind with her warbling Notes; but the Moment that her Mother and *Zelmane* approach'd, she broke off her Song, and rising up, her Cheeks stain'd with Blushes, her Eyes never of late encountering her Mother's without a Shock, as being but too well acquainted with the Disgust she had conceiv'd against her; and that, added to the Sight of the dear Author of that Strangeness, gave a Floridness to her Complexion, and made her look, if possible, more lovely than she was wont: But tho' *Zelmane* was sensibly affected with her every Charm, and his throbbing Pulse proclaim'd the Agitation which her Presence gave his beating Heart, yet so artfully did he behave to blind *Gynecia's* Jealousy, that even her Innocence shar'd in the Deceit; no more she saw those Marks of awful Love which us'd to be conspicuous in his every Action; no more his Eyes encounter'd hers, and catch'd with Eagerness at every Glance, but with a seeming Carelessness shun'd her Observation, and settled their whole Attention on *Gynecia*: If he spoke to her, his Words seem'd rather the Effect of Ceremony than Inclination; and, what most shock'd her, his whole Behaviour was rather answerable to a settled Determination, than any Gust of sudden Passion; she too plainly saw that all his usual Assiduity was quite estrang'd from her, and directed to her Mother; she knew too well the Power her Mother had of pleasing, and how much her Inclinations prompted her to exert it, to ruin her in *Zelmane's* Opinion. These severe Reflections, that shock'd her tender Soul even to Distraction, all in a Moment crowded to her Thoughts, and made her with a watchful Eye observe the every Action of *Zelmane*; but still the more that she remark'd, the more she found her self confirm'd in her dire Apprehensions: for tho' *Zelmane* was fully sensible of every Shock he gave her, and more than shared the racking Pains which he occasion'd in her Breast, yet he determin'd to pursue his Stratagem, and at once entirely vanquish *Gynecia's* Jealousy, and give her such an Opinion of his Sincerity, as might enable him with full Security to deceive the Confidence she plac'd in him; and in order to it, tho' not without the utmost Violence to his own Heart, he turn'd his most officious Cares towards *Gynecia*, and so well he play'd the Counterfeit, that both of them were work'd up to the utmost Degree of swelling Passion; *Gynecia's* Breast was fill'd with the consummate Joy of triumphing over a once-lov'd Rival, while the too delicate *Philoclea*, whose calm and mediate Temper was us'd to bear the rough Contention of over-bearing Passions, almost sunk under the oppressive Weight; and fearing, that among those penetrating Eyes this Battle in her Thoughts wou'd be observ'd, she left the

Company, and retired into the Lodge; and there, as if her Legs were render'd incapable of supporting the cumbrous Weight her Mind sustained, she flung herself upon her Bed; and after a little venting the over Measure of her Sorrows in a Flood of Tears, she transformed that Office to her Tongue, and like the lonely *Philomel*, urged her Wrongs, though she was conscious of no Auditor but the listening Echo.

For a considerable Time the Passage of her Words was stop'd with broken Sobs and interrupting Sighs; but when they found a Vent, O wretched *Philoclea*! hapless Maid! cry'd she, is this the Consequence of all the Pains thou hast endured, thy restless anxious Nights, and agonizing Days! Is this all their Reward! O what a sad Exchange thou provest for Liberty and Love! O *Pyrocles*, for I no more must call thee mine, how could thy noble Nature descend to ruin a poor harmless Innocent, whose only Crime was being too sensibly affected with thy Merit! Had I but known, had I but been acquainted with the Treacheries of thy betraying Sex, I should not so soon have parted with my unwary Heart! Perhaps, had I reserved it, his had been still secure; but I was doom'd to Ruin; my Youth and Unexperience was caught in the first Snare: How can I blame him then, when I my self was forward to procure my own Undoing! My Vanity persuaded me, that I alone could keep a Heart entire, which Thousands were contending for: Am I not justly punished then? Is he to be condemned, or I? I saw my Mother's Flame; I knew she had superiour Merit; and yet Fool that I was, I thought my self secure; I thought my *Pyrocles* would never stoop to any guilty Cause, however the Allurements might entice: But I am justly punished for my weak Credulity; he spurns that Heart which he so easily subdued; and wanton in his Conquests, spreads his Nets for others, which possibly when gained, he may as soon despise: This cruel Parent, that glories in her Child's Undoing, may yet repent the Injury, when she shall find herself abandoned and betray'd, and all the Mischiefs she has heaped on me, redoubled on her Head. But what avail these fond Complaints? He that should hear, and should redress, takes Pleasure in thy Grievs, and triumphs in thy Pains. Thus did she spend her weary Hours in aggravating her Distress; but her mild and gentle Temper only prey'd upon its self: Revenge, her peaceful Disposition was a Stranger to, and Redress she thought impossible; therefore giving the entire Reins to Grief, it grew at last too powerful for her, and attended with a lingering Illness, confined her to her Chamber; and tho' her Mother was no Stranger to the Occasion of this sudden Change, yet so much had Inclination overpowered Nature, that it gave her not the least Concern: But only they who have experienced the most violent Passion, can guess the Perturbation of *Zelmane's* wounded Heart, at being forced thus to disguise her real Sentiments, and tho' but in Appearance

pearance falsifying her Faith to her whom more than Life she valued, and for whose dear Sake she would with Pleasure have resigned it: Oft was she tempted to throw off the Mask, and free the Darling of her Soul from that Inquietude she laboured under; but Reason interpos'd, and represented that such a Rashness must bring inevitable Ruin to them all, and at length prevailed upon her to carry on the Cheat, tho' at the Expence of both their Quiets for a Time, rather than run the Hazard of undeceiving her at present, and drawing future Inconveniencies upon them, which they might ne'er retrieve: But e'er she could bring her agitated Mind to this Resolve, the Conflict in her Thoughts might have been visible to less watchful and discerning Eyes than were about her; but her chief Care was how to satisfy *Gynecia's* impatient Mind, and keep it from Suspicion; and in order to succeed in that Attempt, her Business was to persuade her, that her Thought had been employ'd on her, and therefore softly whispering in her attentive Ear, Madam, said she, my anxious Mind has just now form'd a Stratagem, which will confirm my Happiness, and leave no Room for farther Doubts in you; of which, at a more proper Time I will inform you fully. She made her no Reply, but blushing, left her, by her Looks, to guess the Joy her Words occasioned, and then propos'd, it being late, retiring to the Lodge. *Basilus* took the happy Office of conducting his beloved *Zelmane*, hardly restrained by his Wife's Presence from making open Love to her, giving her Hand a thousand amorous Squeezes, and playing the Wanton in each Step and Motion; 'till having reach'd the Lodge, in common Decency they thought it necessary to visit their sick Daughter, who could very willingly have spared the Complement, for well she knew how little anxious either of her Parents were for her Recovery, and now that she imagined *Zelmane* had joined the adverse Party, their Sight was doubly painful to her; and therefore feigning Heaviness and want of Rest, she easily avoided too long a Visit, and obliged them all to separate, and on their Pillows ruminate upon the several Passions which chas'd the God of Sleep, and kept him from his usual grateful Office: But none among them suffer'd half the Torture with *Zelmane*; for tho' they each of them had a sufficient Store of Evils to lament, yet her divided Heart was rack'd with such a complicated Scene of Woes, that she had no Recess, no one Reflection that cou'd afford her a Moment's Ease: But when she thought how hard Necessity oblig'd her to wound the tender Soul of *Philoclea*, she held no more a League with Patience; her agitated Thoughts cou'd not confine themselves, but burst, without first having her Permission, into Words; O *Pyrocles*, cry'd she, to what a cruel Strait has thy ill Fortune drove thee, that, to preserve the darling Object of thy fondest Wishes, thou must treat her with more than savage Inhumanity, and that to gratify the Pride of those whom thou dost most detest! O thou injur'd lovely Creature, whose Beauty never found an Equal, but in thy
matchless

matchless Mind, wert thou but sensible on what a Rack of Torments my own Behaviour throws me, thou would'st not charge me, as surely now thou do'st, with Breach of Faith, and a Desire of Change! O Gods, that ever I shou'd live to be suspected by *Philoclea*, and that with an Appearance of Justice too! But 'tis not long to be supported! Aid me, the Cunning of that Sex whose Shape I wear! Inspire me with Arts to work my Way thro' these Perplexities, and at once preserve my Honour and enjoy my Love! Here, lost in Thought, she hastily rose from her Bed, and putting on her Cloaths with Eagerness, she went towards the Cave, as if the Change of Place cou'd give Relief to her over-burthen'd Mind; and entring into it, a sudden Thought presented it self to her, how she might make it the Scene of Action for a Stratagem which she had just confusedly form'd, tho' not concerted in every Particular; and being very eager to put something in Execution that might free her from the Torture she was in, went to pay her Complements to the King and Queen; and after the usual Ceremonies of the Morning, she told them, that being oblig'd at that Time o'th' Year to observe some particular Ceremonies in her Devotions, which must be perform'd in a retir'd Place, she begg'd that they wou'd give her leave to lodge for some few Days within that Cave, which for the Coolness of it, she preferr'd to any Apartment in the Lodge, and that they wou'd not give themselves the Trouble of making any Enquiries after her, for that she wou'd constantly once a Day at a set Hour wait upon them; and that it shou'd be only for a few Days that she wou'd ask the painful Privilege of being separated from them. The Power she had over this Royal Pair was in every Point so absolute, that 'twas but for them to be made acquainted with her Wishes to have them gratified: But this Request gave them a double Pleasure; *Basilus* hugging himself, that by that Means he shou'd find a thousand Opportunities of entertaining her in private unobserv'd; and *Gynecia*, thinking her self sure that this was some Contrivance to bring about her Wishes, she scarcely could contain the Joy it gave her, at least it sparkled in her Eyes too visibly not to be observed, had not her Husband been wholly taken up with his own Thoughts: Thus both of them vainly flattering themselves with equally false Hopes, and farthering the Snare that was laid to trap them, they rung a Bell, which was placed to call some Attendants that always waited at a little Distance from the Lodge, and ordered them immediately to carry the Furniture of *Zelmane's* Chamber into the Cave, and dress it up with all the Care imaginable. This Charge was soon perform'd, and *Zelmane* in Possession of her new Apartment; where, like a Vestal Nun, for a few Days she lived with the most seeming Strictness, only once a Day, according to her Promise, coming to pay her Duty to the King and Queen; whose Passion for her was, if possible, encreased by Absence, tho' the Torture of it something allay'd, as she forced herself to entertain each of them with more seeming Inclination

tion than she was wont, and more especially *Gynecia*, who finding her entirely neglect her Daughter *Philoclea*, flatter'd her self that she had the whole Possession of her Heart, and hourly expected the blissful Confirmation of their Loves, firmly believing that *Zelmane* had taken that Retirement on Purpose to accomplish it with greater Secrecy; but both she and *Basilus* kept so continually hovering about the Cave, that they still prevented one another from having any private Conversation with her: While, in this dreadful Interval, the hapless *Philoclea*, neglected by her Father, despis'd and hated by her Mother, and, as she thought, entirely abandon'd by *Zelmane*, gave her self up a Prey to black Despair; not venting her Uneasiness by any violent Determinations of Revenge, as her goodly Mother in the same Circumstance had done, but meekly taking on her self the Weight of all her Woes, and suffering them so much to overpower her, that her Body was at last reduc'd to the same weak Condition with her Mind; and that, join'd to the Desire of avoiding every Opportunity she had of encountering *Zelmane*, that at least she might not triumph over the Despair she had occasion'd in her gentle Breast, oblig'd her not to quit her Chamber; and in a little Time the complicated Ills that both her Mind and Body suffer'd, confin'd her to her Bed. *Zelmane*, on her Part, was far from feeling a more tranquil State; for having now uninterrupted Leisure to ruminate on Measures to bring about their Freedoms, was oft so shock'd with the many Difficulties that presented in every thing that she projected, that she sometimes determin'd to form no other Stratagems, but by Force rescue the Idol of her Soul, tho' with the immediate Death of both her worthless Parents; sometimes again she thought it wou'd be better for her to go away with *Musidorus*, and with united Force return, and by Dint of Arms oblige *Basilus* to grant his Daughters to their honourable Loves; but her last Determination was, to follow his Steps, and by some Management dispose of the two Dragons that guarded the Golden Fruit, and then by Night convey away the Object of her Wishes, whose Love she did not doubt wou'd equally oblige her to run all Fortunes with her, as her Sister's had before prevail'd with her; hoping, that tho' his abrupt Departure had not suffer'd her to enquire of *Musidorus* what Way he meant to take, that they might yet luckily hit upon the same Road; or if that fail'd, they cou'd easily recover some Town belonging to the *Helots*, which was near the Frontiers of *Arcadia*; who having newly broke their Truce with the Nobility, and being again in Arms, she was very certain wou'd be equally glad of her Protection, as she cou'd be of theirs. This once determin'd, she resolv'd to loose no Moments towards bringing it into Practice; and therefore, putting on a flight Suit of Man's Apparel under her *Amazonian* Dress, she left her pleasant Solitude, and went to Dinner with the King and Queen; and being in her self a little easier, since she was come to a certain Resolution, she cou'd the better carry on an Air of Complaisance and Love to them;

and after a light Repast, intermix'd with such Allegories as Lovers generally make Use of when restrain'd by the Presence of a third Person from coming to Particulars, *Basilus* thinking he cou'd not find a more convenient Time to urge his Passion, and press a Confirmation of it home, he begg'd *Gynecia* that she wou'd go and take some Care of *Philoclea*; she easily comply'd with his Commands, that at another Time he might allow her equal Liberty; and the Moment she was gone, with trembling Limbs he flung himself prostrate before *Zelmane*, and looking at her with Eyes inflam'd with ardent Love; O Goddess of my Soul, cry'd he, if that the Heart-dissolving Agonies I feel cou'd bear Delay, or this was the first Time that I had dar'd to manifest my conscious Love, I wou'd with Patience wait the Event of Time, nor urge any Return but what by a long Train of Services I might justly lay a Claim to; but since my Passion is grown as insupportable as it is manifest, and that you are not now to learn the wondrous Power you have over me, why shou'd I fear to know the utmost of my Doom? O then, thou Goddess of my Soul, pronounce at once my Fate, for even Hope is grievous, when continually depress'd with Fear; and if I am so very wretched as in no Degree to please, yet to be freed from the racking Torture of Suspense, will carry some Alleviation with it; yet am I but too well assur'd, that if you once shou'd fling me into absolute Despair, my Death wou'd be the Consequence; in you my Life is center'd: Suffer not then imaginary Rules, which have their Being but in bare Opinion, to byass your penetrating Judgment against Mercy, Gratitude and Love, which are enforc'd by Nature's powerful Laws, and which it is but vain for humane Nature to resist. *Zelmane*, beforehand having determin'd what to do, was in no Perplexity how to behave towards her importunate and over-pressing Lover; but thinking it wrong to come abruptly to the Purpose: My Lord, reply'd she, your Words carry too much Coherence with them, for me to think that they proceed from such a restless Mind as you wou'd fain perswade me, neither is there any Symptom in your Highness of approaching Death; but 'tis the Trick you Lovers all make use of to undermine the Heart you can't reduce by Storm; for were Love of that Nature which you describe, it never cou'd be term'd a soft and gentle Passion, but rather a Phrensy and a Madness; and so indeed to me, it seems to be in you, since you prefer a resolute Refusal, and sue for that which other Lovers make their greatest Dread. O Heavens, cry'd *Basilus*, how have I offended the angry Powers, that they shou'd make a Mock of my Misfortunes! Assure your self, too-much-lov'd *Zelmane*, that if you shou'd refuse my earnest Suit inevitable Death is in your Words; and then too late you will be sensible how great a Power Heart-rending Anguish has to keep the Spirits from their wonted Offices, and stop the Springs and Motion of this regular Machine.

It is impossible for me, reply'd *Zelmane*, to be the Judge of what another feels ; but were I sensible of every Pang you suffer, how lies it in my Power to redress the Grievance, unless I did esteem the Virtue of inestimable Chastity no more than an imaginary Good, as you just now pronounc'd it ; but which, in my Opinion, is so bright a Jewel, as not the World and all the Glories of it can recompence its being lost : Besides, if you had Power to perswade me out of this fix'd Opinion, (as be assur'd you never will) yet how, I say, cou'd you avoid the Watchfulness of your Wife's Jealousy, or preserve my Honour from the Blasts of a malicious Tongue ? *Basilus*, who was as easily elevated as depress'd, was by this Answer rais'd to as great a Pitch of Hope, as he before was of Despair ; and therefore looking with a stern, tho' delighted Countenance, Think not, cry'd he, my better Genius, so meanly of *Basilus*, as to believe a Wife shall from an humble Slave become his Mistress, or that I ever will suffer her to interrupt my Pleasures ; no, be assur'd, shou'd she once pretend to interfere, I soon wou'd take a Method to put a Bar to her Impertinence, and remove her from being again a Trouble to us. I neither doubt your Prudence nor your Courage, reply'd *Zelmane* ; but what will that avail my Character, since 'tis scarcely in the Power of those Two united to tame the Fury of a malicious Tongue, and much less can they check the Thoughts which equally may wound my Honour, tho' they can't have the Power of publishing my Shame ; but to prove to you that I am not wholly ungrateful, nor insensible of those Uneasinesses which you suffer on my Account, if you can contrive to Night, after the Queen is fallen asleep, (but that, by all your Hopes, I conjure you first to be well assur'd of,) to steal into the Cave to me, I will allow you an Hour's free Conversation, provided you will give me your Royal Promise to take no further Liberties ; which Promise shou'd you in the minutest Point transgress, you will for ever forfeit my Esteem, and be the sure Destroyer of your own Hopes. *Basilus*, who knew the World enough to be full well assur'd, that Women are not wont to give private Assignations only with an Intent to spend the time in Talking, thought himself perfectly assur'd of all he wish'd ; and printing on her Hand a thousand vigorous Kisses, he cast his Eyes, sparkling with Joy, up to the Heav'ns, as if his Extasie was much too great to be express'd by Words, and made no Answer for fear she shou'd start any thing that might seem like an Objection. While he was in this Trance of Joy, *Zelmane* went from him, saying, that she wou'd leave him to contemplate upon their Appointment, and go to wait upon the Princess *Philoclea*.

When she was come into her Chamber, she kept her wonted Gravity ; and slightly enquiring of her Health, in a manner as spoke more Ceremony than Affection, she turn'd from her and went up to the
Queen,

Queen, who was standing at the further End of the Room, the Season being exceeding hot, looking out of the Window; which gave her an Opportunity of talking some time to her without being over-heard; and feigning as much false Regard to her, as she had counterfeited Indifference to *Philoclea*, she told her that her better Genius had at last inspir'd her with an Invention, by the Help of which they might compleat their Joys without the least Disturbance or Danger to her Honour; then she proceeded to inform her, that she had laid a Scheme which might easily, if she had Love enough, be put in Practice that very Night, which was for her, after the King was fallen asleep, to steal into her Cave; assuring her, that she had taken up that Lodging with no other View, but that as it was the first Place wherein their mutual Loves had been declar'd, so it might be the happy Scene of Confirmation; that she had not omitted one Night entreating the Happiness she now was suing for; but that the sudden changing her Lodging might possibly make the King more apt, upon any unlook'd-for Accident, to be suspicious, which Use wou'd make him careless of; and therefore now, continued she, thou Idol of my Hopes, all that you have to do, is after Supper to feign your self disorder'd, and while the King is visiting the Princess *Philoclea*, go to Bed; he will not probably stay long after you, and the Moment you find that Sleep has taken full Possession of him, you may with Ease quit his disgustful Side, and fly where everlasting Love and Rapture wait you: As for me, I will very early retire to my happy Cave, where I shall wait your coming with more Impatience, tho' I hope attended with a better Fate than even *Pyramus* did for the too lovely and too wretched *Thisbe*. The conscious Blood that flow'd into *Gynecia's* alabaster Cheeks, was the only Answer that her excessive Joy wou'd suffer her to give; but knowing, that Silence in a Lady is always taken for a sufficient Proof of acquiescing in a Petition of that Nature, she sav'd her Modesty the pain of Words; and only giving *Zelmane's* Hand a gentle Squeeze, in Token of her Gratitude, she left her, and went to feed upon the joyous Expectation of that Night's coming Happiness. Under this triple League, the lagging Hours on every side seem'd to run slowly on, till *Phæbus* having perform'd his never-erring Course, and given Place to the sable Night, which ever looks with a more favourable Eye on Lovers than the piercing Day, the wish'd-for Hour approach'd: Supper was soon dispatch'd; and after that the hasty Meal was over, *Gynecia* pretending Heaviness and a Desire of Rest, carried *Basilus* and *Zelmane* to *Philoclea's* Chamber, who still was, by the Anguish of her Heart more than the Weakness of her Constitution, a Prisoner to her Bed, and far from being reliev'd in either by such an undesir'd Visit. Soon as the usual Compliments were over, *Zelmane* coolly wishing her a happy Night, took a formal Leave of the King and Queen, and said she wou'd retire to her Cave; while *Gynecia*, carrying on the Farce of Illness, beg'd *Basilus* that he wou'd stay a little with his Daughter while she

she endeavour'd to compose her flutter'd Spirits with a little Rest. *Basilus* was very glad of this Proposal, hoping that Sleep wou'd soon prevent her from being a Bar to the Consummation of his fierce Desires. Thus each of them labouring to deceive the other, *Gynecia*, led by *Zelmane*, retir'd to her Chamber; where being come, *Zelmane* looking towards the Bed, and starting as if a sudden Thought had struck her; Now the Almighty Gods forbid, cry'd she, in a seeming Transport, that I shou'd be so wretchedly unwary as to trust capricious Fortune with my All of Happiness; my Soul is shock'd with Horror, when I reflect how possible it is for your Husband, by some unlucky Accident to wake, and not only that, but dog your unheeded Steps, and so not only discover our Intrigue, but what at least I shou'd esteem a greater Hell of Mischief, disappoint our promis'd Joys; but to prevent all Dangers of that kind, my better Genius has inspir'd me with a happy Thought: I will my self supply your place in Bed, while you shall take my upper Mantle, and wrapping yourself close in it, that if *Dametas*, or any of the other Lodge shou'd see you, they may believe it me, retire to the Cave; where, the Moment that the King is fallen asleep, I with the Wings of ardent Love will fly to meet you; and shou'd he wake, or any Accident discover us, I sooner will exact his Life, than let your Honour suffer. Thus saying, without giving *Gynecia* scarce Time to think on, much less object to her Proposal, she flung her Mantle off, and nimbly slipt into the Bed, drawing the Curtains close, and muffling her Head under the Cloaths so far, that she was certain the King, who wou'd be taken up with his own Thoughts, wou'd not be in any danger of discovering his new Bed-fellow. *Zelmane* so artfully made this Proposal, and in such a Moment put it in Execution, that *Gynecia* had not Time to weigh the Consequences, or determine whether it was most adviseable; but resolving in every thing to pay a blind Obedience to the Dispenser of all her Joys, she put the Mantle on, and hasted to her Closet, to set her Beauties off with all the Ornaments the Time wou'd suffer her to use; where, turning herself round, she accidentally cast her Eyes upon a little Golden Bottle that stood upon a Shelf, on the Side of which was engrav'd the following Lines:

*This happy Draught thy Lover's Heart will warm,
His Fires renew, and double every Charm.*

This Recipce had been handed down for several Generations by the Kings of *Cyprus* to their Children, tho' the Vertues of it were more generally known by Tradition than Experience; and when *Gynecia* was married to *Basilus*, her Mother made her a Present of it, firmly believing that it was infallible to procure both Love and its desired Effects; but whether she never had Regard enough for her old Husband, to wish his Fondness greater, or whether she had out of

Carelessness neglected it, I won't determine; but now that the Fierceness of her own Desires had taught her to wish another's of an equal Height, she rack'd her Thoughts to find a thousand little Arts, not only to preserve, but to excite it; and therefore, hastily pouring out the Cordial into a little Cornelian Cup, she took it in her Hand, and only guided by *Cynthia's* borrow'd Beams, she went with hasty Steps towards the Cave, suffering no intruding Thought of Honour or Remorse to interfere and damp her glowing Expectations.

O! what a Power has Love, that it can animate the weakest Heart, and raise up Courage in that Sex, who are by Nature form'd so timorous, that nothing in the whole Creation, except the listening Hare, is half so vainly apprehensive: She who before wou'd not have gone so far alone, on any Terms by Night, and into such an unfrequented Place, now arm'd by Love, defies all Danger, and makes a Mock at Fear; advancing boldly on, without the least disturbing Thought but what arose from her *Zelmane's* being in that uneasy Situation, she soon enter'd the Cave; where approaching to the Bed, her first Employment was to embrace *Zelmane's* deserted Side, a thousand Times carressing the senseless Pillow for having been so happy as to bear the lovely Print of her ador'd *Zelmane*; her panting Heart kept Time to every Breath of Wind that mov'd; each tedious Moment seem'd an Age of Time; impatiently she counted each Step that separated the Lodge from that lov'd Place, accusing *Zelmane* of Coldness and Neglect, and a too useless Caution in staying so long from her Embraces.

But long it was not e'er she was reliev'd from the Anxiety of Suspence, tho' put upon a far greater Rack of Certainty; for *Basilus*, after that she had left her Daughter's Room to indulge a feign'd Repose, having with the utmost Pain watched a Length of Time sufficient for her to be undress'd and fallen asleep, stole with the utmost Caution to his Chamber, groping his Way as gently as he was able, yet fancying each Step he took made a much greater Noise than usual; and being come into the Chamber, for fear *Gynecia* shou'd not be quite fast asleep, he gently lifted up the Cloaths, and laid himself within the Bed, listening, as he suppos'd, for the Musick of his Wife's snoring, which at that Time he wou'd have esteem'd far sweeter than that which fills the heavenly Spheres; and finding her entirely secure, for *Zelmane* being full as eager to get rid of him, as he cou'd be to go, counterfeited Sleep so naturally, that he really thought her in the full Possession of the senseless God, he softly rose, and with some Difficulty grop'd his Way out of the Lodge, breaking his Shins and Elbows against every Chair and Cabinet he came a-near; but the Eagerness of his Mind wou'd not suffer him to feel the severest Blows, and had there been a Mountain in his Way, it wou'd not then have seem'd so great a Stumbling-Block as at another Time a Straw wou'd have appear'd.

pear'd. Thus did our deluded Lover fly from the Person in the World he wish'd to meet, and haste to her whose nauseated Embraces he meant to shun; but when, guided by the glittering Moon that Bawd to Lovers Joys, he had almost reach'd the Cave, he cou'd scarce contain his Raptures; his Joys supported him, and wing'd with that, his Feet scarce felt the Ground he trod upon. The Moment that he got within it, without regard to any Promises that he had made to be confin'd to Words, he slip'd his Cloaths off, and jump't into that Side reserv'd for a more welcome Guest; and strenuously embracing *Gynecia* in his Arms, Life of my Life, cry'd he, and Center of my Joys, forgive this rash Intrusion, and let me in the Arms of my ador'd *Zelmane* meet a full Recompence for all the Pangs I have endur'd, feel the fierce Beating of my throbbing Heart, which bounds and pants to leave my Breast, and fly to rest in thy soft Bosom; then judge, my Love, and think how little Room there is for Words. The Ladies will at least find it no Difficulty to imagine the Rage, the Shame, and Disappointment, that fill'd *Gynecia's* Breast, when she heard her Husband's Voice; a thousand Apprehensions crouded at once into her Imagination; the Disappointment of her high-rais'd Expectations, the Dread that *Zelmane* had sacrific'd her to her Husband, and above all, the Blaze of Jealousy, that for some Time had been extinguish'd, or at least smother'd, was now renew'd, and burnt as fierce as ever, not knowing what in this Interval might happen to her Daughter: But on the other side, Love introduc'd Thoughts of a quite different Nature, and perswaded her that it wou'd be better to observe *Basilus's* Words and Actions e'er she undeceiv'd him; and finding by both of them that he still treated her as if she had really been *Zelmane*, she entertain'd great Hopes that it was some Plot of his own laying, and which *Zelmane* did not dare to oppose, that she might the better have a Power of deceiving him another Time. This Hope, added to the Reflection of her Daughter's Illness, and the Coolness with which *Zelmane* had treated her for so long a Time, a little compos'd her ruffled Spirits, and made her with less Impatience submit to the loath'd Embraces of her Husband, who still entirely taking her for *Zelmane*, was in a Heaven of Rapture, and his Thoughts and Spirits agitated to as great a Height of Joy, as hers were depress'd and sunk into an Abyss of Grief and Disappointment.

Thus influenc'd by various Passions, we for a Time will leave them, and return to *Pyrocles*, who having now no more Occasion for the Covert of *Zelmane*, took his own Form upon him; and soon as he had counterfeited Sleep so nicely as to deceive *Basilus*, and that the ceasing of the Battle between the old Man's Shins and the Stools and Tables assur'd him that he had fully quitted the Lodge, he got up, and softly follow'd him; but carrying his Sword down in his Hand, for fear any ill Wind shou'd blow him back, the Gate belonging to the Lodge
he

he double lock'd; and not content with that Security, he barr'd and fortify'd it with as many Inventions as his Wit and Haste wou'd furnish him withal, that so he might have the more Time to prepare his Princess for this sudden Enterprize, and get her hors'd before any Allarm cou'd possibly be given, never staying to consider the Consequences of this bold Undertaking, laying it down as an undoubted Maxim, that whoever in Affairs of Moment will stay to solve every Objection, must never enter upon Action. Thus, resolute in his Determination, he made the utmost Speed up to *Philoclea's* Chamber, wrapt up in Extrasy at the Reflection of his (as he thought) sure approaching Happiness; no Obstacles presented to his delighted Fancy, or at least none but such as his Love suggested to him, that he shou'd soon surmount; already he imagin'd himself in full Possession of his Happiness, all Perils past, and he and his dear Princess safely arriv'd at his Father's Court, his Friends crowding about him to congratulate his safe Return; and lost in Admiration at the shining Charms and full Perfection of his blooming Bride, all his past Anxieties and Perils were now forgot, or but remember'd as Heightners of his present Pleasures. Lost in this Maze of Joy, he reach'd the Chamber-Door, and was awak'd from his agreeable Reflection by the Sound of *Philoclea's* Voice, which quite disturb'd him from his pleasing Trance, and put him upon list'ning to the Purport of her Song; but how was his Heart pierc'd with Sorrow, when he found it entirely turn upon his Falshood, and a Complaint against her own ill-fated Passion! He had not Power to move; for tho' to see his *Philoclea* in Distress on any other Score, wou'd have given him Wings to fly to her Relief; yet the Reflection, that it was only her Love to him, and a mistaken Apprehension that now occasion'd her Uneasiness, brought a secret Pleasure with it, which he cou'd not resist a little Time indulging: Besides, his Ears were not alone employ'd; his Eyes were gratified with an extatic View of Beauties, which before he only was acquainted with in Imagination; for when *Basilus* left the Chamber, his Thoughts were so employ'd, that he forgot to close the Door; and the Weather being excessive hot, she was laid upon the Bed entirely undress'd; the full Proportion of her beauteous Form was all expos'd, and nothing but the envious Linnen depriv'd him of the full Heaven of her Charms. This rapturous Sight struck him into such a Maze of Admiration, that he wou'd certainly have employ'd an Age in gazing on her, without remembering that he had Business to perform which wou'd conduct him to sublimer Joys, had not she awak'd him from his blissful Trance, by again breaking out into Complaints against his Breach of Faith; for laying her Hand upon her downy Cheeks, then moist with Tears, and looking like a Rose-Leaf wet with Morning Dew, O *Pyrocles*, cry'd she, with interrupting Sighs, how ill hast thou repay'd that Trust which I repos'd in thee! How little dost thou merit these Tears, and these heart-racking Agonies, which hourly my
Youth

Youth and Innocence pays as a Tribute to thy Falshood! But still, ignoble Maid, wilt thou petish in Folly, and by thy Weakness add to his Triumph! How long wilt thou employ thy every Sense on him that hears thee not, or if he did, perhaps wou'd only glory in thy Pains, and make a Mock of all thy Sufferings! Ye righteous Powers, to what a Fate am I reserv'd, that tho' I have but too exquisite a Sense of every Injury he offers me, yet cannot that produce that just Contempt I ought to hold him in! However greatly he may merit in himself; to me he has no Virtue, Honour, or Humanity; yet sure that heavenly Form cou'd only be design'd as a Repository for them all; perhaps he was by Fate ordain'd the Instrument of my undoing; not possibly is it in his Power to withstand the cruel Office: If it be so, without the Imputation of Abjectness, beyond the meanest of my Sex, I may revere the Rod that scourges me, and have at least the Satisfaction of laying all his Faults on irresistible Destiny; there is a Pleasure in that Thought I must and will indulge, nor grudge me, O my evil Genius, the torturing Satisfaction; 'tis all the hapless *Philoclea* ever must expect; 'tis all that Fate allows, and I must bear the Burthen as I may.

Here a Flood of rising Tears entirely choak'd her Words, and brought *Pyrocles* out of the attentive Posture he was in; and recollecting how little Time he had to loose, he went into the Room, and approaching the Bed, as Misers do their hoarded Treasure, he kneel'd down by it: But tho' before he saw her he had ten thousand Things to say in Vindication of his Conduct, and which he knew must bring her entirely to approve it, yet the Extasy of having gain'd an Opportunity to clear himself, put him past the Power of Words; nor will they be significant enough to express the Amazement and Surprise which *Philoclea* felt at such an unexpected Visit: Asham'd and blushing at being surpriz'd in such an unguarded Posture, she shrouded her polish'd Limbs under the Covert of the Bedcloaths; and looking at him more with an Air of Sorrow than Resentment, *Zelmane*, cry'd she, or Prince *Pyrocles*, 'tis equal which of those Names I call you by, since under the Covert of the one you first deceiv'd me, and with the other have betray'd and left me, what wou'd your Cruelty have more? Is't not enough that you have robb'd me of my Peace of Mind; but, like a Tyrant, you must insult the Wretch that you have made? Are not the Torments of the Day sufficient, but, like a lurking Thief, you must by Night steal in on my Repose, lest in a Dream I should forget my Cares, and steal a Moment's Respite from my Sorrows? Yet possibly thou mean'st to be a little merciful, and try to justify thy Change, by urging that thou didst not know to what a sad Extremity thy Falshood wou'd reduce me. *Pyrocles*, to whose distracted Heart each Word she spoke pierc'd like a darting Thunderbolt, cou'd neither suffer her Reproaches, nor had he Power to put a Stop to them,

tho' he so justly might have done it; he felt her every Pain; and knowing himself the Author of them, they were redoubled in his Breast; Thou only Hope, cry'd he, of all my future Joys, how has severe Necessity reduced me to stand the seeming just Reproaches of her, to whom alone I wou'd be justified, and for whose dear Sake alone I cou'd have been prevail'd on to play the Hypocrite, and act a Part so very contrary to my honest Nature; yet, conscious as I am that I can fully justify my Innocence, my crowding Thoughts, like an unruly Multitude, press all together, and hinder one another in the Passage: Were my Soul capable of so much Baseness as you charge me with, I shou'd before that I approach'd you, have been provided with a thousand false Excuses; but now, tho' I am sensible how greatly I am injur'd in your Thoughts, and that my All of Happiness depends upon the Justification of my Actions, I've not a Power of saying more than that my Faith has ever been and ever will be inviolably yours: I can't pretend to urge that Time, or even Possession, will heighten that eager Passion, which from the first of my Acquaintance with you, has been too great to admit Addition; but this you may believe, it never will decrease, while I have Life, and you are *Philoclea*: O do not then persist in turning all the Efforts I have made to blind the more than *Argus* Eyes that watch'd you into Reproach and Injury; let not the Violence that I have done my self, and the dangerous Cunning I have made use of to secure my Happiness, be turn'd to my Destruction, nor tyrannously frustrate all my Labours, at the very Time that I have brought them to a Crisis; each Obstacle that barr'd our Happiness, is by my never-sleeping Industry remov'd; your prying Parents are both secur'd from intercepting our desir'd Flight; each Necessary for our going is prepar'd, and there is no intruding Spy, no busy List'ner to betray our Counsels, nor any but the eternal Powers to be a Witness of our Enterprize, or interrupt us in our great Design; them I invoke, who know so well my Innocence, and every secret Movement of my Heart; and if in any Point, or in the smallest Action, my Love or Faith to you are forfeited, may they immediately pour down their keenest Plagues on this detested Head; if e'er these Eyes, since first they were acquainted with your Beauties, have cast a Glance mix'd with Desire on any other Woman, may they this Moment lose their wonted Office; if e'er this Tongue, when trusted with the Meaning of my Heart, was guilty of Deceit to you, may it hereafter know no other Use but to bewail its Master's Miseries. No more, cry'd *Philoclea*, cease to enhance thy Crime, nor think so meanly of me, as that I am each Way to be deceiv'd: Can you believe so poorly of me, as to expect that I should take Oaths for Security, where broken Vows are all the Payment I have already met? No, no, believe me, *Pyrocles*, the Man who dares to irritate the Gods, and strike at awful Justice, wou'd little scruple invoking their just Vengeance, since he must either not at all believe in them, or else be well assur'd it

will

will inevitably o'ertake his Crime; it is enough I know your Falshood, and the Certainty of my own wretched Fate; but must own my self greatly at a Loss to guess what new Design you have in Hand, or why you counterfeit this sudden Penitence: Can you esteem it worth your while to make a second Conquest, only to have again the Pleasure of deceiving? But if that is your Aim, believe me, I am not so very unexperienc'd in your Sex's Arts, as not to be upon my Guard to frustrate your Designs: No, no, enjoy the Conquest you already have; be satisfy'd with that; for this assure your self, you have no more a Power of betraying, nor I of being ruin'd; no, false perfidious Man, assure thy self, I sooner wou'd put Faith in the deceitful Tears of Crocodiles, than in thy flattering and destructive Words; my own Integrity I can preserve; that is not in thy Power to rob me of; in that hereafter I will place my Happiness; no more shall thy perfidious Sex have Power to hurt my Peace of Mind; nor shall I urge high Heaven for any other Punishment upon thy Crimes, but what thy own polluted Conscience will produce.

The wretched Prince, thus wrongfully accus'd, depriv'd of all the Treasure of her Love, and that by the very Means which he had taken to secure it, was driven into the most cruel Strait; he found that Words avail'd not; and as to Actions, she wou'd not suffer him to prove them; the more he strove to vindicate himself from her hard Censure, the more she seem'd confirm'd in her Opinion of his Falshood: This gave his struggling Spirits such a Shock, that, quite o'ercome with Grief and black Despair, he sunk down by the Bed into a senseless Trance, not having Strength but just to say, O *Philoclea*, who has thy Rigour sacrific'd! Her tender Nature, that did not in the least expect such Consequences from her Resentment, was agitated with the most violent Emotions; and starting from her scarce press'd Bed, like *Venus* just ascending from the oozy Deep, she flung her self across his senseless Body, with Charms that wou'd have animated the most lifeless Clay; and watering his Cheeks with her warm Tears, O wretched Maid, cry'd she, what has thy Folly done! How hast thou heedlessly thrown away the Jewel of thy Life, and by resenting a seeming Injury, heap'd upon thy self a real Woe! But hear me, *Pyrocles*, if yet thy Soul has not quite reach'd the heavenly Mansions, I will upon my self revenge the Wrongs I've done thee; and O! forgive the Outrage, since it proceeded from the most sincere Affection that ever any Woman was possess'd of. This cutting Accident, added to the Fatigue of Mind she had so long endur'd, and the ill State of Health it had reduc'd her to, made her unable to support the complicated Miseries that oppress'd her, and she was very near falling into a worse Condition than her hapless Lover, when he reviv'd enough to see and to prevent her Danger; for catching her in his eager Arms, he gently laid her on the Bed, and placing himself
by

by her, taking her Hand, and infusing fresh Warmth into it with his Kisses, he began to tell her his whole Stratagem, omitting not the least Particular, and explaining every Motive that induc'd him to put on that cold Neglect in his Behaviour towards her, and treat her Rival with so much seeming Tenderneſs; conjuring her, that ſince his Plot had ſo far been ſucceſſful, that nothing but her Reſolution was wanting to compleat the happy Scheme, ſhe wou'd not delay the putting it in Execution, or longer ſcruple to partake his Honours, and monopolize his all of Love, begging her to conſider that he had gone ſo far in the Affair, that 'twas impoſſible for him to retreat, without being involv'd in Ruin and everlaſting Infamy. There needed now but very ſlender Arguments to prevail on the relenting Fair to acquieſce in every Thing with her *Pyrocles*' Judgment; and had her Body partook with her Mind's Eagerneſs, or cou'd her Mind have animated her Body, ſhe wou'd have given her ſelf entirely up to his Directions; but raiſing her ſelf a little from the Bed, and endeavouring to put on ſome of her Cloaths, and finding her ſelf too weak to bear the leaſt Fatigue, with Tears of Faintneſs and Regret, which plainly ſhow'd that ſhe was far from having the Will to reſuſe him any Thing ſhe had the Power of granting, My *Pyrocles*, cry'd ſhe, if you can poſſibly convey me hence in the Condition I am in, I am moſt willing to hazard the extreameſt Danger, to prove that Health nor Life I ſet in Competition with your Satisfaction. Here ſhe fell into ſuch ſucceſſive Faintings, that ſhe cou'd not proceed in what ſhe meant to ſay, and he was ſo employ'd in his officious Care for her Recovery, that he forgot his Errand, and employ'd his every Thought for to reſtore her Health and Quiet; and after he had given her a little Cordial Water, her Spirits agitated by the violent Surprize of the Prince's unexpected Viſit, and having had no Reſt for ſuch a Length of Time, at laſt were quite overcome, and an unbidden Sleep entirely ſeiz'd her. Then *Pyrocles* had Leiſure to examine his own Raſhneſs in putting her on ſuch a weighty Undertaking, without the Knowledge of his Friend, without either acquainting *Philoclea* with his Purpoſe, or enquiring whether ſhe was in a Condition to ſhare it with him; but recollecting that when one has been guilty of an imprudent Action, 'tis perſiſting in the Weakneſs to vainly ſpend the Time in womaniſh Repinings, he ſet himſelf to probe the Bottom of this Evil, and find, if poſſible, a Way to extricate himſelf, and his much dearer *Philoclea* from the Difficulties that ſurrounded them; but when he had run over all his Thoughts, nothing preſented but Deſpair and Horror; till at laſt, it came into his Head, that while *Gynecia* preſerv'd the Secret, which ſhe wou'd certainly be brib'd to do, not only in Regard to her own Fame, but by her future Hopes, which is the very lateſt Paſſion a Lover parts with; that he cou'd turn the reſt to Joke, and that it only wou'd the more enſlave *Baſilius*' diſappointed Expectation, and employ him in contriving Means to effect what he had then ſo luckily begun,

begun, and so unfortunately finish'd. This Thought for a few Moments
reliev'd the dreadful Apprehensions he was under ; but surveying it
with a nicer Judgment, he found so many Doubts and Difficulties
rise, and which he was wholly incapable of answering, that his di-
stracted Thoughts wander'd from one Invention to another ; till tir'd
with the fruitless Toil, and the Night being far advanc'd, his Senses
lock'd up in a Maze of Sorrow, a Sleep so deep and sudden seiz'd
him, that he had not a Power of resisting it ; nor blame him, O ye
watchful Lovers, that count the tedious Hours, and whose Spirits are
kept in Action by the continual loud Allarms of Hope and Fear, since
when the Mind is quite depress'd, and by a wretched Certainty free'd
from the Flatterings of Suspence, the Spirits flag, and the Mind grows
stupified and apt to come under the Dominion of the lulling God.
Thus this unhappy Pair, who late were labouring under the severest A-
gonies of Mind, felt for a Time a little Respite, but only slept to
wake to more and greater Tortures, and find themselves involv'd, if
possible in sharper Evils, than even their own heated Imaginations cou'd
have presented to them.

The End of the Third Book.

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Sir



Sir *P H I L I P S I D N E Y*'s
A R C A D I A,
 M O D E R N I Z ' D

By Mrs. *S T A N L E Y*.

B O O K I V.



TH E Almighty Powers, who still take Pleasure in frustrating the narrow Views of prying Mortals, and humbling the Pride of humane Reason, that it may know not to depend upon it self, but meekly acquiesce in all the Dispensations that are dealt out from above, often make use of the most trifling Instruments to bring about Events of the extremest Consequence; so Providence, having at first been pleas'd to introduce *Dametas*, and make him play so great a Part in this Royal Pageant, now that the Catastrophe approach'd, and Things were grown ripe for a Conclusion, employ'd his Folly to reveal what a long Series, not only of Cunning, but true Wisdom, had endeavour'd to conceal; for having employ'd a whole Day's Labour in breaking up the Ground as *Dorus* had directed him, and finding no Uneasiness in all his Toil but the Impatience of his Mind, that he cou'd not sooner reach the desir'd Treasure, with the Expence of much Sweat and Weariness, he at last remov'd the Stone; but O! how cruel was the Disappointment, when instead of all that Mass of Treasure which he expected, he found nothing but the following Couplet writ upon a Piece of Vellum.

Earth

*Earth was thy Hire, and Earth thou hast good Store;
Haste hence with that, nor vainly seek for more.*

What a Surprize this was to the greedy Expectations of *Dametas*, I'll leave the Reader to imagine, who must by this Time be equally well acquainted with his Temper as my self: But notwithstanding this fatal Proof, that there was nothing farther to be expected, yet he cou'd not for the Soul of him at once entirely give up his Hopes; but turning and tossing the wounded Bowels of the harmless Earth, he continu'd his fruitless Labour, till the approaching Night inform'd him that it was time to make his Way towards home; where being come, and entring into his deserted Lodge he found himself fallen from a fancy'd Grief into an essential Misery; for instead of the fair *Pamela*, whose Beauties had Power to make that lowly Cottage the Envy of the greatest Palace, the sprightly Conversation of the Shepherd *Dorus*, *Miso's* continual Clack, and *Mopsa's* grumbling Noise, nothing now reign'd but a continual Silence, attended with a solitary Darkness; which as it naturally breeds a kind of Terror in the stoutest Mind, so it fill'd his puny Heart with Terror and black Despair, and more especially when he remember'd the Charge that he had left behind him, and the Neglect of which he too well knew wou'd not be answer'd with less than Life; therefore, with beating Heart and trembling Limbs, lighting a Candle, he search'd each Cranny where it was but possible for a Mouse to hide itself; but when, with all his Care, he cou'd hear no Tidings of them he wanted, like the very Pattern of dejected Cowardice, he began to beat his Breast and wring his Hands, spending that Time which ought to have been employ'd in endeavouring to recover her, in unavailing Sorrow and fruitless Lamentations: At length, tir'd of that dreadful Place, which had presented him with such direful Ideas, he ran as fast as he was able out of the Lodge, not minding which Way he took, but as if he meant, if possible, to fly himself; and casting up his Eyes to Heaven in fervent Prayers, that he might scape so mean a Death as Hanging, he spy'd by the bright shining of the Moon, some Body standing in the Middle of a large over-grown Ash-Tree: At that sad Juncture he wou'd have made Enquiries of a Dog after his straying Charge; but again casting up his Eyes, he plainly saw it was his Daughter *Mopsa*, and that Knowledge a little reviv'd his drooping Spirits, hoping that she wou'd probably give him some Intelligence; and, without staying to enquire how she came in that strange Posture, *Mopsa*, cry'd he, in a hollow Tone of Voice, I charge thee tell me what is become of *Pamela*, and thy Love *Dorus*; for if thou can'st not give me some Tidings of them, my Neck must surely pay the Satisfaction; but not a Word cou'd his most fervent Conjurations procure of *Mopsa*, who was attending for higher Matters, and had *Apollo's* self indeed come down

down to speak to her, he wou'd in vain have urg'd an Answer, till he had three Times distinctly pronounc'd her Name: Her Silence was a new Addition to *Dametas*' Perplexity, who thought that the whole World was in a Conspiracy against him; and therefore, in an inconsiderate Rage, Audacious Wretch, cry'd he, may all the Vengeance of an injur'd Parent overtake thee, if thou dost not answer me directly what is become of *Dorus* and *Pamela*: But Blessings and Curses were of equal Signification, for neither of them cou'd prevail on *Mopsa* to give him the least Answer; who, thinking that her Fate was now come to a Crisis, wou'd not for the Refusal of a Kingdom have utter'd one Word till her Name was the third Time pronounc'd, which very soon, to her great Joy, she heard; for *Dametas*, being by this Time work'd up into a most egregious Passion, began to throw Stones at her, and conjure her by the Name of hellish *Mopsa*; but when he had call'd her the third Time, no Chime ever more suddenly follow'd a Church Clock, than her Tongue did his; for verily believing that it was the God who had taken upon him her Father's Voice, in order to make it more familiar to her, she flung her Arms eagerly abroad, and not considering that she was blindfold, and upon so high a Tree, she came fluttering down like a hooded Hawk, and wou'd certainly have unjointed her Neck, but that the Tree being full of Boughs, toss'd her from one to t'other, till at last, well bruise'd in every Part, she came bounce upon the Ground, to receive a rougher Salutation from the ruder Earth. *Dametas*, as soon as he saw her fall, came running to her, and finding her so closely muffled up, pull'd off the Scarlet Cloak, and well was it for her he did, for what with with her Bruises, and the Height from which she fell, had he not given her immediate Air, she wou'd undoubtedly have been stifled. The Moment that he found her a little come to her self, he began again to renew his Entreaties to her, that she wou'd tell him where the Princess was. O good *Apollo*, answer'd she, if ever thou didst bear good Will to the Mother of the God *Phaeton*, grant me a King to be my Husband. Alas, reply'd *Dametas*, ready to cry betwixt Despight and Grief, what tellest thou me of *Phaeton*? If by thy Help I find not out *Pamela*, thy Father will To-morrow swing on a Gallows, high as that Tree thou just camest down from. No matter for that, answer'd *Mopsa*, so thou wilt but make *Dorus* a King, and give him me for a Husband. Why *Mopsa*, thou foolish Girl, cry'd out *Dametas*, hast thou lost thy Wits? Dost thou not know thy own natural Father? Father me no Fathers, reply'd *Mopsa*, half in a Rage, I shan't remember him, and forget my self; give me a good Husband, I say. I tell thee, reply'd *Dametas*, thou shalt have thy Belly-full of Husbands, so thou wilt but answer to my Question. Thank you heartily, reply'd *Mopsa*, but be sure let 'em be all Kings. *Dametas* being by this Time almost as much out of his own Senses as he imagin'd his Daughter was beyond hers, he fell down upon his Knees; O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, cry'd he, in a dismal Tone, mine own

good Girl, do not thus cruelly torment thy loving Father, but either give me some Comfort, or say that thou hast not the Power. *Mopsa*, who resolv'd not to be behind-hand with *Apollo* in good Manners, kneel'd down on the other Side; I will never leave intreating thee, cry'd she, until thou hast satisfied my Longing, which if thou delayest, I will declare thee a Promiss-breaker, even to *Jupiter* himself. *Dametas*, who now began to think the Girl was indeed stark Mad, gave himself over for a gone Man; and catching her hastily in his Arms, to see whether by any Means he cou'd bring her a little to her self, he was saluted over the Back and Shoulders with a good Crabtree Cudgel, and soon found that this harsh Greeting came from his Wife, who exalted her shrill Voice enough to have stunn'd even a God himself, calling him a Thousand Rogues, asking him if she was not sufficient for him, and cou'd not have serv'd his Liquorish Chops as well as *Charita*; for she having taken *Dorus's* Advice, had been for several Hours closely waiting at *Mantina*, in a Friend's House of hers, and when the Clock struck Ten, her Patience not holding a Moment beyond that Time, she went to enquire for the *Oudemian-Street*; but not hearing of any such Place, she hastened to one of the Civil Magistrates appointed to inspect into such Affairs, and with the bitterest Invectives told him, that *Dametas*, forgetting his Allegiance to her and to his Master, was now openly committing Adultery in the House of *Charita's* Uncle in the *Oudemian-Street*; but tho' there had neither ever such a Street been heard of, nor the Name of *Charita* known by any of the Inhabitants, yet such a general Ill-will was held against *Dametas* for his unmerited Advancement, that every Body was willing to be the Instrument of his Shame, and therefore with Shouts and Laughter they search'd every suspected Place, *Miso* still leading up the Rear, encouraging them to be diligent in their Search, by assuring them that she knew too well the Truth of what she had asserted, increasing the Sport they took in hunting of her Husband with her eager barking; till having given them as much Diversion, and made her self and Husband as ridiculous as she was able, she was oblig'd to give over seeking for what indeed was no where to be found, and again betake her self to her rusty Mare, not one Bit better satisfy'd about her Husband, but firmly thinking that they had alter'd their Place of Meeting; and as she was coming under the Ash-tree, hearing her Husband's Voice, and seeing a Female in his Arms, she verily thought her self now secure of her Prey, and softly stealing from her Horse, came behind him, and saluted him with a good round Blow of her Cudgel. *Dametas*, who was not half so sensible in any thing as Feeling, turn'd up his blubber'd Face like a great School Boy newly whipt for playing Truant, and full as humble; Alas, Woman, said he, how has thy wretched Husband deserv'd to have his own ill Fortune back'd with thy Displeasure; knowest thou not that *Pamela*, my Charge *Pamela*, is run away? *Miso*, still
eager

eager in her Jealousy, What tell'st thou me, cry'd she, thou libidinous Villain, of *Pamela*, dost thou think that wandering Answer can excuse thy breaking the Laws of Holy Marriage? Have I made thee a Father, brought thee Children, been a true and faithful Wife to thee for such a Length of Years, thus to be despis'd, abus'd, and injur'd in my Age? These Words were every other Minute intermixt with Blows; insomuch, that poor *Dametas* began to think that either a general Phrensy had seiz'd the World, or else that this was all a Vision; but as to the latter, he was soon beat out of that Fancy; and therefore, again turning to his Wife, *Miso*, said he, hereafter you shall examine me as much as ever you have a Mind to, but for the present tell me what is become of *Pamela*. Examine! cry'd she; yes I will examine, but it shall be this Drab first, and with that she let fall the Cudgel with all its Weight upon *Mopsa*, still mistaken her for *Charita*; but *Mopsa*, who was already in a great Chafe, thinking that she had hinder'd her from further Conversation with *Apollo*, did not take this Complement half so patiently as her Father, but flying at her Throat, she had well nigh strangled her, but that he like a peaceable Man interpos'd and parted them, and taking Advantage of their Quarrel, he again fell to intreating both of them to give him some Information concerning the Princess; but the Chimeras that *Dorus* had with so much Industry put into their Heads, was not so soon to be remov'd; for tho' *Miso* now both felt and saw that it was indeed her Daughter *Mopsa*, yet cou'd not she for the Soul of her get *Charita* out of her Imagination, still putting such crabbed Questions to *Dametas* about her, that not being able to guess at one Tittle of her Meaning, it flung him into a profound Maze, and that Astonishment still serv'd to encrease her Doubts; and as for *Mopsa*, as she did at first firmly believe him to be *Apollo*, and thought her Mother's coming had spoil'd her Purchase; so still, tho' she found he really was her Father, she perswaded her self that they were both come only to have the first Wish; and therefore wou'd not answer one Word to whatever they cou'd say to her, but hugging the Tree as if she thought it wou'd run away from her: Nay, says she, you may do as you will, but I was here first, and I am resolv'd I will have the first Wish. Which Gibberish they understood no more than *Dametas* did what *Miso* meant by *Charita*; but at last with much ado, he perswaded them to go into the Lodge and make their Eyes a Witness how dear their Negligence had cost them: But there indeed the Danger which they knew they must inevitably be expos'd to, when the King shou'd hear his Daughter had escap'd, brought them a little to themselves, and they began to change their Note, and fall into a brawling Dispute, which of them was in Fault; while *Dametas*, fearing the Thunderbolt of that Storm wou'd fall upon his Shoulders, slipt away from them, and inspir'd by some Genius superiour to his own, he hasted to search the other Lodge, hoping that *Pamela*, being left alone, might for that Night have taken up her Lodging there; but when he had reach'd it,

and

and employ'd his Master-Key, which the King out of his special Favour, tho' so unmeritted on his Part, had bestow'd on him, he found the Doors were all so strongly fortified, that it cou'd not at all prevail in any of them, till at last he try'd one little Trap-Door which went down by a Vault into the Cellar, which as *Pyrocles* was wholly unacquainted with, he had left entirely ungarded; that Way with wary Steps *Dametas* pass'd, and went softly up to *Philoclea's* Chamber, where he thought it most probable for him to find *Pamela*: The Door being left open, he went directly in, and by the Light of the distant Lamp perceiv'd some Body lying upon the Bed by her; and tho' he was fully perswaded it cou'd be no other than the Princess *Pamela*, yet thinking he cou'd never be too sure in a Matter of so great Consequence, he took the Lamp down and went softly to the Bed where our two unhappy Lovers lay, still lock'd in peaceful Slumbers; whether influenc'd by the divine Powers who took this Method of bringing their Fate now near its Crises to a Conclusion, or that their Sorrows had quite suppress'd their Spirits, and lock'd their Senses up from performing their waking Office, I wont pretend to say, but *Dametas* to his Grief soon found it was *Zelmane*, not her he look'd for; and what still more surpriz'd him, *Zelmane* was not more different from the Princess than from herself, in which Opinion her Change of Dress chiefly confirm'd him. Satisfied with this Discovery, and thinking it not good to rouse the sleeping Lyon, he took *Pyrocles's* Sword which he had brought with him for fear of being surpriz'd, and made all the Haste he cou'd out of the Room, fast'ning the Door after him on the Outside as well as he was able; hoping that by revealing this Secret to the King, which he thought far exceeded his Crime, his own Fault wou'd be esteem'd the less; or at least he wou'd be so taken up with this Injury, that he wou'd not have Leisure to chastise his Negligence; like an unthinking Fool never considering, that the more his Rage and Passion was excited, the heavier in all Probability it wou'd fall on every Offender; but however, supported by that Hope, he hastened to the King's Chamber, but not finding him there, he ran down Stairs like a Man bereft of Reason, and with open Mouth bawl'd out all the Way he went, that his Master was betray'd, and that *Zelmane* had abus'd him and defil'd his Daughter. The Noise he made, and in so still a Time, for 'twas but just after Break of Day, was by the babbling Eccho carry'd a considerable Distance, and soon brought several of the Shepherds to the Lodge Door, to inquire the Meaning of that Uproar; which *Dametas* did not a-tall scruple telling them, informing them of all that he knew; which was, that *Zelmane* had prov'd a Man, and was at that Moment a-Bed with the Princess *Philoclea*. The poor Men, jealous of their Prince's Honour, were almost ready with Weapons to have enter'd the Lodge, and have themselves reveng'd the Insult; but as they were debating whether it was not best first to inform the King and take his Orders, their Ears were wounded with a fresh Cry

Cry, that the King was dead, the King was dead. This dreadful Sound summon'd their whole Attention, and in Confusion they all rush'd onward to the Cave, where the Report was that his Body lay. The Grounds of this Alarm was as follows :

Basilus having pass'd the Night far happier in Imagination than Reality, and having his suppos'd *Zelmane's* Honour still at Heart, he thought it proper just at the Break of Day to quit the Rapture of her Arms, and prudently retire to his Wife's forsaken Bed ; and after he had given his fancy'd Love ten thousand Promises of his Fidelity and everlasting Passion, seal'd with as many Kisses, he left the Bed, and upon Account of the Cave's Darknefs, went to the Mouth of it to adjust his Cloaths ; while he was dressing, his Joy, too great to be confin'd within his Bosom, burst into Words, O happy Night, cry'd he, who with thy sable Wings hast shrouded me within the Vale of Bliss from the Eyes of envious Gazers, how do I revere thy awful Shade ! Thou art the eldest Child of Time ! The babbling Day is but an Usurper over thy more valuable Right, and now, like a true Tyrant, attempts to lord it over thee, and dispense those Joys to Mortals, which thou alone art capable of truly giving ! Thou art the Lover's Harvest, the Wretch's Respite from his Cares ! Reposing Sleep, like Death, sets all upon a Level in thy peaceful Reign ! The Beggar, influenc'd by thy lulling Care, forgets his Poverty, and sets both Cold and Hunger at Defiance ; the busy Monarch, overcharg'd with the Fatigues of State, flies to thy Shade for Refuge, and at thy Feet lays all his Burthens down ; even brawling Strife submits to be appeas'd at thy Approach ; and Envy's keenest Snakes forget their Hissing ! O *Basilus*, how has thy Life been hitherto spent in Illusion ! Thy rowling Years have never till this happy Night experienc'd one solid Joy ! But let the babbling Priests rail on, spight of their Jargon, I'll pursue my Pleasures, nor be depriv'd of such a Paradise by any Ties that Marriage can impose, or fancy'd Rules enjoin : Ye Naturalists, ye talking Stoicks, how justly can I contradict your dull Morality, which asserts, that Pleasure is a fancy'd Thing, and no essential Good ? Why was that wondrous Difference made in Women, if not that some deserving Men might be more exquisitely bless'd than are the common Herd of Humankind ? O *Gynecia* ! no more pretend with jealous Assiduity to regain that Heart which by superior Charms is forcibly estrang'd from thee, and fix'd on perfect Merit ; when thou can'st prove a Power of dispensing such Raptures as *Zelmane* bestows, then may'st thou think of recovering my alienated Love ; but till thou can'st bring Evidence of that, withdraw thy Suit, and rest assur'd thy Plea is vain. *Gynecia* overheard every Syllable of this long Soliloquy, for casting *Zelmane's* Garment about her Shoulders, she had follow'd *Basilus* to the Cave's Entry, full of inward Torment, rack'd between the Sense of her intended Guilt, and the heart rending

Apprehension that she had been betray'd, and by *Zelmane*; but considering on the other Side, that the King still treated her as *Zelmane*, and therefore it was possible it might be some unbridled Enterprize of his own, and not any Abuse design'd her by *Zelmane*; and that if hurry'd on by Rage, she shou'd pursue a rash Revenge, her own Honour must unavoidably be blasted, and *Zelmane's* Life endanger'd; which, as yet, her tenderness wou'd not suffer her to think of hazard-ing: She at last fix'd upon this Resolve, That she wou'd discover herself to him, and artfully turn this Accident to her own Advantage, by confirming his Opinion of her, and so find out the Bottom of this Matter, and then determine accordingly. This I say, was her first Intention when she follow'd *Basilus* from the Bed; but approaching near enough to hear him with all that eager Partiality prefer her to her self, it stopt her Hast, and put her on reflecting how vastly Fancy has a Power of not only imposing upon Reason, but even beguiling Sense; she saw in him how much Opinion governs Love, and that the Lover's Happiness is plac'd entirely in Conceit. Those Thoughts took her up some Moments, but when *Basilus* was almost ready to leave the Cave, she advanced with a stately Gravity, and stood before him, who still taking her for *Zelmane*, began to renew his amorous Dalliances, till by the Light, the glimering Morn, just then usurping the Night's Prerogative, allow'd him, he knew her for *Gynecia*, and testified his Disappointment and Surprize, by starting some Paces from her: She took the Advantage of his Astonishment, and with a modest Bitterness, perfectly becoming this Occasion, she thus reproach'd him; Alas, my Lord, well does your Words betray the Falshood of you Mind, and this Night's Actions convinc'd me how much I stand a sad Example of a deserted Wife; but what one Part of my Behaviour it is that has occasion'd this Usage; I own I'm wholly at a Loss to guess; if the scrupulously observing each minute Particular of my Duty, is a just Plea for the Breach of yours, you go indeed on a Foundation of the strictest Reason; if yet my Life has not been spent in the severest Virtue, the Care and Pains I have been at to educate our common Children, has not been more than Mothers generally take, then throw me off, abandon me entirely to that Contempt with which you just now treated my Name: But if in all the Series of my past Life I have behav'd in such a Manner, that even you must own I have deserv'd at last a better Treatment, then call your wandring Judgment home, reflect what a Precipice you have escap'd, and for the Future with Care avoid those Paths of Ruin. Had not *Zelmane*, with prudent Caution beyond her unexperienc'd Years, behav'd in this Conjunction, your vicious Inclinations had been gratify'd, and by this time you had purchas'd a transitory Pleasure at the Expence of all your future Peace, and well assure your self, my Lord, that a dear Repentance wou'd have succeeded the short liv'd Pleasure.

Basilus,

Basilus, more heartily ashamed of this Discovery, than *Vulcan*, when with much Labour he had proved himself a Cuckold, began to make a thousand vain and extravagant Excuses ; but the Proofs being so strong against him, it was impossible for him, with all his Rhetorick, to extenuate his Crime; and *Gynecia*, whose Grievs were far from running in that Channell, when she found that he only made rambling Excuses, and that she could not get the entire Truth out of him, was very glad to put an End to the Discourse ; and therefore, interrupting him, Well, my Lord, said she, for this Time let this Matter end, which Repetition only can enhance ; but for the future, for your own Sake as well as mine, I would advise you to behave in such a Manner, that I may have no Reason to reproach your Actions, or despise your Judgment ; remember that the Injury you have been guilty of, centers not in me, your Children share the Wrong, nor has your People less Cause to grieve, who must be governed by a Man who has not Power to manage his own unruly Passions: If Time, and the Fatigues of bearing Children, have in some Degree lessened that little Beauty I could once have boasted, reflect, my Lord, that rolling Time has also added an Encrease of Years to you ; and believe me, Sir, your Age can ill excuse those Sallies of ungovernable Passion, which nothing but the Fire of Youth can give Allowance to ; 'tis time for both of us to give the Reins to Reason, and uncontrouled let it enjoy the just Dominion it claims over us.

Basilus, who would have given his Life to have had the Breach made up, no more attempted to excuse himself, but fairly owned his Fault, begging her to forgive the Folly of a Passion, which he protested nothing but the Force of irresistible Destiny could have worked him up to, assuring her withal, that her prudent Management had wrought so far upon him, that for the future, like a wandering Traveller, whose roving Inclinations having carried him to distant Climes, is by them taught to set a greater Value on his native Home, he would soon pay back, with Interest, the Debt of Love which he had so imprudently squander'd away, and show her greater Honour than yet he had ever done. No more, my Lord, cry'd she, these mean Submissions are almost as unbecoming as your Fault ; 'tis not for me to take upon me the chastising my Lord and Husband ; the Liberty I have taken, proceeded purely from that Regard I owe to you, and not from any peevish Jealousy or shrewish Honour. *Basilus*, who knew himself so culpable, and expected *Gynecia* to behave with that Violence which is common to all Wives upon the like Occasion, was perfectly charm'd with her condescending Goodness and mild Behaviour, which possibly otherwise managed, would have work'd him up to an avow'd Carelessness of her Person, and a rash Publication of his own Follies ; but now his alienated Heart began to turn ; and taking her in his Arms,

with

with a fond Embrace he told her, that her Virtues had at last convinc'd him, that 'twas not in the Power of any other Woman to give those solid Joys she cou'd dispense; that for the Future she might depend on his Affections and Esteem, and be satisfy'd that her Arms shou'd be the utmost Limits of his Pleasures, and her Wisdom the Guide of all his Actions. Thus reconcil'd, as he imagin'd, who was sincere in his Professions, to both their Satisfaction, he unluckily cast his Eye upon the Cup that *Gynecia* had prepar'd for a more welcome Guest, and being very thirsty, he wou'd needs drink of it, tho' she told him how she came by the Draught, and what were by Tradition said to be the Effects of it; the King smiling, took it up, and with an Air of Gallantry, told her, he shou'd be glad to prove whether it was in Art to heighten his returning Love; and without saying more, he drank it almost off; but soon as it had reach'd his Stomach, the noisome Vapours of the deadly Draught diffus'd it self thro' every Vein; his Eye-balls roul'd as they wou'd burst their Sockets; his Limbs grew stiff, and a cold Dew hung on his livid Face, he sunk at once upon the Ground, and in a faint and trembling Accent, cry'd, O *Gynecia*! full well art thou reveng'd; but have a Care.—He had not Strength to say of whom or what; but with a Groan expir'd. *Gynecia*, from the first, observ'd his Colour change, and saw that something was the Matter, tho' she was far from thinking of so cutting an Accident; but when she saw him fall and heard his dying Words, she flung her self down by him, and with Cries and Shrieks wou'd have recall'd that Life which her Imprudence had destroy'd: But when she found that he was past Relief, the Grief, Despair and Horror that seiz'd her guilty Mind, is not to be conceiv'd; when her Astonishment found the Vent of Words, O Wretch cry'd she, into what an Abyss of Misery art thou fallen! To whom shall I complain, or where apply my self for Mercy! If to the senseless Earth, That gapes to be encreas'd and fatten'd with my shameful Body! Shou'd I commit my Cause to envious Men, they wou'd rejoice in my Misfortunes, since they are ever ready to publish their Neighbours Shame, and make anothers Overthrow the Proof of their well dissembled Virtues! Shou'd I appeal to Heaven, O torturing Thought, my Suit wou'd there be vain, Sin has no Portion there, nor can polluted Minds find a Reception in those happy Mansions! Whither, O whither then, thou ugly Fiend, Despair, can'st thou intend to lead thy miserable Captive! Not Hell has Tortures equal to my Crimes! O *Philoclea*! well art thou reveng'd for all those Agonies which I unnaturally occasion'd in thy tender Bosom! Thou and thy Lover both will fully be reveng'd, and find the every Pang I have occasion'd you, redoubled on my Head; yet, why *Zelmane*, why was I thus inhumanly deceiv'd! For well I know, to add to all my complicated Ills, thou hast betray'd me. At the Mention of that Name a Shower of Tears fell down her beauteous Cheeks, and she dissolv'd in Tenderness in spite of the Resolution she had form'd, and the Extremity she was in; but again,

turning

turning her Eyes upon the Body of her Husband; her Grief renew'd and jostled out the unbidden Guest; and of a sudden she recollected a Dream that she had had some Nights before, wherein fancying her self call'd by *Zelmae*, she pass'd a dirty Way that was between them, and coming up to her, she found her gone, and a dead Body left in her room, which bid her seek no farther, for there, and there only, must she hope for Rest. This Dream returning to her frighted Fancy, she took it for an inspir'd Vision sent to warn her of her approaching End, and therefore determin'd to meet Death resolutely, and not endeavour to ward the coming Blow, or to prolong her hateful Life; and laying her self down by the senseless Body, she kiss'd his clammy Lips: Yes, cry'd she, here shall be my only Rest, since so the Fates ordain it; nor, while I hold my Life, will I be separated from my injur'd Husband; and if the offended Gods will hear my Prayers, this faulty, this polluted Soul, wash'd with my Blood, shall very soon be join'd to his, where Frailty has no Power to unfix the steady Mind, nor Death itself have Force to separate us more.

As she was thus lamenting over the King's Body, the first Shepherds happen'd to come by the Entrance of the Cave; and seeing him lie in that Condition, and hearing *Dametas*' Cries about the Princess *Philoclea*, they hasted to inform him of the King's Death, who immediately, with all the Company, ran to prove the Truth of these heavy Tidings; more glad in his Coward-Heart, upon his own Account, of the King's Death, than he was sorry for the Publick Loss: But tho' *Gynecia* had with so much Zeal resolv'd on Death, yet when she thought that it approach'd, Nature prevail'd over her Judgment, and the Shame that she conceiv'd at being taken in that suspicious Manner, for that Instant overcame all her Resolutions; and as soon as ever she espy'd the Foremost of the Pastoral Troop, the wretched Queen run to conceal her self and Shame in the next Woods; tho' in her self she did not wish for Safety, nor in her calmer Thought wou'd upon any Terms have deign'd to accept it. *Dametas*, who saw her fly in *Zelmae*'s Garment, took it indeed for him, and thought that all the infernal Spirits had made a League to come and play their Gambols in those Woods; and instead of sending for *Philanax*, and taking the proper Methods which the present Exigence requir'd, he began to fence himself with Circles, and all those fantastical Ceremonies which he imagin'd wou'd secure him from the Power of the Devil; but the other Shepherds, who had more their Wits about them, immediately divided themselves, some of them pursuing the frighted Queen, and others officiously endeavouring to recover their dead Master. The wretched Queen soon having got the better of her first Fears, and the Resolution she had taken to die, returning with all its former Strength, she soon suffer'd her self to be o'ertaken; but when the Shepherds saw it was the Queen, whose personal Perfections they

had always as much lov'd and regarded, as they revered her high Authority and the State she bore, they all, with bended Knees, began to implore her Pardon, for following her in that disrespectful Manner; assuring her, that they mistook her for the King's Murderer, and as such pursu'd her; begging her to forgive their mad tho' zealous Passion to revenge their Master, and to continue her wonted Goodness to them,

The desperate Fair, in haste to be deliver'd from her self, whom she esteem'd her greatest Foe, turn'd to the harmless Troop, and with a Countenance confirm'd as they who have dispens'd with Shame, and well digested the severest Pangs of Death, she thus address'd them: Go on, my Friends, pursue your glorious Purpose of Revenge; behold the Object of it is before you; I am the Cause of all your Woe; in me you do indeed behold the Murderer of your King, and consequently the Destroyer of the Nation's Peace; I was the only Instrument of his unnatural and barbarous End: If then his Memory is dear to you, as sure it ought, defer not to revenge his Death; nor spare me for my Title's sake, but remember that 'twas from him I have destroy'd, that I deriv'd them. Why, ye *Arcadians*, do ye pause? Is Justice at a Loss to act in an *Arcadian* Breast? You cannot be so weak, to fear Resistance from a Woman; nor can your Hands want Strength to sacrifice the Murtherer of your King. The poor Men, astonish'd at her Words look'd pitifully at one another, unknowing how to determine in an Affair of so much Consequence; and tho' she had own'd herself the Murtherer of the King, yet, notwithstanding that, the Awe they bore her was so great, that they esteem'd it worse than Sacrilege to touch her Royal Person, and, had she pleas'd, she might for them have unprevented made her Escape: Which when she saw, and found that all her Oratory was not sufficient to work them up to Rage against her, Well, said she, my Friends, I find the Zeal you bear for your dead Master's Memory, is not so great as I imagin'd; but tho' you have refus'd with your own Hands to avenge his cruel Death, take me and lead me to publick Justice, and be assur'd you never seiz'd a greater Criminal. But neither wou'd the honest Shepherds comply with this Request, but stood like Mutes, with Tears bewailing this Addition to their Loss; till at last she was necessitated to command them to return with her to the Cave, which they comply'd with, following at an humble Distance, where she found the Remainder of the Shepherds lamenting over the King's Body; for after they had in vain try'd every Remedy to restore him back to Life, at last they took the fatal Cup, and gave the Remainder of the Draught to a Dog; and finding it have the same Effect, they gave over their useless Care. And being now all gather'd round the Corps, *Gynectia*, before them all, again confess'd her self the Instrument of the fatal Accident, endeavouring to heighten her own Crime, and
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make her self more odious to the People, by reminding them of the King's peculiar Merits, and the irreparable Loss they had sustain'd. So long she talk'd upon the dismal Subject, that not an Eye among the Multitude, but did with Tears bear Witness how sensible it's Master was of his Loss; some were for dying with him, others for living purely to lament; in short, the neighbouring Woods rang with the dolefull Echo of their Shrieks and Cries, and at last convey'd them to the Ears of the ever faithful *Philanax*, who accidentally that fatal Morning was coming to pay his Duty to the King, attended by several of the Nobility belonging to the State; the Noise prodigiously surpriz'd him, but when he came within sight of the Cave, and found his Master's Body lying in that Posture, and *Gynecia* lamenting over him, bewailing her own Guilt more than his Loss, no Language can be strong enough to speak the Shock it gave him; the Shepherds, and in particular *Dametas*, knowing him now to be the first in Power, briefly related to him all that had past; 'twas with great Difficulty he sat his Horse 'till he had heard them out, and then alighting from it, he flung himself by his lov'd Master's Side, and perform'd his Obsequies with a Souldier's Tear; then turning to *Gynecia*, who had all this time been agraying to him her Guilt, in the same Manner as she before endeavour'd to the Shepherds: Yes, said he, Madam, in an exasperated Tone, you shall have Justice done you; this honest Heart, that while my Royal Master liv'd ne'er beat but for his Service, shall never rest till I have taken ample Vengeance on his Murtherers; therefore, be well assur'd, you shall not 'scape. With that, he call'd a Gentleman whom the late King had confided in, and gave her to his Care, charging him to keep her (who, Heaven knows, gave her self up a willing Prisoner) in close Confinement, till he shou'd receive his further Orders. In the next Place, he depriv'd *Dametas* of his ill-acquitted Trust, taking from him the Keys of both the Lodges, and ordering him, his Wife and Daughter, to be convey'd to Prison, till he cou'd determine how further to dispose of them. This dispatch'd, and having sent several Horsemen in pursuit of the straying Princess, he and the remaining Noblemen went to the Lodge, where *Philoclea* and her dear *Pyrocles* were anxiously attending the Event of their ill-fated Loves.

Pyrocles, after he was discover'd by *Dametas*, waked e'er the Clown had reach'd the Bottom of the Stairs, and hearing something of a Noise, he leapt from off the Bed and went to take his Sword, but to his great Confusion found it gone; and what still more astonish'd him, attempting to force the Door, he found it fasten'd beyond his Strength; from thence he run back to the Window, hoping that Way to find a Passage that wou'd favour their Escape; but in vain he strove, and strain'd his Sinews, for with all his Strength he cou'd but just compass the getting out one Iron Bar, and that he took more to defend himself

self withal, than from any View he had to escape; for by that Time the Shepherds, alarm'd by the yelping of *Dametas*, were gather'd round him, and *Pyrocles* was mortify'd with distinctly hearing the Villain blaspheme his Love, and traiterously defame his Lady's Honour: A thousand Daggers stabb'd to his Heart at once cou'd not have given him half the Pangs this piercing Sound occasion'd; he found his Hopes, that had so long been raising, all in a Moment dash'd; his Love destroy'd; and, what was worse than all, his *Philoclea*, that consummate Fair, by his Imprudence brought to the Verge of Death; and, what was less supportable, an everlasting Blemish cast on her Fame, her spotless Virtue call'd in question, and prophan'd, by the rude Blasts of every envious Breath: He too well knew the Strictness of the *Arcadian* Law, to hope for any milder Punishment than Death for either of them; and when he thought that *Philoclea*, the dear, the tender Maid, must by his Means be snatch'd away in all her Bloom of Charms, not all his manly Courage cou'd support him; a thousand Times he curs'd himself and his rash Folly, in undertaking such a dangerous Enterprize, without first having her Consent; accusing himself of the grossest Negligence, in not securing all the Passages of the Lodge; and yet he could not for the Soul of him imagine which Way *Dametas* found an Entrance. At last, after revolving a thousand Stratagems to save, if possible, the lovely *Philoclea's* Life, and her more valuable Fame, he fix'd on the most generous Resolution that ever enter'd any Lover's Breast; which was, that since relentless Fate deny'd that he shou'd live for her, to die in Vindication of her Honour; determining, that when upon *Dametas'* Report they shou'd come to know the Truth of it, if they found him dead, they wou'd conclude that he had found all Methods ineffectual to seduce her Honour, and therefore in Despair had sacrific'd that Life, which he must either be oblig'd to lose, or bear under the double Curse of disappointed Love and deep Disgrace. Having form'd this generous Resolution, he paus'd awhile to consider to the Bottom of it, and then cry'd out aloud, Be it resolv'd, *Pyrocles*, I was my self, by my imprudent Rashness, the Cause of all these Evils, and on my self I will take ample Vengeance: But strait a new Objection offer'd, and stopp'd his hasty Arm, for *Dametas* having remov'd his Sword, there was not any Instrument left in the Chamber sufficient to give him his *Quietas*; but looking about for a considerable Time, and fearing that *Philoclea* shou'd awake, and with her tender Eloquence melt his best Resolves, he took up the Iron Bar that he had wrench'd from the Window, which being something sharper at one End than the other, he hop'd that, added to his own eager Wishes, wou'd be sufficient to shear his Thread of Life. With that, taking it in his Hand, and looking upon the beauteous Maid, whose Innocence securely slept, little imagining what a torturing Sorrow was preparing for her, the Sight for a few Moments stopp'd his direful Purpose, and the Shock

he felt at the Reflection how he shou'd leave that Darling of his Soul, that Idol of his Wishes, expos'd to all the foul Reproaches of busy Babblers, whose envious Hearts, the more she merited, wou'd take the greater Pleasure in defaming her, was greater far than the severest Pangs of Death; and in an Extasy of Grief, he kneel'd down by the Bed, and lifting up his Heart in fervent Prayer, Thou great Creator of this Globe, cry'd he, accept the Sacrifice I make of my own Blood, as an Atonement for all the unwilling Errors of my Youth; be not, O Lord, offended at thy Servant, for vent'ring, without thy particular Permission, to play the Executioner, and dismiss my weary Soul from the unquiet Situation, in which thy never erring Wisdom plac'd it; since to my Judgment it appears, that by bereaving me of Means for to preserve my Life, thou points me out a Way to quit it nobly, and by one glorious Blow preserve that worthless Masterpiece of all thy Work, the helpless beauteous *Philoclea*: But O! whate'er thy Justice shall decree of me, guard and preserve that tender One from Danger's cruel Gripes! Save her from the too rigid Justice of an angry Parent's Power! Protect her Innocence, and in thy own good Time let it be manifested clear as her Beauties!

This said, he struck the Bar with all his Might against his Breast, at the same Instant falling upon it with all his Strength, that it might find a surer Passage to his Heart; but tho' the Edge was much too weak to pierce it, yet it ras'd the Skin, and bruis'd his Ribs so violently, that it almost laid him breathless on the Floor. The Noise he made in falling, awak'd the frighted Fair One from her peaceful Slumbers, whose opening Eyes were soon saluted with the most dreadful Sight they ever yet beheld; the Terror gave Strength to her enfeebled Limbs, and flying from the Bed, unmindful of the Wounds her tender Feet endur'd from the rude Boards, she rais'd him in her Arms; and soothing him in her Embraces, My Life, my Soul, my All, cry'd she, what can you mean with sacrilegious Hands thus, with unwarrantable Violence, to sacrifice that dear, that precious Life, and by the impious Act impose upon your *Philoclea* far greater Tortures, than ever were inflicted on the most offending Criminal? Surely you are not now to be convinc'd, that any Wound you can receive is doubled in my Bosom; and that the greatest Hell my Soul can prove, is the surviving you: If I am grown disgustful to your Sight, and Hatred, as it too often happens, has succeeded your once generous Passion, on me, my Lord, the cruel Cause, turn your Revenge; my panting Bosom heaves to meet and satisfy your Rage; so shall the World be still bless'd with your matchless Merit, and I at least have the sad Satisfaction of falling by your lov'd Hand.

Pyrocles was griev'd to the very Centre of his Soul that he had not at once ended his hated Life, and this sad Controversy, thinking himself only

reserv'd by cruel Fortune to warn the trembling Fair of her approaching End; but since he was necessitated to let her know (as he thought) her inevitable Destiny, he rais'd himself a little up, and looking with Eyes that most significantly spoke the Anguish he endur'd, Joy of my Joy, and Treasure of my Soul, cry'd he, why will you do so great an Injury to Power omnipotent, as to charge your self with being the Cause of this unnatural Action, which my own rash Folly has entirely drawn on me? No, believe me, thou perfect Creature, nothing but thy consummate Excellence cou'd have work'd me up to such a Deed, nor any thing have tempted me thus against all the Laws of Nature, at once to have rush'd into that endless Gulph of Death, but to preserve thy dearer and more valuable Life. With that, as well as his Confusion wou'd give him leave, he repeated to her all that he had overheard *Dametas* say, enlarging with all the heightning Terms his Passion cou'd invent upon the Keeness of her Danger, that he might work her up to give her Approbation of what he had determin'd; but the more he argu'd, the more her tender Love abhor'd the mention of such a Cruelty. No more, cry'd she, my *Pyrocles*, taking him in her Arms, and a thousand Times kissing his bleeding Wound, no more of these fallacious Arguments; cease to deceive your self, or do my Love so great an Injury, as to imagine I wou'd purchase Life at the Expence of every thing in it, that is or can be dear to me: How can you be so cruel to imagine, that in my dying Pangs I shall feel half the Tor- tures, the Loss of you wou'd raise within my Breast! How wou'd these Eyes be capable to guide my Steps after the killing Sight, that necessarily must be darken'd with continual weeping! How shou'd I bear these Hands shou'd daily with officious Care perform the necessary Offices of Life, when they have tamely suffer'd such a consummate Mischief to be acted in their Presence without their interposing Aid! I don't, my dear *Pyrocles*, pretend to build upon the weak Foundation of my own shallow Judgment, nor wou'd I suffer the Impatience of my Love to urge you on to a Behaviour unworthy of your self; but I have often heard my Father say, that it has ever been the Opinion of the most judicious People, that to destroy one's self, argues a Coward-Spirit; and that Men seldom fly to that Refuge, till they are reduc'd to it by the Suggestions of either Fear or Shame; but generally 'tis the Dread of coming Evils, which they have not Strength of Mind sufficient to bear the Apprehensions of, that involves them in the impious Act, as Power omnipotent undoubtedly will term it; for how is't possible that we should quit this Station of Mortality committed to us by the Almighty, without his Leave, and not bring our selves under the Denomination of deserting Traytors?

Pyrocles, griev'd only on her dear Account, continu'd still resolute in his Design; and being well convinc'd he had not much Time to lose, yet hearing every thing quiet, the Shepherds being all of them

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run to the Cave, he could not bear to leave the weeping Maid dissatisfied in any Point of his Behaviour; and therefore with a thousand fond Embraces, which even anticipate that Heaven he meant so soon to prove, Life of my Soul, cry'd he, and Centre of my Hopes, why will you add so deeply to my Score of Love, that Bankrupt-like I must compound the Debt? Nor is it in the Power of Fate to furnish me with Means to pay it fully; the more you bless me with your kind Concern, the more my Gratitude, had I no other Motive, obliges me to sacrifice my self to your far dearer Safety. To wave all other Arguments, is it not much more eligible, since Fortune has reduc'd us to such a cruel State, that one of us shou'd pay the Forfeiture than both? If I am dear to you, as you wou'd bless me with believing, let me conjure you by that Regard, to suffer me to pass the Gulph of Death, bless'd with the happy Thought, that I at least have done my Part to make my self worthy a Place in your Esteem; and since Death is inevitable, permit me to pursue that Way which will not only make the Bugbear more supportable, but even eagerly desir'd; but, as for a far greater Purchase than my Life, I wou'd not leave my Fairest in the least Doubt that might occasion her Contempt of me, or blast my Judgment in her Memory, I will so long survive in Agonies till I can justify the Whole of my Behaviour, and convince my lovely Maid by Reasons too powerful to admit Dispute, that her kind Objections, further than being hers, ought not to stop my Passage, and that my Resolution is the Result of solid Judgment, and not the Effect of any sudden Gust of Passion.

You say, my only Dear, that you have heard your Father, and other Men of Learning and Experience, dispute upon this Subject, and affirm, that Self-destruction either proceeds from Dread of present Shame, or future Ills, and not from any true Courage or Magnanimity of Spirit: As to their real Motive, I know not how any Body can pretend to judge of it, since never any one return'd from that long Sleep to tell us upon what Foot they acted; as for my self, I call the immortal Powers to witness, that not the Dread of the severest Torments cou'd e'er have Power to unfix my Mind, or work it up to an ignoble Action; for put it most severely, the greatest Pains that can attack the Body, must by a reasonable Soul be plac'd but in the second Form of Evils; and as to Shame, how is it possible I shou'd now be a Slave to that ignoble Passion, when my own faithful Conscience is ready to make my Innocence conspicuous to my God, and your resistless Beauty must unavoidably justify my Conduct to the World: But suppose that Argument were just, and that no one did ever voluntarily take the Leap of Death, but to avoid approaching Shame or Danger; if that I say were certainly the Motive, sure 'tis the the utmost Boast of humane Wisdom to strictly pry into each Consequence in Life; and if true Fortitude ever is justly shown, it must be in couragiously encountering

tring a present Pain or Evil, to avoid a greater that must inevitably overtake us. Thus the meritorious Patriot with Pleasure pays his Life a Sacrifice, to secure his dearer Country; a Man of Resolution wou'd not hesitate at loosing of a Limb, when set in Competition with his Life; while the trembling Coward wou'd dread the Surgeon's Touch, and slowly wait the Approaches of a lingering Death: To suffer inevitable Evils, is far from being any Proof of Courage, tho' we shou'd even patiently acquiesce; but bravely to shake off our Chains, and leap at once into the Waves, rather than tamely drag the Oar, that is true Courage, that justly bears the Name of Resolution; and what avails it whether a smaller or a greater Number of Years swell our Account? Our Lives will be demanded; and to me 'tis far more eligible to pay it down a present Purchase for a greater Good, than stay to have it wrested from me by the inexorable Hand of Time. But the last Argument, and what, I own, was all on which I stay'd, that 'tis against the Will of the Almighty, may at first sight appear indeed unanswerable; but when consider'd, we shall find that he has certainly invested us in the Right of our own Lives, or he wou'd not have given us so large a Power of disposing of them; and we may full as reasonably urge upon the same Foundation, that 'tis a Sin to part with any of our Limbs without his particular Warrant, since we equally receiv'd them at his Hands; for if that is allow'd, the same Necessity will justify the other; and if our Souls are plac'd as God's Lieutenants in these besieg'd Castles of our Bodies, won't you allow that when he leaves us wholly unprovided of Means to carry on the Siege, that we may justly give it up? No, certainly reply'd the weeping Maid, 'tis not for us to limit the Almighty's Time, since in an Instant he can disperse the Cloud of Evils that hover round our Heads, and turn them on our Enemies; and therefore to anticipate our Fate, is to defy his Power and to distrust his Goodness, than which there cannot surely be a greater Piece of Blasphemy: When he is pleas'd either by Sickness, or any outward Accident, to suffer Death to overtake us, 'tis then indeed our Business to resign those, being his undoubted Harbingers; and when he makes his Pleasure known, 'tis fit we shou'd obey without Reluctance: As to our being Masters o'er our selves, I see no Title we can with Justice plead to such a Liberty; we neither made our selves, nor can we prove a Purchase; from whence then do we derive our Right? Neither does the disposing of one or more of our particular Limbs, bear the least Proportion to the Destruction of our Lives, since that may be, and generally is, in order to preserve the Whole, whenas the other quite destroys it; that hinders not the Mind from pursuing those Actions for which it first had Being, the other quite incapacitates it from the End of its Creation.

Pyrocles, altho' charm'd with her early Eloquence, and lost in Rapture, while the Sound of her enchanting Voice lull'd his distracted Senses,

Senses, was yet far from being turn'd from his Purpose; and thinking it full Time to put it in immediate Execution, Then be it as you say, cry'd he, thou most consummate Fair, in every other Point that you have urg'd; but shou'd the Voice of Heaven itself attempt to prove the contrary, it never wou'd convince me but that *Pyrocles* has perform'd the most meritorious Action, in laying down a trifling Life, in order to preserve the dear, the matchless *Philoclea*, from Infamy and Ruin: Grant me, ye Gods, but that one Boon, I ask no more of you or Fate. With that he wou'd again have try'd the Sharpness of his Bar, but that the frighted Maid, now brought to the Extremity she so much dreaded, flung her self at his Feet; and clinging so closely round his Legs, that, without hurting her tender Form, which not for any Consideration he wou'd have ventur'd, he cou'd not disengage himself; she conjur'd him by their past Loves, by all that he held sacred, not at that sad Conjuncture to abandon her, nor cruelly deprive her of that Support, which he alone cou'd give her in the present dreadful Exigence, of which he was the sole Occasion; that if he persisted in his barbarous Resolution, she shou'd indeed, even from her Soul, accuse him of betraying her in the most dishonourable Manner; that, with the justest Reason, she then shou'd curse the fatal Moment that first her Ears encounter'd the once-lov'd Name of *Pyrocles*, which otherways no human Torture e'er shou'd have Power to make her do: Will *Pyrocles*, continu'd she, that Hero, so much fam'd in Story, to skreen himself from any future Tortures, leave her that wou'd, for his dear Sake alone, undaunted stand the Shock of a thousand Deaths, not only expos'd to Infamy, and branded with the ignominious Title of his Cast-away, but his suspected Murderer? Can that dear Heart, which hitherto has sympathis'd with almost every Grief it knew another suffer, be yet so harden'd to my Woes, as willingly to set before my frighted Senses a Sight, that must for ever render them incapable of performing the necessary Offices of Life? But why do I thus vainly rave, and sue to one, who cruelly contrives to give me Pains more exquisite than the most finish'd Torturers cou'd invent? But be assur'd, if I am doom'd to outlive the fatal Test, the Ends that you propose shall all be frustrated; my Father, from my own Mouth, shall be assur'd, (how false soever the Assertion is,) that by me the Honour of his House has been defil'd, and that I gave my self a voluntary Prey to loose Desires, and Wantonness of Heart; and shou'd the Parent's Fondness interpose, and retard that Justice which ought to be the Consequence of such a black Confession, I will my self be Judge and Executioner, and give my self a Death, if possible, replete with Agonies as my distorted Mind: Thus, by persisting in the most inhumane Resolution that was ever form'd, you will inevitably draw on me the Evils which you say by that you wou'd avoid, and deprive us both of that Deliverance, which Heaven wants not a Power to grant, and possibly may yet design us.

Pyrocles till then unbyass'd Judgment, was stagger'd with her just Reflections, and his relenting Heart was every Moment soften'd by her fond Entreaties; till at length finding her so averse, that the persisting in it wou'd but deprive them both of a present Happiness, and not ward off any coming Evil, he flung the bungling Instrument of Death away from him, and raising the suppliant Maid, feeding his hungry Senses on her presenting Beauties: Thou Essence of my Happiness, cry'd he, far be it from *Pyrocles* to refuse his *Philoclea* ought that he has a Power of granting; be it as you have said, and Heaven's my Witness that I think the Compliment I make you, in delaying my inevitable Fate, far greater than if I had resign'd a thousand Lives in your Defence: All that I beg in Recompence is, that you wou'd say I came by Force into your Chamber, for that I'm certain will be best for both, and therefore am determin'd to affirm it; and one Thing more I must entreat, which is, that upon any Terms you wou'd not own my real Name or Family, that, however Fate thinks proper to dispose of me, my House's Honour may stand untainted to Posterity. The trembling Maid, still apprehensive of his relapsing into his former dreaded Purpose, wou'd not exasperate him, by denying what he thought so righteous a Request; and indeed his last Petition she was resolutely bent to acquiesce in: But e'er she cou'd assure him of it by more than a complying Look, their Conversation was broke off by the coming of *Philanax*, attended by about twenty other Courtiers, to prove the Truth of what *Dametas* had reported; but out of that Regard he bore to Decency, and the particular Respect he ow'd the Princess, he wou'd not suffer any of them to approach her Chamber, but with softly Steps alone compass'd the Stairs; and opening the Door, drew the Eyes of the confounded Lovers full upon him. The bashful Maid, surpriz'd and angry at being taken, and particularly by such a rigid Statesman in that suspicious Manner, sought to conceal her Blushes, which she knew he wou'd interpret Guilt, within her Bed-Cloaths; while *Pyrocles*, who neither was acquainted with his Person nor his Errand, catch'd up the Bar, determining to venture any Hazard e'er the Princess should suffer the least Violence. But *Philanax*, astonish'd at his majestical Appearance, and recollecting the courageous Acts he had perform'd, and with how much Art and Eloquence he had in the late Riot preserv'd *Basilus*, and indeed the whole *Arcadian* State, from Anarchy and Ruin, he found himself inclin'd to favour him e'er he knew the Case; but then again considering his Master's being murther'd, and in so strange a Manner, it prompted him to think there were more Actors than the Queen in the black Tragedy, and that more than probably he might be one: His Zeal repell'd his growing Partiality, and rais'd a Medly of contending Passions in his Breast, and Pity and Revenge by Turns strove high for Mastery. *Pyrocles* seeing him stand in so profound a Maze, cou'd not imagine what his

his Purpose was ; but believing it cou'd be nothing that wou'd end to their Advantage, he thought it best himself to break the Silence, and enquire his Business ; and therefore, looking at him with an undaunted Air, I know not, Sir, said he, what Accident occasion'd your coming to this Lady's Chamber ; but if it was to shield her Person from any Violence that I might offer, believe a Man, whose Honour once you wou'd your self, whoe'er you are, have thought sufficient Warrant ; her Virtue needs no Guard but its own Strength, that Shield is Proof even against poison'd Arrows ; and I shou'd long e'er this have left her Mistress of the Field, but that I was by some unlucky Hand, soon as I reach'd the Chamber, confin'd a Prisoner in it, and left to struggle in the guilty Snare my own ungovernable Passions led me into : If then, I say, the Preservation of her Virtue was your Errand, that Task she has her self preform'd, and your Commission's at an End ; but if you are appointed to bring me to my merited Punishment, for my unpardonable Fault, I carry with me such a bitter Witness in my own Conscience, that I shall very readily submit to any Judgment, how severe soever, that may be impos'd ; only this I must conjure you, as you seem a Gentleman, and bear the Appearance of a Man of Honour, that you will be a Witness to the King of all that I have own'd, and stand between his sudden Fury, and any Violence which that may prompt him to offer to this injur'd Innocence, whose shining Virtue pierces thro' my Soul, and seems to make my Villany the more conspicuous.

Philanax heard him out with seeming Patience, not from any Supposition that he cou'd justify himself, but out of Hopes that he would reveal the original Design of the King's Death ; but finding him so far from that, that he talk'd of him as if he yet surviv'd, and thinking it all Artifice to keep himself the less suspected, Young Man, said he, this deep-lay'd Cunning of acknowledging a Fault of a less Dye, that you may be the better credited when you disown a blacker Crime, is ill bestow'd on me ; but, be that as it may, Time, and a Length of Tortures, will, I doubt not, reduce you hereafter to disclose the Bottom of this black Conspiracy : As to the Princess, if this Story proves as you declare it, 'twill well become her that she has not suffer'd an ill-govern'd Beauty to cancel the Rules of Chastity, and fully the yet unspotted Honour of her illustrious House ; but end that as it will, 'tis much unfit for you, who are a Stranger, and by your own Confession a Rebel to the Laws of Honour, to aim at teaching an *Arcadian* that Duty, which we all acknowledge to any of that Royal Progeny ; therefore, no more of that, young Man, but yield your self a Prisoner to the State without Resistance, since 'tis impossible that shou'd avail you, and by generously acknowledging all that you know in relation to this unhappy Accident, you may possibly incline our Breasts to Pity. Pity, reply'd *Pyrocles*, with a disdainful

dainful Smile, enraged at such a scornful Answer! No, no *Arcadian*, be well assur'd, I only will accept of Pity or Redress from my own Hands, nor wou'd I hold a despicable Life upon so poor a Tenture as thy Forgiveness; only a Promise of this Lady's Safety I still insist upon; which, till thou hast by Oath assur'd me of, the first that dares with sacrilegious Violence, and rude unhallow'd Hands, attempt to touch her, shall leave his Life a Sacrifice for his Presumption. *Philanax*, in himself, still more and more assur'd, that they both were Accessaries to the King's Death, and eager to have *Pyrocles* in his Power, which on any other Terms he found was not easy to be compass'd; Well, Sir, said he, I grant what you demand, and by my Life I swear, and by that reverend Duty I owe the Parents of this unhappy Lady, that she shall share their Fate whate'er it be, nor meet a worse if I have Power to hinder it. Upon that Promise, cry'd the deceiv'd *Pyrocles*, I submit, little imagining how severe the Meaning of it was; and flinging the Bar from him, he tamely resign'd himself to *Philanax*; who, calling up one of the Noblemen from below, he gave him into his keeping, with a Charge, that he shou'd see him strictly guarded, while he himself remain'd with *Philoclea*, to try if possibly he might learn from her some further Insight into these confounding Accidents.

But she was far from being capable of satisfying him in any kind; for when at his first coming, abash'd at such an unexpected Visit, she had separated her longing Eyes from her *Pyrocles*' Sight, and shut him from her View with the interposing Bed-cloaths; half dead with the dire Apprehensions of her Father's Presence, which every Moment she expected, her Spirits were all employ'd in ruminating how she shou'd best behave with Regard to both their Safeties, when he came to question her; but now, that *Pyrocles*, was of such a sudden torn from her Relief, and as she thought remov'd for ever from her Hopes, she was at first so shock'd, and so surpriz'd, that she had not a Power to plead for him or urge his Stay, tho' every Advance he made towards the Door gave her a Pang severe, as if her aiding Soul was separating from her lovely Body; but when her Eyes had trac'd him till he was quite remov'd beyond their Reach, and that her Spirits stagnated with the Surprise began to find again their usual Motion, a Shower of Tears prepar'd the Way for Words, and wringing her alablaster Hands, which seem'd, as they wou'd wound each other, with the heart-rending Exercise, O *Philanax*, cry'd she, full well I know the Interest you carry with my Father, there's not a Man in all the *Arcadian* State whose Wisdom he so much esteems, or whose Faith and Zeal towards him and his Posterity, he with so much Confidence relies on; Remember thou truly honest Man, how often with the Appearance of Sincerity you have avow'd, and sure I think with Truth, that the latest of your Hours shou'd be employ'd in Services to him and to his House; and in particular, you have a thousand Times en-

deavour'd

Heav'n'd to gain my Confidence, and perswade me that I had not on Earth a truer Friend than *Philanax*; now is my Time to claim all those Professions which once, without the Charge of Vanity, I might have own'd my Due; and howsoever I am now made the Sport of Fortune, let not, I conjure you, her Malice influence your Judgment; or taint your Faith; behold your Princess chang'd into the most humble and the most miserable Suppliant living; nor is my Boon so great, that you shou'd fear to grant it even unheard; if in the Actions of my anxious Life to this unhappy Hour, I have even in Thought dishonour'd my great House, or been a Scandal to either my Parents or my Nation, let me be punish'd to the utmost that such a Crime deserves: But tho' my Innocence will one Day shine as bright as Heaven's eternal Lamp, yet now I must confess Appearances are strong against me; therefore all I have to request, is, that you wou'd stand between me and a Separation from the only one on Earth for whose dear Sake I wou'd submit to sue to any one on Earth; and if hereafter you shou'd be convinc'd how very far we have ever been from erring from the strictest Rules that Virtue can impose, that you wou'd use your Interest with my Father that he wou'd suffer that Marriage to be consummated here on Earth, which I am well convinc'd has been long since enroll'd among the heavenly Records; but if my Father shou'd remain inexorable, 'spight of your friendly Interposition, and all the Proofs of Innocence that we can bring, all that I farther have to beg, is, that as the Crime has been united, the Punishment may be so too.

There never yet was Patriot that held his Country in half the Estimation, or Courtier that so truly lov'd his Prince, as did the faithful *Philanax*; judge then the Pain he felt to hear his Master, as he imagin'd, made a Mock of after his Death, and his sacred Name made use of to screen the Guilt of those that he firmly believ'd his Murderers; but yet reflecting how the generous *Philoclea* had sav'd his Life when taken Prisoner by *Amphialus*, and that nothing cou'd have rescu'd him from the immediate Jaws of Death but her interposing Interest, he certainly wou'd have melted into grateful Pity, but that his eager Zeal for the Revenge of his King and Country still kept it back; and after some little Struggle between relenting Pity and the Impulse of too rigid Justice, the latter got the better; and turning to the trembling Maid, with Looks that gave as little Comfort as his Words, If, said he, Madam, we were yet so infinitely bless'd, as to have your Father in a Capacity of judging, there shou'd not in the World be found a readier Advocate for you than my self; the Remembrance of the Crime you now have been engaged in shou'd be buried in your former Merits, the high Obligations which you have ever shewn me, and the Reflection that you were the Offspring of such a Father: But since, by your own wicked Wiles, you have among your selves re-

mov'd the only one in whom a Power of Mercy lay, you must expect severely to experience the Smart of your own evil Doings, nor hope to find more Favour than the extremest Rigour of unrelenting Laws will yield: As for my self, I lov'd, I honour'd you, for that conspicuous Virtue, which shone in every Action; but now, alas! where is that Merit fled? My prompting Gratitude has hitherto oblig'd me to revere you for a private Benefit; but what is That, when set in Competition with the publick Good? As you were the Darling Child of such a Father, I paid you all the Duty and all the Honour that was due to him; but that sacred Tye is now no more; but know, that by the impious Act each wretched Instrument has drawn upon themselves the Misery in which they have involv'd the State.

This Language was so little understood by the distracted Maid, that she cou'd no longer suffer him to proceed, but begg'd him to explain his Meaning, and tell her why he still talk'd in that abstruse Manner about her Father, for that he might be well assur'd the Dread of his Displeasure was far more shocking to her than any Punishment which he cou'd impose; but yet that she had one Alleviation left, which was, that she had never in her past Life committed any Action against the strictest Rules of Duty, or which wou'd ever bear the Appearance of it, but this last unhappy One; and as even that was, in its own Nature, far from being so, if he would but proceed with Patience, he would one Day be convinc'd, that what he now esteem'd so culpable, he would with Pleasure give his Approbation to. *Philanax* was startled to hear her Answer so rambling from the Purpose, and talk as if she still was wholly unacquainted with the late Accidents; and besides, Truth seem'd to sit triumphant in her beauteous Face, and almost stagger'd his Belief; but then again reflecting, how improbable it was she shou'd be innocent, or at least so utterly ignorant of the King's Death, looking as he wou'd pierce the innermost Recesses of her Heart, I know not, said he, Madam, what you can propose, by thus obstinately disowning of a Crime, which must inevitably be disclos'd; nor will you find it easy to deceive my Zeal, and make me think that you are unacquainted with your Father's Death, and your abandon'd Sister's Flight. The Mention of her Father's Death, which was the first that she had heard of it, gave her Apprehension such a terrible Alarm, that, unable to support the harsh Surprise, she gave a Shriek, and sunk down senseless on the Floor. The good old Man, mov'd at that Sight, and finding in the mourning Maid too flagrant Signs of Grief to think them counterfeit, ran to her, and raising her lovely Body from the Ground, instead of farther Accusations, he join'd his Lamentations to the moving Cries, which, with returning Life, she made, and left him fully satisfy'd of her Innocence, at least in that Particular: But recollecting that the whole Burthen of the State, and that Revenge due for his Master's Murder, lay wholly upon him, he

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rouz'd himself from that soothing Lethargy of Grief, and starting up; 'Tis far, said he, from being in my Power, Madam, to come to a Determination in your Affairs, how favourably soever I may be inclin'd; without the Approbation of the whole *Arcadian* State; and how they will proceed, as yet I know not: As to my self, I shou'd be much inclin'd to pity your hard Fate, but that I know not how to extenuate your Fault, in giving your Person so unwarrantably up, and in particular, to a Man, who, as a surer Proof of his detestable and horrid Treason, lent your wicked Mother his Garment, that with the greater Safety she might perpetrate the most detestable and horrid Fact that ever was committed; and hard, undoubtedly, must be the Task, and full of Difficulty, for the most partial Judge to separate your Cause from his, to whom you have so nearly link'd your Interest. That is the last Request, reply'd the weeping Maid, that I shou'd make your Friendship; I've not another Wish in Life, but to partake his Fate: Full well I know his Innocence; and all I have to ask, is, that you wou'd prove as favourable as we are guiltless, and not suffer my yet unblemish'd Honour to be cast away upon the shallow Sea of poor Suspicion and ungenerous Surmises. *Philanax* finding himself, at every Word she utter'd, still more and more inclin'd to justify her in his own Thoughts, determin'd to hear no more till he had taken farther Information; and therefore, to end the Controversy, he abruptly left her to struggle with her despairing Thoughts; and setting a strong Guard upon the Lodge, went to take some Orders about the other Prisoners, whose Number he found augmented by the following unexpected Accident.

When the fair *Pamela*, whose Cares were all repos'd in her dear Shepherd's Bosom, lull'd by the happy Thought of being, as she believ'd, beyond the Danger of Pursuit, and tir'd with the unusual Journey, was fallen into a pleasing Slumber, she had not long enjoy'd the Quiet, which till that Hour her Mind had long been dispossest of, e'er she was wak'd by the loud Hollows of a rude Multitude of barbarous Clowns; and lifting up her Eyes, she saw her *Musidorus* rise from her Side, and in an angry Tone of Voice demand, What 'twas they wanted? These Fellows, it seems, were some small Remainder of the late Rebels, whose conscious Wickedness wou'd not suffer them to submit the many Villanies they had been guilty of to the King's Mercy, notwithstanding the publick Declaration he had made of Pardon; and therefore, when their Leaders had all surrender'd, they retreated to the thickest Corner of the Woods, depending upon them for Safety, living upon the Fruits which they afforded, and growing rude and barbarous as the Brute Inhabitants of those unfrequented Places, till Accident, or the hidden Impulse of everlasting Justice, guided them to the Place where our unhappy Lovers lay secure in their own Innocence, and unsuspecting any Interruption: The
Moment

Moment that they laid their Eyes on *Musidorus*, they knew him for the same Person that in their first rebellious Essay issued from out the Lodge, and joining with *Zelma*, had left among them many a bloody Token of his Valour. As for the Princess, they knew her Person perfectly; and though at first they only meant to glut their rustical Revenge against the destined *Musidorus*, yet when they saw her lying in that Manner, they concluded it could not be with the King's Knowledge she was come thus far so unattended, and consequently if they could restore her back to him, it would undoubtedly procure their Pardon. Big with this Thought, they all of them, without farther Ceremony, set upon *Musidorus*, whose Courage being, if possible, augmented by the Danger he justly apprehended himself in, of loosing the dearer Partner of his Flight, like a fierce Lioness, fearful of having her darling Young torn from her Den, placing the trembling Maid under one of the Pine Trees, he made himself her Shield, dealing his Blows so vigorously among the rustick Herd, that the Falling of the Foremost made the hinder ones retreat; who having for the second Time experienced how little they were capable, tho' back'd by Numbers, of encountring such an Arm, began to pelt him at a Distance with Darts and Stones, rightly judging That the only Way to overcome their otherwise unconquerable Foe; who finding some of their rude Instruments fall so near the Princess, that very probably an unlucky one might do her an irreparable Mischief, he resolved alone to stand their Tide of Fury, and bravely in an Instant advanced among the thickest of them, who, like a Herd of timorous Swine, when set upon by a fierce Mastiff, endeavoured to disperse, but several of them were o'ertaken by Death e'er they could find a safe Retreat; and our gallant Hero would undoubtedly have remained entire Victor, and scoured the harmless Wood of such a Set of base Inhabitants, but that he heard *Pamela* cry to him for Help, Three of the Villains, more cunning than the rest, while he was eagerly pursuing their Fellows, having slyly compassed some Trees, and seized upon the helpless Fair, threatening to give her immediate Death if she spoke or made the least Resistance, intending to convey her out of Sight, while her Champion was eager on his Prey; but she, who thought a greater Evil could not o'ertake her than being separated from him for whom alone she esteemed Life valuable, gave a Shriek of Horror, which drew his Eyes upon her, and seeing those Wretches just about to bear away that Treasure of his Soul, he flew to her Relief; but one of them, wiser than the rest, set his Dagger to her Throat, and swore he would immediately dispatch her, if *Musidorus* did not that Moment fling away his Sword. They needed not a second Time to insist upon that unjust Demand; for when he saw that Idol of his Heart in such apparent Danger, his Life he thought a very Trifle, when set in Competition with her Safety; therefore flinging down his Instrument of certain Victory,

Victory, and holding up those noble Hands to the unworthy Rout; Turn, ye *Arcadians*, on me, cry'd he, turn all your Wrath, who am the only one has done you Injury; look on that Lady as an Innocent, and what is more, your Princess, who never yet in Thought has done you Wrong, nor has she now the Power, were she possess'd of Will, to injure you; on me therefore turn all your Rage, on me, who only have deserv'd it; nor do so much Injustice to your selves, as to destroy that Excellence; which Action, in no Length of Time, can ever be forgiven you.

The Dastards, not daring yet to trust his Word, outrageously bid him get farther from his Sword, for that they were not us'd to trust a smooth-tongu'd Courtier: Which Insolence he immediately comply'd with; so powerful is Love, and so triumphant o'er our Safety, Life, and even Honour, when plac'd within a generous Breast. The Rebels finding themselves thus Masters of the Place, gave the Signal for their Fellows to return; for tho' they were but few in Number, yet they maintain'd a kind of Regularity among them, and took and gave their several Places. And now these savage Senators were busy in deep Consultation how they shou'd dispose their Royal Prisoners, while some cry'd out that they shou'd strip them of their Jewels, and let them go on their Journey, for if they carry'd them back, they wou'd be put off with the least Part of the Plunder; others, preferring their native Homes to any other Consideration, were for delivering them to *Basilus*, as Pledges of their Safety; and there wanted not some harden'd Wretches in the Crew, who cry'd out, that the safest Way was to destroy them both: But the Generality were quite averse to the killing of the Princess, foreseeing that no Retreat would be sufficient to secure them after such an Action, and seem'd rather to prefer the rifling than killing *Musidorus*; when one of the Villains, whom he had mortally wounded, being not yet dead, with some Help crawl'd towards them, and conjur'd them with a faint Accent, and a distorted Countenance, to allow him the Pleasure of Revenge; for as he had spent his dearest Blood in the Interest of their Common Cause, it was but Justice that they should suffer him before his Death to see his Murderer share an equal Fate: He wou'd fain have urg'd his Suit with greater Vehemence, but that Death interpos'd and stopp'd his farther brawling. The Wretches seeing their Fellow expire before them in that miserable Manner, it swell'd their Rage to such a Height, that with one Voice they all cry'd out to kill the Prisoner; only they stay'd upon the Manner of his Death, not thinking any Tortures as yet invented sufficiently terrible to glut their Malice and Revenge. Thus for a Time their Over-Cruelty was a Bar to their putting it in Execution; when the distracted Princess tearing her Hair, fell on her Knees to the vile Rout, sometimes with earnest Prayers mix'd with Promises of a thousand Benefits, which well they knew she had a Power of answering,

and sometimes threatenng them, that if they kill'd the Prince, and sav'd her Life, she wou'd revenge his Death a thousand-fold, not only upon them, but on their Wives and Children; bidding them well consider e'er they finish'd all their Crimes with such a consummate Act of Villany; for tho' they had good Reason to believe that she was come away without her Father's Knowledge and Consent, yet they might be very sure that he wou'd still severely punish any Outrage that was offer'd her; and that if she surviv'd, the all-righteous Powers wou'd certainly never suffer her to fall to such an abject Fortune, but that she shou'd have ample Power to punish both them and their Posterity to the utmost. Thus, sometimes with Threats, and sometimes with Promises, she brought them to a cooler Way of Thinking; and they at last determin'd, that it wou'd be best, for their own Interest, either to kill or save them both; and as to Killing, they had already agreed, that that wou'd be the Way to settle themselves Burgeses of the Wood for ever; and therefore, in the End, they very judiciously concluded, that it wou'd be safest to carry them both directly to the King, which they believ'd wou'd not only procure their Pardon, but entitle them to great Rewards. Thus, by the all-directing Hand of Providence, these inconsiderable Instruments were made use of to bring to a Conclusion an Affair on which the Welfare of two Kingdoms chiefly depended; and having fully agreed among themselves, they set the Royal Prisoners again upon their Horses, and taking Lawrel Branches in their Hands, shouting and singing, they encompass'd them about, hoping by the Close of Day to reach the Lodges: But the Time was so far wasted, that they were necessitated to take up that Night's Lodging in the Woods, the Clowns not daring to refresh themselves with Sleep, but keeping constant Watch about the pensive Pair, whose Uneasiness was, if possible, augmented by the Horrors of the Night, and the Respite of their Journey, which gave them Time to think more clearly. When, after some little Silence, *Musidorus* taking her Hand, and holding it a Witness to the Throbbing of his Heart; Queen of my Life, and Mistress of my Hopes, cry'd he, by all the Agonies my Soul is labouring under, believe your *Musidorus*, when he swears, that he has not a Pang in Expectation of approaching Death, but being separated from the Heaven of your Love; but yet, the Gods can witness for me, no Criminal extended on the Rack, with every Limb distorted, and his mangled Flesh made one continu'd Wound, feels half the Pains which I endure, at the Reflection, that instead of bringing you to *Thessaly*, where, tho' Impossibility denies you shou'd have prov'd Respect and Honours equally to your Merit, yet you undoubtedly wou'd have receiv'd all that a prosperous Monarch, and no despicable Kingdom, cou'd have offer'd you, you are by my unhappy Means reduc'd to Hardship, Misery, and Dishonour: O cou'd I have foreseen this cursed Chance, by Heaven I wou'd much sooner with my own Hands have rooted out this Tongue, e'er it shou'd have entreated
such

such a Condescension. No more, my Prince, reply'd the generous Maid, cease to distract me and your self with these unnecessary Griefs; your Honour and your Love stand both unquestion'd in my Heart; and as to this unlucky Chance, which 'twas not in the Wit of Mortal to foresee, or consequently to prevent, 'tis most unjust in you farther to lament it, than as the Bar to our present Happiness; for as to the Inconveniencies which I shall suffer from it, believe me, *Musidorus*, while I am with you, my Soul can ne'er be sensible of any; and, be assur'd, nothing but Death shall ever separate us: Your Titles, Honour, and your Kingdom, are Trifles which I ne'er esteem'd, but as they might hereafter be the Pledges of Reconciliation to my Father, and justify my Conduct to the giddy Multitude, who know no Way of Judging but by those exterior Merits: As I am a Princess, and one Day must in all Probability take the Charge of others, I think it necessary, as far as in me lies, to justify my own Behaviour to those for whose Example Fate has plac'd me; but since malicious Fortune has cast a Cloud over my once shining Honour, with this Reflection I shall dauntless front the Consequence, that my own Conscience is entirely free from Blemish; and as to the Insinuations of the ill-judging and the envious Crowd, they are not worth my Notice. But, my dearest Prince, continu'd she, this is no Time to spend in Repetition of our Truth and Love to one another, which I hope now needs no Confirmation; but to consult what Measures we shall take to ward the coming Evil, and make it the least formidable; and since we know not what Difficulties are preparing for us, I beg you wou'd inform me how I shall behave with regard to you, and whether I shall own you what you are, or if you still think it necessary to stand conceal'd. *Musidorus* was a good while doubtful, whether it wou'd not be more advantagious to them both for him to own himself the Prince of *Thessaly*; but then reflecting, that in all Probability that must discover *Pyrocles*, since Fame had never nam'd them separate, with some Confusion, for fear the Princess shou'd resent another's having the least Share in his Concern, he told her all *Pyrocles*' Story; as also, that they had long agreed, that if they shou'd ever find it necessary to own themselves of superior Birth, that he shou'd take upon himself the Title of *Palladius*, Prince of *Iberia*; and *Pyrocles*, that of *Daiphantus*, Heir of *Lycia*.

'Tis not, continued he, that, while he holds the Figure of a Woman, he will stand in need of any Name but that which he so long has gone by; but since our Flight I know not what Determination he may have taken; and as it certainly will be less conducive to your Honour, that you trusted your Person with a Shepherd than a Prince, that Name will serve as well to satisfy your Father, with Respect to his Ambition, as that of *Musidorus*, 'till my Friend's Fate is so far settled, that I may, without doing him Injustice, own my self undoubt-

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ed Heir of *Theffaly*; and if that Title should fail of Interest sufficient to prevail upon your Father to pardon and approve my Love, Nature, I hope, will prompt him to use you tenderly, nor throw you out from his Paternal Care; and if a Victim must be offer'd to appease his Indignation, my Death will surely satisfy; and if that is inevitable, by thus concealing my real Name, I shall continue faithful to the Promise which I made *Pyrocles*; and besides, my tender Mother will not know before her Death the Pangs occasioned in a Parent's Bosom, by the untimely Ruin of an only Son, and pass the Remnant of her Days in hourly Expectation of my Return to cheer her Heart, and close her dying Eyes.

The Princess listened attentive to his Request; and giving him her Faith and Word no Tortures should prevail upon her to disclose him, she fell into such an Agony of Passion, that like the weeping *Niobe*, she seemed almost dissolved in briny Tears; till her fond Lover, taking her in his Arms, with a thousand soothing Arguments, prevailed upon her to mitigate her Grievs, and for awhile entertain that necessary Flatterer, Hope; till about Midnight a welcome Slumber took Possession of their tired Minds, and gave them at least the Respite of Insensibility, till at the Morning Dawn they were awaked by their rude Watch, who, at a little Distance, had kept continual Guard about them all the tedious Night, nor ventured to close their Eyes, but kept themselves still waking with recounting what valiant Deeds they had performed, and what they merited from the King and State. Thus boasting of their great Performances, they remounted the Royal Prisoners, and pursued their Journey; when *Musidorus* reflecting, that it was not the Part of true Wisdom to sit down tamely under any Evil, without making every Essay to remove it, in the most familiar Manner he thus address'd himself to his rude Guardians:

“ MY Friends and Fellow-Travellers, for so my Wishes term you,
 “ and if you suffer the Dictates of Judgment to prevail, I think
 “ that Name will be your Due; you must be sensible that no Man
 “ ever yet engaged in any Action, without proposing some advanta-
 “ geous End, to which it is directed; which Purpose he pursues till
 “ he finds it will not answer the Pains he takes to attain it, or else an-
 “ other offers that appears more eligible; that you propose some Be-
 “ nefit in what you now are doing, by your unwearied Diligence to
 “ compass, I to my Cost experience; I therefore would entreat you
 “ to inform me what View you have in carrying the Princess and my
 “ self back to her Father?” Pardon, cries One; Rewards, reply'd An-
 “ other. “ Well, said the Prince, grant you should compass both; tho’
 “ be assured, my Friends, those Things are in their Natures opposite;
 “ for whosoever sues for a Pardon, acknowledges a Fault committed,
 “ and that Prince who grants a Pardon to a Rebel, undoubtedly will
 “ think

“ will think he has sufficiently rewarded him for any Act of Duty
“ which he ought to have performed without the Hope of any Re-
“ compence : But, however, suppose, I say, that you should compass
“ both, yet if I should propose another Method, by which you may
“ equally receive the Good which you propose upon a certain Foot,
“ without running the least Hazard, I doubt not but your Wisdoms
“ will prompt you to accept it; for who is unacquainted that it is
“ more desirable not to stand in need of Pardon, than even to enjoy
“ it; for as it carries with it an Assurance of a Life preserved, so it
“ must necessarily stand as a *Nota Bene* that Death has been defer-
“ ved; and besides, the Hazard you must run of a deep Revenge
“ whenever your Princess holds the Reins of Government, which one
“ Day she must be in Possession of, you will continually be flouted by
“ your Neighbours, as Men still under the Censure of the Law. The
“ more honest Part of the *Arcadians* will avoid all Conversation with
“ you; your Children will be reputed infamous, and their Blood taint-
“ ed by their Fathers Crimes; and every slight Fault you may here-
“ after fall into, will be enhanced and censured much more strongly
“ for your past Guilt. These Evils, I'm very certain your Prudence
“ must foresee; and to avoid them, 'tis but to change your Course, and
“ instead of carrying the Princess back, guard her to the Place where
“ she designed to go; and there, upon the Honour of a Man, you
“ shall find as plentiful a Country, the same Language used, and the
“ same Manners followed; and instead of an ignominious Pardon, we
“ shall both of us in Justice be obliged to acknowledge our selves
“ Debtors to you for every Thing which we hold dear in Life; and
“ for Reward, be Judge yourselves, whether it is not much more like-
“ ly that you should receive it there, where you have never injured,
“ but, on the contrary, obliged with all your Power, than here,
“ where the Merit of the Action will be sunk in Duty, and that Duty
“ blemished by the Tincture of your former Faults. By all that is
“ held sacred, I here protest unto you, that there is not a Gentleman
“ in all the Kingdom that shall be preferred before you; you shall a-
“ bound in Riches, Ease, and Pleasure, nor be necessitated poorly to
“ submit to a forced Mercy; 'tis you alone, of all the *Arcadian* Peo-
“ ple, that shall have the Glory of continuing stedfast to your late
“ valiant Undertaking, and not come under a shameful Death, for
“ bravely seeking to preserve the valuable Liberty of your Fellow-
“ Subjects, and the worthy Name of Patriots shall with Justice be ascri-
“ bed to you and your Posterity.

These artful Words and gilded Promises wrought so powerfully in
their Minds, who not consider'd any Action but for the Advantage it
would bring them, that they began to waver, and some of them clap-
ping their Hands, and scratching of their Heads, swore the Advice
was good, and that the Gentleman spoke well: Others, who thought

themselves much wiser than the rest, were for capitulating what particular Encouragemements they shou'd meet, what Subsidies they shou'd pay, and whether they must send for their old Wives, or be allow'd the Privilege of new Ones where they were going. *Musidorus* promis'd them that they shou'd make their own Conditions; which so wrought upon them, that most of them turn'd their Faces back: But having by this Time reach'd the Plain that encompass'd the Lodges, they at a little Distance spy'd a Troop of Horse, which made full Speed towards them; their Coward-Hearts, prompt ever to receive the Allarm of Fear, upon that Sight, misgave them; and forgetting all *Musidorus'* Promises, and their late sanguine Hopes, they chang'd their Purpose, and again re-assum'd their Way towards the Lodges, with Songs and Shouts of Joy, until the Horsemen were come up with them; who, being that Party which *Philanax* had order'd out to seek the Princess, were in a Maze who they shou'd be, which, in that Time of general Mourning, dress'd in that publick Manner, profess'd a Triumph, and wore the Lawrel Wreath of Victory, when Ruin and Confusion put on such a threatening Aspect. But soon as they approach'd them, they knew the Princess; and overjoy'd that they had met her so unlook'd for, they demanded her of her rude Guard; who, willing to have the Delivery of her to the King, for some Time resisted them, but soon were overpower'd; and the Officers hearing who they were, immediately destroy'd them, as Men who had forfeited all Claim to the Protection of the Law; and beside, that they themselves might unrivall'd bear the Glory of taking the Royal Fugitives, whom without many Words they led directly back to *Philanax*, and met him just as he had left the Princess *Philoclea's* Chamber, and had overtaken *Pyrocles*, whom he had before deliver'd into Custody. When *Pyrocles* by Chance cast up his melancholly Eyes, and saw his Friend so unexpectedly his Partner in Chains, his Grief and his Despair return'd with double Tides of Woe; and believing it very possible that that might be the last Interview Fate wou'd allow them, he rush'd with Strength superior from his Guard, and catching *Musidorus* in his eager Arms, and straining him with a masculine Embrace, My Friend, cry'd he, my ever dear *Palladius*, now is the Time arriv'd for us to prove the rigid Discipline of Virtue, which we have both been train'd in: Perhaps this Over-Measure of Calamity is but to try our Fortitude, and prove our Resolution; if so, with Patience let us await the ending of the Storm, nor voluntarily suffer our Minds to be the Slaves of Fortune, however Providence may for a Time permit her to insult us. My dearest *Daiphantus*, reply'd the Prince, finding by his Dress his Sex no longer was a Secret, receive my utmost Gratitude for the affectionate Advice you give me, which, be assur'd, had I no other Motive, your great Example would prompt me to pursue. *Philanax*, finding them so intimate, suffer'd him to proceed no farther, but immediately began to examine them apart; but finding them possess'd of so much

Reso.

Resolution, that 'twas impossible for him to get any other Information from them than what they pleas'd to give him, he deliver'd them both back into the Custody of a Nobleman nam'd *Sympathus*, to whom before he had given the Charge of *Pyrocles*, leaving a faithful Servant of his own, on whom he cou'd rely, to watch their Actions, and give him a true Account of every Thing that pass'd between them. Whoever has experienc'd the Pangs which seize the Hearts of parting Lovers, may easily surmise the Shock it gave the Fair *Pamela*, to find her self thus cruelly divorc'd from all on Earth she valu'd; but reflecting, that it was necessary for her Honour to submit to it, till her Behaviour could be clear'd, she resolv'd to stifle her rising Grievs, nor suffer any Sign of Passion to appear but in her Eyes, which eagerly pursued the Lord of her Desires till he was pass'd their Sight; and then, with Mien majestick, turning to *Philanax*, she commanded him to lead her to the King and Queen, that to them she might account for her past Actions. *Philanax*, with a forc'd Reverence and reluctant Duty, which he thought himself obliged to pay her as his Master's immediate Heir, tho' he despis'd her late (as he esteem'd it) dishonourable Manner of Proceedings, related to her all that had pass'd; not that he believ'd her unacquainted with the black Story, but that she might not have the Excuse of Ignorance to plead. Great as her Spirit was, and perfect Mistress, as in the general she had ever been, of Resolution, this strange Recital fill'd her Soul with Horror, and shock'd her every Sense; Compassion took Place of Anger and Resentment, and for some Moments she stood with Arms a-crofs and Eyes rivetted to the Earth, till streaming Tears gave Vent to her Concern; and recollecting how necessary it was for her to be her self in such an Exigence, she summon'd all her Resolution, and sternly looking upon *Philanax*, demanded of him by what Authority he treated her with so much Insolence, as to seize her Person, when, as immediate Heir to her dead Father, she was his undoubted Successor, and then sole Princess of *Arcadia*? *Philanax* reply'd, in Vindication of himself, That her Highness cou'd not be then to learn, that by the *Arcadian* Laws she cou'd not take the Regal Power upon her, till either she had reach'd the Age of One and Twenty Years, or else her Person was dispos'd in Marriage. Why then, said she, by the latter Title I claim your just Allegiance; for know that I am married, and to one that will expect a strict Account of every unwarrantable Liberty you take with me; therefore, for your own Sake, I wou'd advise you to render me my due Authority, nor stay till I exert That and your merited Punishment together. Now the Almighty Powers forbid, cry'd *Philanax*, inflam'd with Rage, that our *Arcadia* shou'd be the Dowry of such a rash Engagement; but soothing the Violence of his Passion as much as he was able, he told her, It wou'd be necessary for the State to enquire into her Choice; and besides, they were as yet unsatisfy'd in relation to her Father's Death, which, according to the ancient Laws and Statutes

of

of *Arcadia*, was that Day to be enquir'd into, e'er the Royal Body was remov'd for the Interment; that once past, she shou'd receive whatever Obedience the Laws allotted her, offering his earnest Prayers to Heaven, that she might acquit herself better, and with more Prudence, in her Management of the Publick, than she had done in the Direction of herself. The Princess disdain'd to answer his injurious Accusation; but turning from him to the People, she would have made a Speech to them, but that *Philanax*, fearing it might occasion some Disturbance, and prevail on them to mutiny in her Behalf, and so prevent that Vengeance which he so earnestly desired should be executed upon his Master's Murderers, prevented, it by immediately carrying her up to the Lodge, wherein her Sister was before confined, setting a strong Guard upon it, and leaving them bereft of every Satisfaction, but the melancholly one of condoling one another's Woes.

And now the broken State, disjointed and unhinged of its Support, was falling into Confusion, and a dangerous Division. The People, unexperienced in the Arts of Government, knew not how to rule, nor had they whom to obey: All of them foresaw, and by Turns prognosticated every Evil that can befall a Government; but few knew how to remedy them, or even proposed a Method to prevent them: A Thousand different Rumours were spread abroad concerning the King's Death, and there were scarce Two People joined in the same Opinion; some of them were for having the Constitution entirely changed, and suffered no more to be a Monarchy; but even those that were for that Scheme could not agree in it; for some were for imitating the *Lacedemonians*, and being governed by a few chosen Senators: Others approved the *Athenian* Management, where the Peoples Voice bear the chief Authority; but these were only some of the Talkers who were for having a Hand in the Settlement, tho' they were incapable of naming any likely Method: But the more judicious of them, and who came nearest to the present Purpose, well knowing themselves a People not to be managed without a Prince, were those who strove whom they should nominate; many were for *Pamela's* taking immediate Possession; others, enraged that she had abandon'd her native Country, were inclined to *Philoclea*; and there wanted not those among 'em, who proposed *Gynecia's* being releas'd, and made Regent till *Pamela* could be honourably married: But there was but a Hand-full of all these put together, in Comparison of those, who, having so long experienced the wise and just Administration of the ever faithful *Philanax*, were for having the Royal Power invested in his Hands: But the principal Part of the Nobility, who had long envy'd the Favours which *Basilius* heap'd upon him, did still more disdain such an Encrease of his Authority; for before they could easily slur over his Greatness, with pretending a Defect in the Prince's Judgment, which he had so palpably proved in the Regard he shew'd *Dametas*; but
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if now the Prince's Judgment of him shou'd be confirm'd by the People's Voice, what cou'd they object to such a speaking Proof of Merit: Therefore they wou'd agree to any Thing rather than his Preferment; and what still drew their Envy more upon him, was, that he himself as much withstood the Honours they design'd him, as his worst Enemy, still persisting most zealously in his Desire of Justice, and that Revenge which he thought due to his Master's Murderer, and which he believ'd himself bound to do: But as to the Fixing of the Government, he look'd upon himself to have but a single Voice, only that Voice he wou'd employ to the utmost of his Judgment for the Publick Benefit.

But among all the Noblemen belonging to *Arcadia*, there was none that had more publickly oppos'd the growing Honours of the just *Philanax* than one *Tymantus*; a Man of middle Age, extreme in his Ambition, placing his whole of Happiness in flattering Greatness and vain Ambition, not caring by what Methods he attain'd it, nor sticking at any Villany to bring about his Purposes; of a bright and shining Genius, if he had not suffer'd it to be entirely subservient to his unbridled Passions; cunning to insinuate himself into the Favour of his Followers, tho' it was only with a View to make them serviceable to himself: Virtue, in his Opinion, was nothing more than Name, and only proper to be us'd in order to make a specious Shew, and further his vile Designs; most insupportably haughty and insolent to his Inferiors, and as servilely submissive to his Superiors, tho' in his Heart he envy'd and abhorr'd them. Thus qualified to play the thorough Hypocrite, when first the Assembly met, finding *Philanax's* Interest so powerful with the People, he thought it wou'd be most for his to join in with him; tho' his Pride was strong against it, yet his Ambition, still predominant, got the better of that and every other Passion; and with all the large Professions of true Friendship which Falshood ever most profusely offers, he propos'd to him that he shou'd have his Choice in Marriage of the two Sisters, so he wou'd but join in gaining him the other, and then they might equally divide the Kingdom; advising him to prefer his own substantial Good before a little airy Fame, which in the Smoak of Envy is scarce conspicuous: But *Philanax*, who had limited his Thoughts to what he judg'd right, and was not upon any Temptation to be byass'd from it, receiv'd this Offer with Disdain; and peremptorily refusing it, threaten'd him, if he encourag'd any such presumptuous Thoughts, that he shou'd severely find the Smart of it. *Tymantus*, stung with this severe Reply, abruptly left him, determining to leave no Stone unturn'd to ruin and depress that Virtue, which his abandon'd Soul esteem'd the greatest Crime he cou'd be guilty of; but covering his Designs till a more convenient Hour shou'd offer for the bringing back *Pamela*, which he thought the likeliest Step that he cou'd take

to compass his own Purposes, and ruin those of his Adversary, he went, and summoning together that Part of the Nobility which he knew bore the most Inveteracy against *Philanax*, he began in an elaborate Harangue to inveigh against his Proceedings, putting the most malicious Interpretation upon his every Action; telling them, it was more than Time they shou'd exert themselves, nor suffer a Subject, and their Equal, to make Justice the Cloak of Tyranny, and a pretended Love for his late Master end in the Destruction of his Children: Do you not plainly see, continu'd he, how far the Infection spreads, and what a numerous Herd of Rascals he has influenc'd, who with their tainted Breaths already proclaim him their Lieutenant, and wou'd no Doubt pronounce him Prince, but that his Cunning fears Things are not ripe for that? As for us, because he is too sensible we are not to be brib'd into his Interests, therefore he endeavours to make us odious to the People: Is he the only Favourite of *Arcadia*? Is she become a Step-Dame to all her other Children, that she reserves the choicest of her Blessings for him alone? If we are Men, let us exert our selves, nor poorly thus submit to be commanded by one that is or ought to be himself subservient; let us by Proof convince him, that we are far more worthy to be his Masters than he ours; for, be assur'd, he is not so eager upon the present Business, with any Design to resign his Power: Can you imagine that he wou'd dare to make himself the Jaylor of his Princess, but with a Purpose to become either her Master or her Murderer? A wondrous Proof indeed of his Affection to his dead Master, that out of that Regard he owes his Memory, he wou'd destroy his Wife and disinherit both his Children! That singular Modesty which he has all along so much affected, now shews itself, nor does his Pride rise higher than the Diadem! No, no, believe me, he has but couch'd to rise at once; but let us all wisely agree to disappoint his Hopes; let us remember who we are, in Quality at least his Equals, in Numbers his Superiors; let us release our Queen and Princesses from his tyrannick Power, nor leave them longer under his Authority, who by his Proceedings appears rather as he were himself the Murderer of the King, than a fit Person to be the Guardian of his Posterity. This Speech sunk deeply into the Minds of the Nobility, who were before enough inclin'd to harbour any unjust Suggestions against *Philanax*; infomuch that most Part of them confirm'd *Tymautus*' Reflections, and were very ready to put his Advice in Execution; when *Philanax* presented himself to them, and in an assur'd tho' a respectful Manner, begg'd them to postpone all private Animosities till the publick Necessities of the Times were answer'd; he own'd himself a Man, and consequently subject to the Frailties of his Kind, and that he wou'd at any Time be very ready to submit them to the Censure they deserv'd; for as it was entirely his Aim to have the strictest Justice put in Execution against others, so he shou'd be very far from avoiding it himself: But, my Lords,

continued

continued he, for your own Sakes let not the envious Railings of *Tymautus*, who would without Remorse remove the Burthen of his Faults from his own Shoulders, and place them on another's, so far prevail upon you, as to taint my Character in your Opinions, until my Actions answer his vile Surmises: But the Purpose of my Comming is not now to justify my self, or prove him what he is, there will be time enough for that hereafter; our clearing or condemning is not at this present Juncture material to the Welfare of *Arcadia*: What I have now to insist upon, is, that in Regard both to your private Honours, and that Duty which you owe your Country, you would immediately, answerable to the Laws, join in the Detection and the Punishments of our Master's Murderers, and putting the Government into a proper Channel.

As he was speaking this last Sentence, there came a Messenger, running with breathless Haste, to inform him that a great Number of People, in a tumultuous Manner, were endeavouring to rescue the Prisoners out of *Sympathus's* Hands, and seemed as they designed to proclaim them Rulers over them. 'Tis well, said *Philanax*, turning towards the Noblemen with an Air of just Disdain, this is a very proper Time to waste in Wrangling, and hearing the idle Slanders of *Tymautus*, while Strangers become our Masters, and the Murtherers of *Basilus* fill his Throne: But whosoever deserves the Epithet of a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me: With that, he went towards the Place where the Tumult was, attended by a vast Number of the Commoners, and some of the Noblemen, the rest remaining with *Tymautus*; who, in the mean Time, was pushing vigorously to release *Gynecia*, upon whom the weakest Guard was placed.

When *Philanax* had reached the Tent, whither the Messenger conducted him, he found the Plain about it fill'd with Uproar and Confusion; which was occasioned by the following Accident.

The greatest Multitude of People, who, upon the Rumour of the King's Death, came to prove the Truth of it, were the *Mantineans*, that being the nearest City to the Lodges. Among these, the Man the most possess'd of Power, and the People's Love, was *Kalander*, who some time before had entertained so generously the two Princes; and tho' he was not so much as acquainted with their Names; yet, besides the Obligations he was under to them for the Deliverance of his Son and Nephew from the bloody Helots Power, he had taken such a Fancy to their Persons, and was so charmed with their noble and generous Behaviour, that not his only Son had a greater Share in his Affection. This Nobleman by Accident went in to see the Prisoners; and the Moment that he cast his Eyes upon them, he was seized with the utmost Sorrow, joined with an earnest Zeal for their Deliverance; insomuch, that calling all his Neighbours, the *Mantineans*, round a-

bout

bout him, he set forth the Prowess of these two excellent young Men; telling them, that the Gods had much more happily provided for their Welfares than they could possibly have done for themselves; bidding them to consider, that when they had done all, *Basilus'* Children must inherit; and since they had chosen Partners worthy of them, and to whom no Mortal could object, he saw no Reason why they should impiously attempt to frustrate the Designs of Providence, and cross the Inclinations of their Princesses, when so worthily bestowed. These Arguments he backed with many others; which coming from a Man of his known Integrity, high in Authority, and of so near Alliance to their late Prince, had so much Influence upon the People, that with one Consent they were just going to release the Princes, when *Philanax* came to oppose them: Both Sides were ready armed, and wanted but a Commission from their Leaders to enter into a bloody Conflict; which *Philanax* foreseeing, he thought it would be more advisable to remove the Prisoners privately; and if it came to that Necessity, rather without the Publick Form of Justice to dispatch them, than suffer them traiterously to usurp the State: But he met with a fresh Opposition in that Design; for *Sympathus*, the Nobleman to whose Charge they were committed, was so affected by that Nobleness of Soul they shew'd in every Difficulty, that tho' he would not so far forfeit his Word to *Philanax*, as to give them their Liberty, yet he would not venture to yield them to his Power, for fear his Zeal should urge him on to do them Violence. Thus each Tumult begot another; and *Philanax* was drove to such a Strait, that with all his Wisdom, Faith and Courage, he knew not how to extricate himself, or save his Country from Anarchy and Ruin; when unexpectedly there arrived a Gentleman, who told him that his Master, the renowned *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, intending a Visit to King *Basilus*, his Friend and old Ally, was then within half a Mile's Distance from the Lodges; where, being informed by some Shepherd of their King's sudden and melancholly Death, and having been long advertised of his Faith and the Authority he bore, had sent to know of him, whether he might repose himself and small Retinue with an Assurance of Safety for that Night, and be admitted to assist at the Interment of his ever-valued Friend and old Confederate; adding, that the *Arcadians* need not be apprehensive of any dangerous Attempts, since he had not above twenty Persons in his whole Company. *Philanax* received the Gentleman with as much Ceremony as the Confusion of the Times would suffer him to pay; and considering that it would not only be ungenerous, and against the Law of Nations, not to receive a Prince then in Alliance with them, and who came to visit them upon a Foot of Friendship, but very dangerous to provoke his Power; and besides, the Fame he bore of being skilled in all the Laws of Equity, and the administering them with the greatest Justice, gave him Hopes that he might be the happy Instrument of redressing the present Grievances the State groaned under;

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yet, weighing with himself how hard it was to bridle the many-headed Multitude, when once the Reins were loos'd, he thought it more advisable to sift them first, and try whether they would agree to such a Determination; therefore desiring the Gentleman to return to the King his Master, and beg him to stay an Hour or two where he was, till he could get Things in a little better Order for his Reception, he went himself first to the Noblemen, and then to *Kalander* and his Followers, who the most oppos'd him, desiring them, that as the Night had interpos'd, and happily prevented them from falling into the unnatural Division of a Civil War, that they would yet a little longer postpone their Rage, and, assembled promiscuously together, give him a patient Hearing, till he should lay before them a Matter of some Consequence, which might contribute to their mutual Peace: Man, tho' by Nature fond of Novelties, is never half so eager to entertain them, as when the Mind is agitated with a Distrust of its present Fortune; and therefore, a mutual Diffidence having render'd them suspicious of certain Ruin, they were soon perswaded to attend to any new Proposal which might alter, if not dissipate, their Fears; and more especially the better Sort of People, who, as they had most depending, were most jealous of their Fortunes, and were already grown as weary of following *Tymautus*'s Ambition, as they were before uneasy and envious against *Philanax*'s Power. As to *Kalander* and *Sympathus*; as in the one a virtuous Friendship, strengthen'd by true Judgment, occasioned his Desire of advancing; and in the other, natural Humanity had inclin'd him to commiserate Merit oppress'd, which shone conspicuous to every impartial Eye in our two unhappy Princes; so they were far from being against this Convocation: for as their Wishes and Intentions were all laudable, so they not at all avoided the justifying them publickly. Only *Tymautus* laboured with all his Art to inveigle them from suffering such an Assembly to be called; telling them, that it was Time for them to stop their Ears against the insinuating Charms of *Philanax*'s deceitful Words; that it wou'd be much more for both their Honour and Advantage to release *Gynecia* and her Daughters, which were the only proper Persons to be heard, and then he wou'd agree to have a General Meeting call'd, and settle the Quiet of the Nation; that this Proposal of *Philanax*'s was only his Cunning, to embroil them in fresh Disturbances, that he might avoid answering for his own Mismanagements. But as these Words were utter'd with more seeming Malice, than any just Grounds he had of Accusation against that uncorrupted Statesman, so they affected none but some few partial Hearers; the Multitude in general fixing their Attention to what *Philanax* intended to propose, who with a steady Countenance, the outward Representation of an honest Heart, thus address'd himself to them:

My Friends and Fellow-Countrymen, believe me, 'tis with much Regret that I am drove to a Necessity of reminding any of you of that Duty which you owe your Prince and Country; nor can I yet believe you wou'd proceed in this tumultuous Manner, unless your Judgment was misled, seduc'd by false Appearances: You imagine this Method will be most conducive to the Settlement of the State; but, trust a Man grown old in anxious Studies for the Nation's Peace, these wild Proceedings will entirely disjoint it, and if persisted in, prove the Prologue to lasting Ruin and inextricable Evils: I could not once have been perswaded to believe, that thus you wou'd with more than savage Inhumanity have refus'd your Master's Bones, who never in his Life-time injur'd you even in Thought, a Refuge in the Grave; and what is still more monstrous, suffer his Murderers to sit upon his Throne: But 'tis not my present Business to enlarge or dwell upon your Crimes, I rather wou'd extenuate them, and shall be very glad to have an Opportunity of forgetting they ever were committed; Providence now offers you a happy Means by which to steer your selves; the great, the good *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, our late gracious Monarch's most favourite Ally, not knowing of our irreparable Loss, is this Night arriv'd at a little Distance from the Lodges, attended by only twenty Horsemen, intending to have made a private Visit to our King: I perswade my self there is not any one among you whose Ears has not been made acquainted with the Praises Fame bestows upon this virtuous Prince; and since we can't agree among our selves, by Reason of the many Factions which are hatch'd among us, to his impartial Judgment let us trust our Cause; let him decide the Manner of the King's Obsequies, inflict an equal Punishment upon his Murderers, and direct the Marriage of the Princess; both Wisdom and Experience is in him replete; so great, that not the best among us can disdain to pay Obedience to his Decrees; and so justly fam'd for Equity, that we have no Inconvenience to fear from a too partial Judgment: Therefore To-morrow let us request him to fill the Judgment-Seat; and since our Laws require that the King's Murderers should be punish'd before the Body is interr'd, you may after that proceed to solemnize his Funeral.

When *Philanax* first nam'd *Euarchus*' Landing, there ran a Rumour thro' the People, as if taking Advantage of their Confusions, he was come to invade their Liberties, and make himself Master of their Country; but when they heard how weakly he was attended, their Fears was hush'd, and they were very ready to comply with *Philanax*'s Proposal: *Sympathus* first gave his Voice, and was follow'd by all the Noblemen; nor did even *Kalander* oppose it, not believing but that the strictest Justice wou'd be follow'd by a Prince who bore so great a Character; only *Tymautus*, still blinded by the false Rays of his Ambition,

Ambition, alone attempted to influence the People against this happy Offer, exclaiming against *Philanax*, and telling them they now might see what kind of Man they had to deal with, who for a Bribe would betray his Country, and sell it to a Stranger: but, to his Cost, he found that his single Oratory only serv'd to pull that Ruin on his own Head which he design'd for others; for the People, tir'd with their unprofitable Divisions, of which his Insinuations had been the greatest Source, and now having in their View a Harbour of Repose, they were inveterate against any Body that would attempt to interpose and bar the pleasing Prospect; and had not *Philanax's* Goodness interpos'd, they would undoubtedly have depriv'd him of the Power to renew farther Commotions; for flinging Stones and Staves at him, they had well-nigh maim'd him, but that he flew to *Philanax* for Succour; who, tho' he abhorr'd his Principles, yet bore no Hatred to his Person; and beside, to make the People their own Judges, he thought was an ill Precedent; and therefore he took him into his Protection, promising them to secure him from making any farther Up-roar; and having taken a general Oath of all the People, that during the Minority of the Princess, or till Affairs were settled, they should yield a strict Obedience to *Euarchus*, so far as his Commands were not in Opposition to their Laws and Liberties, attended by most of the Nobility, he went with solemn Pomp to meet that gallant Prince, whose coming to *Arcadia* was occasion'd by the following Accident.

When that miserable Prince the ever wretched *Plangus* departed from *Basilus*, with no greater Force than was sufficient to guard him to *Euarchus*, he made the greatest Speed towards *Byzantium*, where he heard that Monarch, having finish'd all his Toils of War, by gaining of the Town, had for some Time made his Place of Residence; but having well-nigh reach'd the Town, he receiv'd Intelligence that *Euarchus* had not only some Days past left that Place to go to *Macedon*, but since was oblig'd with some Precipitancy to visit that Part of his Dominions which lay towards *Italy*, his hasty Journey being occasioned by the *Latines*; who having already got into their Possession, partly by Conquest and partly by Confederacy, the most considerable Moiety of *Italy*, had long gap'd with insatiate Jaws to devour *Greece*; and taking Advantage of the Absence of *Euarchus* and *Basilus's* Retirement, the whole Strength of *Greece* lying in Effect upon them Two, they were just ready, with injurious Gripe, to seize upon it, which after they design'd to justify, and gloss it over with the specious Name of Conquest: And tho' they had not made their Purpose known by proclaiming an open War; but, on the contrary, made daily Affirmations of continuing their former Amity; yet by clandestinely abusing the Merchants that traded to those Parts, and continually preparing Ships and Transports for conveying Soldiers to foreign Parts,

Parts, gave *Euarchus*, who was perfectly experienc'd in those Affairs, Suspicion of their Purposes, and that induc'd him to prepare against it; yet wisely determining, that a judicious Monarch should never accept of War, till press'd upon him by the boisterous Hand of rude Necessity, he resolv'd to hold them so long his Friends, as they did not by Acts of avow'd Hostility openly prove themselves his Enemies: But however, in the mean Time, he fail'd not to warn the other States of *Greece*, that they might unite their Strength, and be provided against the worst might happen; convincing them by many unanswerable Reasons, that tho' by the Distance of Place some of them might think themselves perfectly secure from the first Approaches of the Storm, yet being embark'd in the same Ship, they in the End must sink together; enforcing this Advice with his own Example, leaving no Caution unessay'd in his own Territory which was proper to withstand the most vigorous Invasion; putting all his People in Readiness to expect a War, levying new Forces, and employing the old experienced Veterans to train and exercise the new ones, against a Time of Danger; in Person visiting each of the Sea-ports belonging to the Nation, fortifying the Coasts, and strengthening the Garrisons; and, in short, omitting no Preparations, leaving Proof of his Conduct and Experience wherever he pass'd, he had now reach'd *Aulon*, a principal Sea-port belonging to his Realm, whither the wretched *Plangus*, fatigued and weary with his yet unprofitable Journey, and eager to meet some Succour for the fair distress'd *Erona*, traced him; and by a sad, tho' eloquent Narration of his Childrens, Death, called home his Cares from fencing against Foreign Enemies, to repel the Insurrections of ungovernable Passions in his own Breast. The Recital of an Accident so dreadful, fill'd every indifferent Heart with Horror and Concern; how then must it effect *Euarchus*, to whom Nature had not made one of these Princes dearer, than Merit and Inclination had the other? My Pen, altho' innur'd throughout this long Narration to Tales of Horror, and Accidents of a surprising Nature, is yet too blunt to express, with lively Justice, the Shock it gave the good old King: Imagination must therefore supply the Force of Words; where Expression is too faint, in such a Case Silence is the best Oratory: Nor did the King himself attempt to express his Grievs, but received the dreadful Tidings with Patience surprising as the Accident, conquering the Weakness of Humanity with more than humane Fortitude; and taking perfect Directions of *Plangus* where he might find *Plexertus* and *Artaxia*, he gave him his Royal Promise not only to relieve *Erona*, but never to return to *Macedon*, till he had hunted the Murderers into their own Toils, and there destroy'd them. Thus with the utmost Speed he forwarded a Ship to *Byzantium*, with Orders to the Governor, that he should make the necessary Preparations of a War against his Arrival, for that he intended very soon to follow. *Plangus* having thus dispatch'd his Business, and impatient to hear

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in what Condition his dear *Erona* stood, begg'd the King's Permission to depart with the first Ship; and soon after he was gone, News was brought *Euarchus*, that all the Merchants Ships detain'd in *Italy* were safe return'd; for the *Latines*, being apprized of the King's Caution and Readiness to receive them, thought it better to postpone their Enterprize, at least till he was more unguarded. Thus being entirely freed from the Apprehensions of a Storm blowing from that Quarter in the Fleet prepar'd for That, he without Delay embark'd, and turn'd his Sails towards *Byzantium*; for some considerable Time, with favourable Gales, he made his Way swift as his Wishes; but one unlucky Night a dreadful Tempest overtook his Fleet, and so rudely scatter'd them, that hardly any two were left together; the King's own Ship, quite separated from its Convoy, a little before Day quitted the ungenerous Treatment of the Waves, and made the Shore, which the Morning Dawn inform'd him must be the unhappy Coast of *Laconia*, for no other Country by Barrenness and Desolation cou'd give so dreadful an Example of an unnatural War, with which the Bosom of it had long been wounded, between the Helots and the Nobility; for tho' it had once been compounded by *Daiphantus*, yet the King taking Advantage of his Absence, refus'd to perform the Articles of Peace he had engag'd for, as being extorted from him by rebellious Violence: Whereupon they were again enter'd into a bloody War, with so great an Inveteracy against the very Name of King, that *Euarchus* thought it very unsafe to trust his sacred Person where he had no Power to protect him, and where that Title wou'd create no Reverence, but on the contrary Aversion and Contempt; therefore calling an *Arcadian*, who by *Plangus*' Order stay'd to conduct him to the Place, he desir'd he wou'd inform him where he might find the nearest Place of Safety, in which he cou'd repose himself in Security, till he heard some Tidings of his Fleet, or had got his Ship repair'd. The Gentleman, proud of this Opportunity of shewing his Respect both to *Euarchus* and *Basilus*, told him, that if he would venture to travel to *Arcadia*, part of which Country then lay open to their View, he wou'd undertake e'er the next Night's Setting-Sun, to conduct him in Safety to *Basilus*: The present Necessity he labour'd under, added to the Desire he had of endeavouring to influence *Basilus* to remove from that strange and impolitick Retirement, made him readily accept of this Proposal; and by Night arriving in the Desert, the first News he heard was, to his great Concern, of his surprizing Death; and therefore, waiting for a safe Passport from *Philanax*, he in the Interim took his Repose under a Tree, disdain'g no less than his meanest Subject to make the Earth his Pillow, and the Heavens his Canopy. When *Philanax* came within Sight of him, he light from off his Horse, approaching him with not only that Respect due to his Merit and Superiority, but with all the Humbleness which Grief naturally creates in any hu-

mane Breast. *Euarchus* rose and went to meet him, but at a near Approach, his Years and Gravity so much resembling his dead Master's, brought him so lively to his Memory, that for some Time he stood collected in himself, and had no Power to begin his Speech; but at length drying up his swollen Eyes, Most worthy Prince, cry'd he, let not these falling Tears make me appear below your Notice, nor my Message prove ungrateful to your Ears, since they have a noble Cause, and such a one as Justice must approve: In me you do behold not only the Affliction of a single Person, but the united Sorrows of *Arcadia*; my Eyes overflow with the full Measure of my Country's Woes, and know, most mighty Prince, it rests in you alone to calm their Grievs, and mitigate their Sorrows: Behold a Kingdom, but late the Envy of each neighbouring Nation, torn and disjointed, bereft of its Support; and that so sudden and unexpected was the Blow, that she has no breathing Time to resist the Shock, or form a Method to secure her from impending Ruin: To you, therefore, most puissant Monarch, she commits her Cause; by me she begs your Pity and Protection; your Equity, renown'd thro' all the habitable World, contending Factions sue to be adjudg'd by: Disdain not then the Office, but as a Man, compassionate the Weakness of your Fellow-Creatures, and, as the Minister of heavenly Justice, be the Scourge of most unnatural Crimes, which tainted Minds have harbour'd. To make my Meaning yet more conspicuous, know, that our *Arcadia* hearing of your unhop'd Arrival, have agreed to fling into your equitable Hands the Power and Office of its distracted State; swearing most strictly to adhere to all your just Decrees, provided the Right of Inheritance be still maintain'd to their late Prince's Blood; nor wou'd they longer request your Arms from your own People, than till your Wisdom shall have taken Cognizance of their Demands, settled the Commotions which now foment the Bowels of the Common-Wealth, and shake it with convulsive Agonies: All that I have more to offer, is, that upon your Answer to this our earnest Prayer, depends the Quiet and the Lives of Thousands, who for the Confederacy they have so long maintain'd unbroken with your Majesty, in this Necessity, which some oppresses them, ask not from you the Expence of Treasure, or Hazard of your Subjects Lives, but only the Dispensation of your Wisdom, which you can well bestow on them, without diminishing ought from your self, or your own Subjects; but, on the contrary, an Act of so much generous Humanity, must, if possible, enhance your Glory, and encrease your Fame.

Euarchus heard him out with great Attention; but his Request being so wholly unexpected, he cou'd not form an Answer so readily as he wou'd otherwise have done; but recollecting that the Urgency of their present Cause requir'd a quick Dispatch, after a little Pause, he thus reply'd:

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Most worthy *Philanax*, tho' Length of Years, and the Vicissitude which frail Mortality is hourly subject to, has given me Experience almost sufficient to guard me from Surprise of any Kind; yet the sudden Change this Nation has sustain'd, and more especially that I should so accidentally arrive at such a Juncture, I own, gives me a Concern which I cannot very easily suppress: I came to ask Protection, and in a Moment find my self su'd to, for the Protector of a People to whom I am personally unknown, and whose Laws and Customs as yet I am not made acquainted with: I might with Justice urge against this Proposal, that Weakness both of Mind and Body, which Length of Days and the Load of Cares they unavoidably bring with them, as also the pressing Necessity of my own Affairs, to which as I am by all Rules most strictly ty'd, so without the utmost Inconvenience they cannot long bear the Delay my Absence must necessarily occasion. But suppose I should be prevail'd upon to dispense with all the Difficulties which oppose, what Assurance can I have of the People's adhering to their first Request? A little Time may possibly make them retract that Partiality they have receiv'd for me, and turn it into the most severe Abhorrence; the People are a many-headed Multitude, and generally too boisterous to be guided by a single Hand; and whoc'er has once entangled his Fingers in the Rein, must find a Difficulty to draw them back: Therefore, give me to know upon what Security I am to build, that I accordingly may frame a Resolution suitable to both.

Philanax was so far from declining his Request, upon the Unwillingness *Euarchus* shewed to accept it, that he was still more eager to press it upon him, well knowing that the most skillful Pilot is still the most unwilling to venture in a Storm: Therefore, answering all his Objections with the most Art that he was Master of, he prevailed upon him to accept the cumbrous Office; but with this Promise, that he should find it the Result of the People's calmer Judgment, and not the Effect of Heat or sudden Faction. This agreed to, they strait mounted their Horses, and hasted to the Lodges; where, late as it was, the People with watchful Eyes were still assembled, waiting the Event of *Philanax's* Embassy, none of them believing that the Affairs of the Nation could be negociated without their particular Concurrence, nor caring to trust any Security but their own Eyes and Ears for their much dreaded Safety; but when they saw *Philanax* returned, with *Euarchus* at his Right Hand, on whom they had now rested the greatest Burthen of their Fears, with Shouts of Joy, and Echoes of Applause, they gave him Cause to know how welcome he was to them; for had he been a Native of *Arcadia*, and his Veins glowing with Royal Blood, they could not have received him with greater Demonstrations of Affection and Respect, each of them striving who should

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pay him the first Compliments; some praising his Face, others his majestic Mein and goodly Gravity, promising themselves that nothing but Justice could proceed from such an awful Form; while he passed thro' them with an equal Air, neither appearing to disdain their Courtesies, nor yet influenced by their Flatteries, but with a fixed Behaviour dismounting from his Horse, he demanded a Convocation immediately to be formed; which accordingly was done with as much Order and peaceful Silence, as would have made any Spectator of the late Tumult have distrusted their Eyes and Ears, nor have believed that this could be the late disordered Multitude, that with resistless Violence bore all before 'em.

Euarchus being seated in the View of all the People with graceful and commanding Mien, he thus addressed them; Most worthy and renowned *Arcadians*, I am informed by that worthy Patriot, the good Lord *Philanax*, that with one unanimous Consent you have chosen me, tho' far unworthy of the Office, to be your Guardian and Protector till your Disturbances are quieted, the Regal Power settled—Here he was interrupted by the People, who with one Voice aloud confirmed the Embassage with Shouts and echoing Huzza's, giving him all the honourable Titles they were capable of imagining, and loading him with Wishes happy as his own Desires, till he made a Motion for them to be silent, and then proceeded: After my Thanks for the great Opinion which you have entertained of me, I would entreat you not to raise your Expectations to too high a Pitch, since what I am you have as yet no Proof, and I may possibly fall very short in Wisdom, tho' Justice, as far as I can find her dark Retreat, I promise strictly to pursue; yet still, I say, you must remember I am but a Man, and consequently subject to those Errors which humane Reason, in its strongest Light, does sometimes fail of Power to dissipate. Another Thing I have to urge, which is, that since, by the united Voice of all the People, you have thought fit on me to rest the Burthen of your Cares, that you would weigh impartially all my Proceedings, nor with rash Judgment, byass'd by former Prejudices, refuse to obey my Orders and Decrees, unless you ever oppose a better Judgment to them. This assur'd, I in Return give you my Royal Promise, that with the utmost Nicety of Justice, as far as I am learn'd in Nature's general Laws, and the particular Ones which govern *Greece*, and which I have made my more immediate Study, that I will not only take Order for the punishing past Offences, and settling the present Posture of Affairs; but, if Occasion shall require, I will employ the Force and Treasures of my own Country, to fix you in a lasting Peace. In the mean Time, the first Order I shall publish, is, that upon Pain of the severest Punishment, no Man presume to name me by any higher Title than Protector of *Arcadia*, that there may be no possible Pretence for any of my Successors to lay claim to that Authority,

Authority, which by a free Election you have for the Time being deposited in my Hands, and which before you all I make a solemn Vow to render back, soon as the Regicides are convicted, and Judgment passed upon them, the King's Body interr'd with proper Honours, and a lawful Successor appointed. The first of these important Businesses, your Customs requiring such Dispatch, I shall defer no longer than till to Morrow's Sun shall chase the Power of Darkness, and be a Witness to our Determinations; therefore at present you may return to your needful Rest, that you may be the better able to give your due Attention in these important Matters. *Euarchus*' Speech was closed with the Applause of all the People, when *Philanax*, who had provided him a Lodging as convenient as the Times would suffer, entreated him to retire after his long Fatigue to that Repose which of Consequence Nature must require. The King retired, the People gave their weary Minds up to the Power of refreshing Sleep. The Night being far spent e'er Matters were brought to this Conclusion, the Morning soon arrived; when *Euarchus*, seeing the Day begin to break, and being desirous to wing the Justice he had promised, sent for *Philanax*, and bid him give immediate Orders for the Place of Judgment to be prepared; and soon as the People, who were not yet fully dispers'd, could be convened together, to bring forth the Prisoners and the King's Body, he having been informed that it was customary in such Cases for it to be exposed only covered with a Velvet Pall, until the Persons accused of committing the Murder should be acquitted or condemned; the Law possibly presuming that such a Sight would make the Judge more eager to detect the Criminals. *Philanax*, who now imagined that Revenge, which he so earnestly desired, was drawing near, went with all Diligence about the Preparations. And now 'tis possible the Reader may be anxious to know how the wronged Innocents, confined to their Apartments, spent the weary Night. There never yet was Tyrant that exercised his Rage with half the Cruelty upon the most detested Object, as the afflicted Queen pursued her Soul with, after her conscious Guilt was loaded with the sudden Horror of her Husband's Death; for tho' she had not been the premeditate Occasion of it, yet as Heaven had made her the Instrument, she thought the shocking Office was assigned her as the Punishment of her intended Guilt: This Thought incessantly boiled in her troubled Bosom; and more particularly when *Philanax* had left her closely confined, and attended by nothing but her own scourging Reflections: A glimmering Lamp, half lost within the hollow Socket, was all the Light allowed her; which, to a Mind perplexed with a thousand dreadful Apprehensions, was just sufficient to raise the Idea of frightful Spectres, and not enough to let her plainly see they all proceeded from Imagination. The heavy Pressure of her increasing Woes, began to sink the Ballance of her Judgment; Despair, with all its greedy Train of self-devouring Fiends, had taken Possession of her

Soul, and quite o'erpowered the strongest Efforts of her Resolution; nor could she in her Agonies forbear blasphemously to charge the heavenly Powers with being instrumental in her Ruin: Why, O ye immortal Gods! cry'd she, why did ye form me destin'd to Destruction! If Mercy is an Attribute justly ascribed to you, why do you permit a Wretch of your own creating to be thus cruelly tormented! If you delight in Goodness, why would you not impart a little of that Brightness to my Mind! Or if it is not in my Power to attain it without your Gift, why am I thus severely plagued for the Want of it! Is it in mortal Weakness to resist your firm Decrees! Thus heightening her Grievs till Fancy grew too powerful for Nature, she was persuaded she saw a thousand airy Spectres, that changed themselves into as many hideous differing Forms, and heard the Cries of Ghosts confined to hellish Agonies; then would she shriek aloud, and call for Aid; and in her Phrensy, had she the Means, she would at once have freed herself from all the Terrors that surrounded her. At length, her Spirits were so far spent, that a little broken Sleep o'ertook her; but her Dreams were still, if possible, more tormenting than her waking Thoughts. She feared her coming Death, and yet desired it: Thus suffering more in Apprehension than the Event could make her feel, she passed the restless Night. Nor were the wretched Princesses at Ease; but as their Minds were free from Guilt, they bore their Sorrows more composedly; and had a Satisfaction none could rob them of, a quiet Conscience: Besides, they had the Comfort of Society, and beguiled the weary Hours with condoling each other's Sorrows; for tho' before Shame and a Distrust of their own Determinations had kept them from betraying their Councils to each other, yet now they found their Fortunes equal, they no longer attempted to dissemble; but after some time spent in lamenting their Father's sudden and unexpected Death, they began from their first Engagement with the two Princes to lay open the Secrets of their whole Amour; and finding their Fortunes so much upon a Parallel, the Friendship of the two Princes being so linked, that the One could not be undone without the Other's falling, they renewed afresh their Lamentations, 'till having spent a great Proportion of the Night in these unprofitable Sorrows, and reflecting that in all Probability the Lords would the next Day proceed to their Examination, they employ'd the rest of it in writing to them, hoping by their own immediate Arguments to awe them into Justice, and influence them not longer to retard it.

In the mean Time *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, finding themselves under so strict Guard, that they had nothing less to expect than a sudden and shameful Execution, did behave in such a Manner, as if they rather trampled upon Necessity than were the Slaves of Fortune; the Sum of all their Grievs turning upon the Ruin they had drawn upon the helpless fair Ones, and their Concern for the Destruction of each other:

Other: O my *Pyrocles*, cry'd *Musidorus*, to what a Scene of Woes am I reserv'd! Our *Thessaly* has been the Road to your Destruction; for had not That unhappily receiv'd you, this Accident had ne'er befallen; you wou'd not then have trusted to the uncertain Mercy of the Seas, nor thus been separated from your tender Father: With what Justice then may I allow my self to exclaim against malicious Fortune, since she only gave my Country the Honour of *Pyrocles*' Education, that it might be the curst Clue to guide him to his Ruin? Nay, interrupted *Pyrocles*, 'tis I have Reason to quarrel with my self, my Fate, and envious Fortune; and that much more on your Account than on my own, since the Honour of your Friendship has diffus'd on me a Hoard of Blessings, while from me you derive nothing but this severe Affliction, and of which I was the curs'd Occasion: In my tenderest Years my persecuted Parents sent me to your Court, as a secure Retreat from Danger's cruel Gripe, where I met all the Advantages a generous Education could bestow; the Precepts were confirm'd by your bright Example; and to confirm my Happiness, I was honour'd with your Friendship: Now turn the Prospect, and see how cruel Fate, Heaven knows, not my Ingratitude, has paid you back this wondrous Debt; 'twas by my Father's Means you left your native Land, which but on my Account 'tis possible you never might have done: What Inconveniencies happen'd upon that, you too well know; 'twas my unlucky Love, that first detain'd you in this fatal Place; and consequently, if the Gods are just, on me the Punishment shou'd wholly light! Blame not the Heavens, my *Pyrocles*, cry'd *Musidorus*, for be assur'd that they permit nothing to happen in this earthly Globe, without some wise unerring Reason to attend it; and sure we are much ungrateful to their Dispensations, since all their Benefits we bury in Forgetfulness, and dwell perpetually upon the Hardships they impose: Let us reflect impartially on our past Lives, and we shall find the Good will far outweigh the Evil; we have not only liv'd, but spent our Time in Services both to our selves and others; our Souls have perfectly answer'd the Purpose for which they were ordain'd, to animate this Clay; they have acknowledg'd and done their utmost to honour their Creator; and, without Vain glory, we now may say, that we have been of Benefit to some of our Fellow-Creatures, who more than probably wou'd have perish'd without our timely Aid: Since then Eternity is not the Portion of us Mortals, while in Conjunction with this Clay, 'tis but a little Time that we shall lose by such a hasty Separation, which must have met an End; That once arriv'd, the past is nothing; and cou'd we still protract it, all we shou'd gain, wou'd be a larger Stock of Care and Anguish: Therefore, wrong not your own excelling Judgment so far, as to imagine that you have injur'd me, by bringing me to this Extremity; nor will I farther suffer my own Weakness to lament your Fall, which tho' my Friendship wou'd prompt me still to do, yet that
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would be making your Virtue so ill a Compliment, that I shall do my self the Violence not to give Way to it. You might, my dearest Cousin, interrupted *Pyrocles*, with Justice too, have added to these wise Reflections, that if we murmur at our Fortune, or condemn our selves for what is past, we in Effect repine against the Passions which we bear for the dear Authors of it, as if the Joys they have a Power of dispensing could be too dearly purchas'd! For me, I call the Gods to Witness, and I perswade my self you are of the same Opinion, that no Death, no Shame or Torments, could e'er have Power to cancel that real and essential Happiness I have enjoy'd (and which is past the Power of Fate itself to rob me of) with that injur'd heavenly Maid, the matchless *Philoclea*. In any other Point, cry'd *Musidorus*, I will allow you the just Preheminence which you deserve, but in my Love I can't give Way to any humane Creature, since sure my Heart glows with as bright a Flame as ever yet enlighten'd a mortal Breast. If, answer'd *Pyrocles*, our Souls hereafter shall be acquainted with each other, this will be Matter of Debate, for that Dispute I never will give up. I know not, reply'd *Musidorus*, upon what Terms we shall be then, nor do I think the subtlest Casuist can inform us, but be assur'd I ne'er will fail that Argument, while I have Power to support it; but at present, the Moments are too precious to be spent in vain Disputes, and rather ought to be employ'd in Consultation how we may best avoid the Precipice which every Moment threatens to dash us into everlasting Ruin; or, what is more material, guard the two helpless fair Ones from falling into that we have unwarily dug for them; which we can only do by taking the whole Matter on our selves, and strenuously denying that their Consents had any Share in it.

Thus confirming one another in this generous Resolve, they deluded the remaining Hours of the Night, entirely ignorant of every thing that pass'd without, altho' the friendly *Kalander* had took unwearied Pains to speak with them, and give them Intimation who was to be their Judge; but the Guard that *Philanax* had plac'd upon them was too much attach'd to him to suffer any Body to be admitted to them, and *Kalander* was at length oblig'd to give over the Attempt; but so far he prevail'd, as to have their Cloaths and Jewels convey'd to them, wisely judging that their Disguise would make them still appear more odious to the People; and for that Reason, he had that Night sent a special Messenger to *Mantina* for those that at their Parting they had entrusted to his Care. This Present they receiv'd with as much Pleasure as their melancholly Circumstances would admit, well knowing from how sincere a Friend they came; and dressing themselves in some that were answerable to a Prince's Fortune, determining to maintain the Names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, when their Birth and Fortune should be call'd in question, they spent the Remainder of the Night in consulting how they should best behave on the ensuing Day,

which

which they rightly judg'd wou'd undoubtedly bring their Condemnation or Acquittance along with it.

The Morn arriv'd, *Euarchus* sent for *Philanax*, and desir'd that the Throne from whence *Basilius* us'd to deliver Judgment might be drawn out upon the Plain before the Lodge, well knowing how much exterior Shew affects the Multitude; that done, dress'd in a sable Robe, attended by the Majority of the People, he ascended it; he wou'd have seated *Philanax*, as the next in Power, on his Right Hand, but he modestly declin'd that Honour, saying, That since he was to be the Accuser of the Prisoners, it would but ill become him to sit as Judge. The next Point call'd in Question, was, Whether the Princesses should be brought into the Court? but that also was oppos'd by *Philanax*, whose Love and Faith to his dead Master descended with ample Zeal upon his Children; and as his Revenge was all pointed against *Gynecia*, and the Princes, whom he look'd on as her Confederates, and the sole Occasion of the King's Death, as well as the Dishonour of his House; so he was much unwilling that any Shame shou'd fall upon their Youth and Innocence, and to prevent it, urg'd that their Presence might possibly create fresh Uproars among the People; nor did Justice require them to be put upon their Defence, till some Body had accus'd them: And as to the Princess *Pamela*, he assur'd *Euarchus*, that it was not in the *Arcadian* Law to call her to an Account for any thing, altho' she had not the Executive Power till Age or Marriage confirm'd her Title. This made known, *Euarchus* proceeded to the Tryal; and the King's Body being laid before him cover'd with a Velvet Pall, the Queen and two young Princes were summon'd to appear in the Protector's Name; and that Title being only given him, they were ignorant who was to be their Judge, but imagin'd him to be some Nobleman chosen by the People, in their Extremity to officiate in that Office. *Gynecia* was first led out, attired only in a Russet Gown, with a long Cloak of the same Sort of Stuff thrown over it; a Hat she wore upon her Head, which cover'd most of her Face; her Eyes were cast upon the Ground, which she continually kept fix'd to avoid encountering *Pyrocles*, not that she so much desir'd to shun him from a Sense of her own Shame, as out of fear that such an Intruder shou'd revive those Sparks of Fire in her Breast, which with such an Infinity of Pain she had been endeavouring to subdue. The People were all affected with deep Compassion to see their Princess, a Lady whom late the Breath of foulest Envy cou'd not blast, now fallen from the Pinnacle of Honour, and sunk into the lowest Ebb of Shame and Infamy: But soon their Looks and Thoughts were diverted from that melancholly Object, by the Approach of the two other Prisoners; *Pyrocles* led by *Sympathus*, was dress'd after the Manner of the *Grecian* Princes; and after him, conducted by another Nobleman, came *Musidorus*, in a Habit magnificent enough to

strike an Awe into the Multitude, which was their Business. As to *Gynecia*, the Pomp they had been used to see her in, made their Compassion rise at such a sudden Turn of Fortune; and therefore the humbler she appear'd, the more their Pity was excited: But the Princes being entire Strangers, and the People exasperated against them upon Account of the inhumane Act laid to their Charge, should they have sunk into an abject Weakness, instead of Pity, they only wou'd have rais'd Contempt.

Thus, resolute to use all necessary Means to save their own and the much dearer Honour of the sad Partners of their Misfortunes, and if they fail'd, to meet Death with that Magnanimity with which they had ever fronted the most threatening Dangers, they march'd boldly on; each separate Beholder was mov'd with Admiration at the perfect, tho' different Appearance of these two Master-pieces of contending Nature's Work. In *Musidorus*, majestick Nobleness sat awful on his Brow; and as he had gain'd a Year's Advantage of *Pyrocles* in Age, his Height, answer'd to that Difference; his Complexion was a lively Brown; each Feature full of insinuating Grace; his Countenance rather inclin'd to the severe, tho' temper'd with a becoming Sweetness. *Pyrocles* was of a more refin'd Complexion; a sprightly Chearfulness shone in his Eyes, spight of the Cloud of Grievs that interpos'd; a soft inclining Air diffus'd itself throughout his pleasing Form; and if the gallant *Musidorus* commanded more Respect, he still created Love and Gentleness in any penetrable Breast. When they had so far reach'd the Centre of the People, that *Musidorus* thought he might be heard by the Majority, still only anxious for the fair *Pamela*, with an exalted Voice he thus address'd them: And is it possible, O ye *Arcadians*, that thus injuriously ye can forget that natural Duty which you owe your Princesses, the divine *Pamela*? Hath this hitherto happily govern'd Nation so soon forgot the Good that so profusely has been dispens'd among them by her noble Ancestors? What is become of all that boasted Faith and Loyalty, which has so long preserv'd you in Peace, and its Attendant, Plenty, and which has spread your Fame so justly over all the Civil Nations of the World? Where is that Justice fled, by which the *Arcadians* have been so long distinguish'd and pointed out to every neighbouring People, a bright Example of unshaken Faith and Loyalty not to be alienated? Where is your Princess, to whom in Justice that Duty should descend? Where is *Pamela*, that meritorious Fair, whom Heaven, in Pity to your Wants, has given to your distracted Kingdom, and who has now the only Power of composing your unhappy Differences, and restoring your former Quiet? But so far are you from flying to this sure Relief, that I hardly think you know what is become of that inestimable Jewel, which no Age cou'd ever equal, or Nature go beyond: 'Tis you your selves who unadvisedly eclipse that Sun, whose glorious Beams alone can guide you
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to Happiness and Rest; fling not away by one rash Act your greatest Treasure and only lasting Good, nor suffer your selves to be the Instruments of a few private Mens Ambition, who employ your Hands to place the Yoke on your own Necks. Thus, with insinuating Speeches, he endeavour'd as much as possible to influence the Multitude in *Pamela's* Favour; but by that Time he had reach'd the Judgment-Seat, he was pretty well satisfied by both *Sympathus* and the other who guided him, that the Assembly was far from designing any Injustice to the Princess, and that indeed they had not the Power to injure her, whom they all unanimously own'd their Sovereign Mistress; but that the Custom of *Arcadia* deny'd her the Privilege of acting till she was farther advanc'd in Years; and in the Interim, the State was to be guided by a Protector, before whom they were then going to receive their final Sentence. This Assurance eas'd *Musidorus's* Heart of the most crushing Weight which had so sore oppress'd it; but the still anxious *Pyrocles*, equally doubtful of his *Philoclea's* Fate, and who had not yet the least Assurance of her Safety, as soon as he was plac'd before his Judge, in a suppliant Manner, tho' with Earnestness becoming the Importance of his Suit, he thus address'd him:

Pardon me, O most honourable Judge, cry'd he, that uncommanded I begin to speak; nor think my Words vain or impertinent, since both to you and to my self they carry with them Matters of the most strict Importance; to you, who hold the Scales of sacred Justice, nothing can certainly be more acceptable than Facts built upon Truth, and deliver'd without the least inclining to Partiality; to me beset with Dangers, and environ'd round on every Side with rude Calamity, what can bring me greater Comfort, than the discharging my overburthen'd Conscience, by owning my own Crimes, and clearing of the Innocent: Know then, most equitable Judge, for such I hope to find you, that the Princess *Philoclea*, on whose unblemish'd Virtue my evil Stars have destin'd me to cast a seeming Shade, however plausibly she may be accus'd, is free from the least Spot of foul Impurity, and wholly innocent of that Dishonour which her Accusers would maliciously assert she was by my Persuasions drawn into; but be assur'd in me is center'd all the Guilt: Whatever has been attempted, by Heaven and Earth I swear, was both began and perpetrated without her Knowledge; and tho' I call the righteous Powers to Witness, and sure I am not now in a Condition to load my Conscience with the Weight of Perjury, that this faithful Bosom ne'er harbour'd the least Design against her Chastity; yet Truth and Honour obliges me to own, that my coming into her Chamber at that unseasonable Hour, was entirely without her Knowledge; this your own Wisdom must prompt you to believe, that if I wou'd submit to poorly feign a Lye, it should be in my own Behalf. My Thread of Life is not yet spun to such a Length, as I should wish it broke; but the conscious Sting of my own

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Guilt, joined to the Reflection how great a Loss the World would all sustain, should such a fair Example of Perfection be wrongfully remov'd from their desiring Sight, compels me to take upon my self the Burthen of those Ills which I alone deserve; with Pity then behold an injured Innocent, whose Vertue, tho' in it self bright as the glorious Sun, is over-clouded with the Veil of foul Suspicion; let not her Charms be fully'd by my rash Imprudence; Wisdom and Justice both direct you to preserve her, and take the heavenly Maid into your most powerful Protection: And further, I conjure you by all that you hold sacred, that before another Step is taken towards our Prosecution, that you will determine in her Cause, and save me from the Torture of Suspence, which is far worse than any Punishment severest Justice can impose. He had scarce utter'd these last Words, when his Request was join'd by the general Voice of all the People, who having the most sincere Affection for that meritorious Princess, were eager to know her Fate. *Euarchus*, willing to oblige the People in Matters in themselves indifferent, tho' he was far from being byass'd by any Remonstrances that could be made for or against, immediately endeavoured to know the Truth of the Princess's Behaviour in that Affair; and her Conduct being entirely clear'd by *Pyrocles*, and but very faintly accused by *Philanax*, who really loved her as the Offspring of his Master; and besides, had nothing to alledge but Matter of Conjecture; yet *Euarchus* finding by his Penetration, that she must in some Degree have been to blame, after a necessary Time for Deliberation, he pronounced, That to repair the Honour of her Royal House, which, if she had not tainted in Reality, yet she had at least given the World Occasion to suspect she should, for the Remainder of her Life, be confined a Prisoner among a certain Set of religious Women, there by a Profession of everlasting Chastity to make Attonement for that wandring Fire that had misled her Youth, and well-nigh drawn her into Infamy and Ruin.

Altho' this Sentence for ever barred *Pyrocles* from being happy with the only Woman that had a Power to make him so; yet, next to the Possession of her, it gave him the greatest Pleasure; for by that he was not only assured of her Life's Safety, but that no other Mortal would be so infinitely blest'd as to share her Person, or her Heart, should she forget his Truth, and never-ending Passion. This Sentence given, and recorded in the Publick Register, that it should pass without Alleviation, *Euarchus* commanded Proclamation to be made, that those who had any Thing to alledge against *Gynecia*, should proceed, both because her Quality required that she should first be heard, and as she was looked upon as the Principal in the important Cause then laid before him. *Philanax* immediately stept forward, and with an Air and Gesture that plainly spoke him thirsting for Revenge, he began to expatiate upon the execrable Fact; but the wretched Queen soon

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interrupted him: Stay, *Philanax*, cry'd she, no more defile that honest Tongue with those severe Reproaches with which thou art about to load a wretched Woman, and who was late thy Queen and Mistress; let the Remembrance of my former Greatness inspire thee with some Respect; or else, the sad Reflection how low I now am fallen, insuile into thy Breast a generous Pity; let not thy wonted Goodness and Humanity degenerate so far as to insult my Woes, and triumph in my Ruin: Without such Usage you shall be gratified in a most just Revenge, and yet not be the Instrument of sore Oppression to her, who, spight of thy Bitterness against her, values thee for thy unshaken Faith to thy dead Master. I call the Almighty Powers to witness for me, that I speak not this with mean Intent to obtain your Favour, or prolong a hated Life; no, believe me, that is a Boon no Terms should e'er prevail upon me to accept; I only am unwilling that my End should be still more imbitter'd with Injuries from such an honest Mind; I have been too severe a Judge over my self, to wish the influencing another; and my own guilty Conscience is a severer Torturer than any I can meet: Alas! whoe'er has felt the Anguish of Heart-rending Grief, or felt the eating Corrosive of sharp Despair, will ne'er suspect me of a Desire to continue in those Flames, or once imagine I would by any Means postpone that Death, which has alone a Power to give me Ease, and cannot plunge me into greater Horrors: Therefore, most upright Judge, attend, and here my black Confession; 'Tis I, and I alone, that am the curst Cause of the King's Death; these impious Hands dispens'd the Potion that wrought his End and my Undoing; I have destroy'd my Prince, murder'd my Husband, betray'd my Country, and brought Dishonour on my Children; this Parricide am I, and I acknowledge it: What more, or greater Crimes could *Philanax* himself, with all his Zeal, have urged against me? There nothing now remains but that you appoint some Executioner to rid me of my Life, which else these Hands will be necessitated to bereave me of; all the Favour I have to ask, or would accept, is, that my Tortures may meet the End of Death, and that immediately. With that she cross'd her Arms, and motionless stood, attending the Judge's Answer; but 'twas a considerable Time e'er any Body could be heard speak, the whole People joining in broken Murmurs, and deep Laments; so much had the Queen's Behaviour affected them, and worked up in their Hearts a generous Compassion of her unhappy State; full well were they inclined to have given her immediate Liberty: But at length the Awe they bore *Euarchus* brought them again to that orderly Silence they before were in, and only with an inward Impatience they waited his Determination; who, having deeply ruminated on the Heinousness of the Fact, and the Fulness of the Proof, and keeping his Heart full-stretched upon the Bent of Justice, not suffering it to be drawn by her affecting Words, his noble Mind enraged at the wicked Actions, tho' coloured over in ne'er so moving Terms, and having for some Time

consulted the principal Part of the Nobility, and demanded their Concurrence, he pronounced the following Sentence: That whereas both in her private as well as publick Character she had been a most notorious and inexcusable Offender; in private, because that Marriage is esteemed the most convenient of all humane Laws, and from which Contract all Families, and consequently Societies proceed; and that Union broke, nothing but Discord and Confusion must necessarily follow; which Union she had not only broke, but by the most unwarrantable and barbarous Means; that such a Crime forgiven, no Husband wou'd be safe, nor Family secure of Peace: That in regard to the Publick, her Fault was still of a much deeper Dye, having robbed them of their King, and probably involved the Kingdom in endless Discords and Disputes. In Consideration therefore of these execrable Treasons, confessed by her own Mouth, and confirmed by divers concurring Circumstances, as well to answer the Decrees of sacred and unerring Justice, and Accomplishment of the *Arcadian* Statutes, as also that it should stand upon Record as an everlasting Warning to all Wives and Subjects, that she shou'd be immediately convey'd to a close Confinement, and there secured 'till the Day of the King's Burial; at which Time she shou'd be immured alive in the same Vault with his lifeless Corps, that so in his Destruction she might meet her own, and that it should be immediate Death for any Person whatsoever to convey her any Succour or Relief.

This severe Judgment, for so at the first Hearing they believed it, was received by the whole Assembly with great Astonishment; but when they joined to it the Weight of her Offences, the Ballance even they allow'd but upright: As to the miserable Queen, she had already fixed her Mind not only to expect, but long for this Event, as the last Relief that her Despair could find; and therefore stepping back, with her Countenance a good deal more compos'd, and her Mind more at Ease than it had been before since the King's Death, she offered her tender Hands to the Cord's ruder Gripe: But they had more Regard for what she had been than to treat her like an abject Slave, however she had debas'd herself, and only led her gently where her Feet most willingly convey'd her; none of her sturdy Guard, tho' still inured to Offices of irrelentless Justice, could refrain from Tears; so much has Beauty in Distress a Power of moving the most harden'd Hearts, and raising Pity from the foulest Cause.

Being brought into her Prison, the Guard reliev'd and doubled to secure her till the appointed Time for her Execution, they left her to the Scourges of her Conscience, which were far more cutting than any they cou'd have impos'd. Thus this unhappy Lady, after having for five and thirty Years pass'd Life without a Blemish on her Honour, or one single Stain upon her Conscience, except her violent and irre-

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fruitless Passion for *Zelma*, was by that rapid Current carry'd thro' the Stream of wild Desire, till lost in the Abyss of Guilt and ill-requited Love, she gave her self a voluntary Prey to sure Destruction; and so fallible is human Judgment, that to compensate for only an intended Fault of a much smaller Dye, she brought Dishonour on her self and Family, by falsely owning of a Crime which in her greatest Heat of Passion her Nature wou'd have started at the mention of, and which, had she consider'd justly, her Wisdom, added to her Innocence, wou'd very soon have clear'd her of, stopp'd the wide-gaping brawling Mouth of Calumny, and even blunted the the sharp-pointed Sting of foul Suspicion, which like the piercing Lightning destroys, without giving us any outward Means to trace the Wound.

The Queen's Affair being thus dispatch'd, and she remov'd, *Eurachus* again demanded of *Philanax*, whether he wou'd himself be the Accuser of the two young Prisoners, or find some other to lay the Allegations down against them, and sit according to his Place and Quality, as an Assistant in the Judgment? *Philanax* reply'd, as he before had done, That there was no Man that cou'd so justly and so fully prove their Crimes as he; and therefore he insist'd upon doing this last Piece of Justice to his dead Master's Memory, and then he would resign all publick Business, since he was gone for whom alone he bore the Burthen of the State. This said, he rose and stood before the Judgment-Seat, and being ready to give in his Accusation, the Princes were commanded to tell their Names; who answer'd, according to their Agreement, that the one was *Daiphantus* Prince of *Lydia*, and the other *Palladius* Heir of *Iberia*. This said, they demanded by what Authority they were to take their Tryal, since they were not only Foreigners, and consequently without their Laws, but absolute Princes, and so beyond the Power of any Laws? The Reply was made them, That the *Arcadian* Laws were to take Place against any Person found within *Arcadia*, since Strangers had a free Liberty to examine into the Customs of the Country before they made themselves Inhabitants of it; and they cou'd not expect a general and beneficial Law to be broke, on the Account of any particular Person, much less a Stranger and a Foreigner, since in a Time of Danger his Service cou'd neither be expected nor exacted. As to their being Princes, the Belief of that stood only on their bare Assertion; and since they had already in so many Points falsify'd their Words, they cou'd not reasonably hope to meet with Credit: But even supposing that were true, *Arcadia* had no Obligation to treat them any otherwise than as private Men, since they cou'd neither by Relation or Alliance to the Royal Blood, claim any Privileges in that Region; and therefore, if their Offences should prove against the Law of Nations, and which the Plaintiff now stood ready to make appear, by the Law of Nations their Punishments must be proportion'd; if against the particular

particular Statutes of that Province, by those Statutes they must be adjudged. The Princes, upon that, demanded Time to prove their Birth and high Estates; but being answer'd, That in so particular a Case as a Prince's Death, the Laws of that Country oblig'd any suspected Person to be immediately brought to their Tryal, they were forc'd to yield to an immediate Examination, but resolv'd that in those borrow'd Names they had assum'd, they would conceal their real Characters, and keep as long as possible their Fates conceal'd from their own Royal and unhappy Parents; and in that Caution, chiefly considering *Euarchus*, whom the secret Springs of Fortune had so accidentally sent to be the Judge over the only Persons in the World, in Regard to whom he would have been excus'd that Office: In such a Mist of Darkness are we unhappy Mortals placed, that Foresight we have none to avoid a threatned Evil; or if we had, where Passion is concern'd, we hardly shou'd have Power to make use of it.

Both Sides being now in Readiness, it was determin'd, their Cases being separate, that *Philanax* should first be heard against *Pyrocles*, under the Name of *Daiphantus*, and then the other's Cause to follow, that they might both together receive the Sentence that they should be found to merit. *Philanax*, already almost out of Breath with the Vehemence of his Zeal, stood up; and first looking upon *Pyrocles*, as if his Eyes alone cou'd have begun the Charge, then turning to *Euarchus*, who with a steddly Gravity seem'd all Attention, he thus began:

Most great Protector, whoever takes upon them to accuse another, does, in the general, desire no greater Advantage, than to have a Number of sufficient Proofs of Villanies to urge against them; but in the present Case, that is to me the greatest Difficulty; for the Numbers are so great, and the Enormities so flagrant, which have been perpetrated by this infamous young Man, that I am at a Loss where to begin, or which of them to point out first; neither can I imagine, when you are inform'd of them, that your generous Nature can believe it in Humanity to be guilty of such Crimes as one wou'd think shou'd shock it but to form even in Imagination; yet, believe me, Royal Sir, I can produce such daring Proofs as you must own unanswerable; and therefore, without the least Degree of Aggravation, I shall proceed in as few Words as such unfizable Offences can be spoke in, to let you into each particular Fact, as near as I have search'd into it, from the first laying the infamous Design, till the dire Execution: Know then, this Traytor, for by what other Title I know not how to term him, came first into this Country as a wandering Pilgrim; and having inform'd himself what a retir'd Life my late unhappy Master liv'd, and how open he by that laid himself to any traiterous Practices, the first Disguise he

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took upon him, was a Woman's Habit, that under that innocent Appearance, he might the easier gain a Confidence; and under that Disguise he presented himself to my unwary Master, a Prince of so much generous Affability, as might have influenc'd not only any grateful Mind, but even have soften'd the Malice of the most inveterate Enemy: But this venomous Serpent, not to be wrought upon by the most noble Usage, once receiv'd within his Bosom, as it is easy for Contagion to find a Body ready to receive Infection, so in a very little Time he had fallen into so near an Intimacy with that wicked Woman, the infamous *Gynecia*, that they seem'd to live but in each other; she saw but as his Eyes directed, nor did his Senses serve for any Action but what she pointed out to them: What unwarrantable Freedoms pass'd between two such People, whereof the one has by her own Confession imbru'd her Hands in Murder, and the other been guilty of a Rape, I'll leave it to your Wisdom to determine; my Zeal more prompting me to come to the sad Close of my Master's Murder, than to dwell upon the Incidents that were the Fore runners of it; for the executing of which horrid Fact with more Facility, this seeming Nymph of *Diana's* training, or rather of the Devil's, feign'd to have certain Rites impos'd upon her by that Goddess, and under that Pretence a Cave was chosen for the Temple of his Devotions, a Place of such consummate Darknefs, as did well prognosticate that all his Sacrifices were to be dedicated to the infernal Powers; for there this more than Villain, against all the Ties of Gratitude, Honour and Humanity, cowardly and basely murder'd our late virtuous Monarch, the too credulous *Basilus*; by what Device he train'd him to that Slaughter-House, as yet I know not; for had I been acquainted with it, my Life should either have accompany'd my Master's, or else this Wretch's Death should have preserv'd him: But this Proof may well suffice, that in the Entering of that Cave, which this Traytor had for some Time made his Place of Residence, when already his Brother Villain had convey'd away the immediate Heiress of this Realm, was *Gynecia* found by the dead Body of her Husband, dress'd in the Prisoner's Robe, with an Intent, no doubt, to have fled into some Place of Safety, but that by Accident she was detain'd; while in the Interim, to prevent a Possibility of this bloody Mischief's being reveng'd, this noble *Amazon* by Violence enter'd the Princess *Philoclea's* Chamber, where, by blending as much as in him lay her Shame and his own Crimes together, he hop'd to bring her under a Necessity of conniving at her Father's Death, and under the Protection of her and the Princess *Pamela*, against whom they too well knew *Arcadia* would not offer to rebel, at once to grasp into their treacherous Hands the Government of all this mighty Nation; but the Hand of Providence interfer'd and baffled the intended Mischief, by timely sending one Villain to detect another; for had not *Dametas* by Accident got into the Lodge a private Way, he in all Probability would

have perpetrated his black Design. Thus, most upright and unbiass'd Judge, I have given you a brief, but melancholly Account of the infamous Misery fallen on this unhappy Nation; and surely, with Justice I may term it infamous, since by the Hands of one effeminate Stripling we have suffer'd a much greater Overthrow than ever it was in the Power of our mightiest Enemies to compass: And that what I have now asserted is manifest as the Sun-Beams when plac'd in his Meridian, after such speaking Proofs, who can dispute? For, take this Matter from its first Commencement, is it in Nature to imagine that the Queen, who, tho' an infamous, must be allow'd a penetrating Woman, would ever have attempted and atchiev'd an Enterprize equally dangerous and horrible, without first having some Associate to work her up to the Performance, and equally enjoy the Guilt? And who so likely as one who by all concurring Circumstances she had already given her Person up to, and consequently trusted with her dearest Secrets? As to her taking the Whole upon her self, that is, in my Opinion, far from being a Proof of his Innocence; for when once the Soul has entirely swerv'd from Virtue's Ways, there then remains a certain Pride in Evil which glories in obstinately following whatever it has made its Choice, and having no Shadow of Pretence to any other Merit, places its Whole of Honour in boldly fronting the Wrath of Heaven, and Scandal of the World; but if we suffer her Infamy to die with her, and her Actions to be bury'd in her Grave, what can this Twig of Iniquity plead for his coming hither in such a Manner? If in Reality he is a Prince, why thus alone and unattended? If not a Prince, from whence this Blaze of Jewels and Magnificence of Dress? Why first a Woman, then of a sudden turn'd into a Man? Were all these Metamorphoses for nothing? No, believe me, they must be directed to some End, and that a devilish one; it never cou'd be Accident which made him change his Lodging with the Queen, just at the Instant she was to perpetrate her execrable Mischief, nor cou'd Chance occasion her wearing of his Garments: How can'st thou answer, thou cool steady Villain, to all these Allegations, black as thy Conscience, foul as thy Misdoings? Nor are these all, there is a Sequel to this black Story still behind; I mean, that Violation, which, by his own Confession, he offer'd to the Princess *Philoclea's* Honour; but this I must say for him, his Crimes are of a Piece, the murdering the Father, dishonouring the Mother, and ravishing the Child, compleat his Character! O Villain! Villain! cou'd not the matchless *Philoclea's* Virtue strike an Awe in thy polluted Breast: But hold, my Tongue! my Zeal, my honest Zeal for my dead Master's Cause, transports me to a Warmth unwarrantable: Such Crimes need not enhancing. I have laid them, most excellent Protector, plain before you; there now remains but that you pass a Judgment (if at least that be possible) equal to them; nor let his Youth, his Beauty, or his pre-

pretended Quality influence your Justice; since, in relation to the first, the longer Stage of Life he has to run, the longer Time he'll have to spend in Mischief; and tho' his Form must be acknowledg'd bright, so is the Lightning, which carries sure Destruction in its Embrace; and shou'd he prove a Prince, the more extensive will his Power be of oppressing Innocence, and injuring Mankind; which well we see he has a Pride in doing: Therefore most upright Judge, let me once more entreat you to root this poysonous Weed, that shoots its Venom out to all around, from out the Earth; for me, were not my Lungs choaked up with Sorrow, and my Voice hoarse with the Repetition of his numerous Crimes, I could by Circumstances enhance them to a far greater Pitch; but it suffices that those I have already urged cry out aloud for Justice, which I insist upon, and which is all I ask. Thus, half breathless with his eager Malice, he stop'd, because his Passion repelled it self, and gave *Pyrocles* Liberty to answer his unjust Reproaches; who all the Time he had been urging his injurious Accusation, gave an unmoved Attention, except when his Invectives so nearly touched his Honour, that the unbidden Blood would gush into his Cheeks, resenting the unjust opprobrious Manner in which he treated him; but being now at Liberty to answer for himself, he, with a modest Look and Mien, that spoke the Prince in every Motion, thus in the following Words made his Defence:

Most honourable Judge, the Length and Purport of my Accusation may well bear Witness for me, under how hard a Circumstance I am to struggle; for if the Charges laid against me are so manifold, that my Accuser (whose Tongue has prov'd itself no Stranger to opprobrious Language) was at a Loss to give a Vent to his full Thoughts that crowded over-fast upon him, what a Dilemma must I be consequently in? that in Affairs of such high Import, on which my Life and Honour both depend, am called to give immediate Answer, without so much as having the least timely Notice of the Objections intended to be urged against me; and so artfully hath my Adversary mingled Truths with Falshoods, Surmizes with known Certainties, and trifling Insinuations with Crimes of the most horrid Nature, that 'tis almost impossible for me to own or to deny the Facts alledged; neither am I as yet inform'd whether I am brought hither to be sentenced according as my Charge shall be made out, or whether I am to receive my Punishment before a Judgment given, since I have been compell'd to bear such vile opprobrious Language, as to a generous Mind is far more grievous than the most cruel Death: But since I find this Form of Government allows an unlimited Prerogative of Speech, I shall use all my Skill to sever from his shrewd Invective those few Particulars which are the most material with Relation to my Charge, still promising my self, that you will give me such a patient Hearing as may fully prove that tho' your noble Breast is fired with a Desire of punishing Offences,

ces, yet you would take a greater Pleasure in having no Opportunity to do it; and therefore Justice I hope will make you pass the Manner of my Adversary's Words, and rest upon the Proofs, remembering still that Truth needs no illustrating; and had he stuck to, that he need not have descended to such vile Terms, and womanish Invectives, as the keenest Shrew could hardly parallel: But them I shall pass over as far below my Notice, and proceed to give a plain and true Narration of my past Behaviour, and leave it to your (I trust impartial) Judgment to find the Difference between sly Insinuations, malicious Suppositions, and plain and simple Truths: Know then, for the first Introduction to that Distress which since has fallen on us, that the Prince *Palladius*, and my presumptuous self, were sensibly affected with the all conquering Beauties of *Basilus'* two Daughters, and by insensible Degrees our Passions grew to such a raging Height, that Self-defence obliged us to take every Method to make our selves equally essential to their Happiness; and finding by the King's retired Way of Life, and the strange Resolution he had formed, that, as our selves, it was impossible for us to gain Access to him, we disguis'd our selves in such a Manner as might the soonest introduce us where we might reveal our Loves, and influence the Objects of our Wishes to grant us a Return. *Palladius* met with Success almost beyond his Hopes; for in a little Time he so far influenced the generous *Pamela*, that she consented to leave a Bondage so unworthy of her, and fly with him to distant Realms, where as great a Kingdom as *Arcadia* would own her Sovereignty, 'till her Father could by Proofs of that, and reasonable Arguments, be reconciled: For me, my Fate was much more cruel; for my Passion for the matchless *Philoclea* did not in all Appearance burn more fiercely, than that *Basilus*, deceived by the false Appearance of my Sex, expressed to me; and so assiduous was he, that by his continued Importunity he still prevented me from gaining a favourable Moment, in which to put my Fortune upon a Ballance with my Friend's: At last this Stratagem presented to my travelling Senses, that under a Pretence of feign'd Devotions, I should draw *Basilus* to that Cave which *Philanax* so often mentioned, flattering him with the vain Hope of giving up my Person to his Power: I informed the Queen of all had pass'd between us, and advised her to fill my Place, which she with Thanks accepted: Both of them being thus secured, I took the Advantage of the Time, and fastening all the Passages, as I imagined, past the Power of any Mortal to interrupt us, I went to *Philoclea*, intending, if I could gain her Approbation, e'er Morning to have convey'd her beyond Pursuit; but being repelled by her divine Vertue, when I would have escaped, I found my self a Prisoner, but by what Means as yet I'm wholly unacquainted. Thus, my Lord Protector, I have given you a plain but true Narration of my whole Proceedings in this Affair, which this Man's subtle Arguments has made appear so monstrous. As to the Queen's having my Garment on, upon which he grounds most of his
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hard Assertions, it was, that going to the Cave by Moon-light, should the King see her, he might be still deceived : As to *Basilus'* Death, I could not have believed, had not my own Ears assured me of it, that Malice cou'd have worked up any humane Breast, much less a Man fam'd for Equality of Justice, upon such weak Foundations, to have charged another with so horrible a Fact ; his keenest Argument is but grounded on a bare Surmize, which is, that 'tis not reasonable to believe the Queen would e'er have undertook, much less accomplished such an Act, without some Accessories, and consequently I must be one ; my Lord, Surmises are not wont to be accepted before a Throne of Justice for legal Proofs ; and so greatly am I wronged, that may the Almighty Powers this Moment level their hottest Thunder on my Head, if I had the least Knowledge of the King's Death, until I saw this solemn Meeting, and heard the Queen's Confession ; and indeed with so much Vehemence, and with so much less an Air of Guilt than Rashness has that unhappy Lady accused her self, that in my humble Judgment her Condemnation may prove too hastily performed, and more especially, considering how far unlikely, if not impossible, it is for any Lady, who has so long, and with so great a Share of Justice, maintained the Character of wise and virtuous, thus in an Instant to degenerate into the very Center of all Folly as well as Wickedness : But granting her (which in my Soul I'm far from doing) ever so guilty, how can that turn at all on me ; she was found abroad, and as it is imagined, ready for her Escape ; I had confined my self within a House intent on other Business ; besides, do but observe, my Lord, how artfully that cunning Sophister would turn her Words from bearing Credit, when they relate to clearing me, (and on which indeed my chiefest Proof depends) yet owns them of Force sufficient to condemn her self. Thus, void of even Probability, he seeks to level both my Fame and Life with his insatiate Malice ; and if my Answer, built upon Truth, and uttered in plain Sincerity, fails of Power to baffle his false and scandalous Aspersions, I have but one Thing more to offer, which is the Combat ; nay, that Favour, as a Stranger and a Prince, I beg may be allowed ; and that once granted, I doubt not but, should he come armed in the strongest Steel, that only with the Shield of Justice, I could oppose his Force, and prove his Courage degenerate as his Cause.

And now, my Lord, it but remains for me to answer his second Accusation ; which is, the Violence that I confess I offered, in intruding, without her Leave, into the Princess's Apartment ; and which, on her Account, I call the Heavens to witness, I wish this Moment my Legs had rotted off e'er I had attempted : But if in that Attempt I offered Force to her, be Judge, my Lord, how much a greater, victorious Love imposed on me ; weigh but her Beauty with my Youth and Heat of Blood, and the Effect will not be found miraculous ; and since

(Heaven knows how much against my Will) her Fame has suffered by my Means, altho' by every Thing that I hold sacred, for me her Honour is unfully'd as the Light; yet since, I say, there is no stopping the Voice of common Fame, that takes Things on Surmizes, nor will bestow the Leisure to search into the Truth, the only Way remaining entirely to save her Honour, is to suffer our Marriage to be publicly celebrated; for by my Death, the Matter must necessarily be left in Doubt, and consequently her Honour exposed to the rude Blasts of every envious Railer's Breath. I shan't, my Lord Protector, tire your Patience, with adding further Words, neither, I'm well assured, can your Experience need it; for my own Part, I think I have already shewed too great a Fondness to the Trifle, Life, in urging of so many; but the united Love I bear to Truth and Justice, would not suffer me to hear unanswered such opprobrious Injuries offered both to my self, and a more meritorious Object, and now obliges me to conjure you, even by the Love you bear to Justice, rather to be moved to Pity by Innocence oppress'd, than influenced by those Tears of Cruelty, spilt by this Crocodile, who rather weeps for fear he should be disappointed in the spilling of more Blood, than for what has been already lost. The good *Basilus'* Memory can surely receive but little Honour by having helpless Innocence sacrificed on his Tomb: Clemency is the darling Attribute of Heaven; and surely the Dispenser of its Laws, if it must err, as human Judgment seldom is infallible, should ever lean to that Extrem: As to my self, by Heaven I swear, were my Soul conscious of Crimes deserving Death, I would not wish to live; nor would I upon any Terms suck in the purer Air, than while my Heart is kept free from Pollution, and my Soul unspotted with any horrid Thought; but my Love for *Philoclea* can surely ne'er be brought under either of these Denominations; or should it so be wrested, I must to my last Gasp of Life persist in, and avow the noble Flame, the Violence of which I must acknowledge has hurry'd me into some desperate Actions, tho' in their Natures far from being criminal. Here ending his pathetick Speech, folding his manly Arms, and fixing his Eyes upon the Judge with steady Resolution, he waited for his Answer. *Philanax*, watchful to pick out something from his own Words that might ensnare him, with bitter Curiosity mark'd every Word he utter'd, only in the Beginning of his Speech he was interrupted by two Letters which were brought him from the Princesses; which were indeed designed for the whole Convocation, they very rightly judging, that 'twould be easier to influence the whole Assembly, than the hardened Zeal of *Philanax*; and in order to it, they entreated one of their Guard, none else being suffer'd to come near them, to deliver them to the principal Part of the Nobility and Gentlemen, when met together; but the Fellow being entirely the Creature of *Philanax*, delivered them both to him, just at the Time that *Pyrocles* began his Speech. He hastily open'd them, and finding by a very slight Perusal, that they only tended to the excusing of the

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Prisoners, he wou'd not suffer them to be seen, for fear that they shou'd influence *Euarchus*' Judgment either to save the Prisoners, or involve the Princesses in their Fall, both which he dreaded equally; and therefore entirely suppressing them, he eagerly listen'd to the Remainder of *Pyrocles*' Discourse; and when he had ended, he earnestly desir'd *Euarchus* that he might accept the Combat; but *Euarchus* wisely reply'd, That since Strength of Body was but the Servant of the Mind, it would be monstrous to suffer Force to be the Judge of Reason.

Philanax wou'd then have willingly answer'd him in Words; but *Euarchus*, who knew he had already urg'd whatever could be object-ed, commanded him to proceed against the other Prisoner, that he might sentence them both together. *Philanax*'s Passion not being in the least Degree mollified, for *Pyrocles*' clearing himself in so handsome a Manner, but rather the more irritated, he thus hotly began his Accusation against Prince *Musidorus*: It is, most great Protector, with Tears of Blood wrung from my honest Heart, that I am forc'd to observe to what a mean Condition our *Arcadia* is reduc'd, that Strangers and Vagabonds dare take upon them to challenge to the Combat the faithfullest of the Nobility; and Men, who have merited the shamefullest Death, presume to ask in Marriage the undoubted and immediate Heiresses of our Realm: Yet certainly I can't condemn their Judgments, whatever else I can object against them; for who wou'd not much rather enjoy such beauteous Brides, than submit their Necks to the rude Embraces of a Halter? But my present Words are to be directed to that false Shepherd thus in a Moment metamorphos'd to a Prince; and, O most reverend Judge, you must forgive my Zeal, if it induces me to say, that this awful Seat of Justice grants too great Indulgence to such a Fugitive, in suffering him to meet so fair and open an Examination, when it was fitter for him by Tortures to be brought to his Confession; that rustick Slave, whose Sheep-Hook was prepar'd to be our Sceptre: But I suppose his Absence will be pleaded in his Defence; a mighty Proof! when he had left his vile Associate and Companion in Iniquity to give the finishing Blow, while he convey'd away our Princess, hoping that in Regard to her we wou'd with Olive Branches of Peace and Intercession come after him, and wooe him to lay down his Sheep-Hook to wield a Crown, and tyrannize over both her and us; for to imagine they are Princes, as they pretend, (tho' if they are, in our Law that will avail them little,) is much unreasonable; these Jewels and these costly Trappings, they have no Doubt suborn'd and plunder'd in their licentious Travels; for can it be believ'd that such Men of Royal Blood cou'd be so long conceal'd, without some Followers? Or if a Prince's Title does grace their Names, 'tis very plain their Virtues answer'd not that Character; for if they did, their Subjects wou'd never thus tamely bear their Absence:

sence: But be that as it may, our present Business is to consider the Actions, not the Men; 'tis plain, whoc'er they are, the dead *Basilus*' Murder was their Errand hither; that horrid Fact they have most traiterously compass'd, and yet I doubt not but this Wretch will equally deny it with his Fellow-Murderer: But by what Slight can he evade the Stealing of the Princess, which single Action in itself amounts to Treason? So manifestly hath the Justice of the Gods provided for the Punishment of these egregious Traytors, that were it possible your Judgment cou'd be blinded by their Insinuations in other Facts, yet here their own Confession condemns them without farther Proof; this Action is so heinous in its own Nature, gives so much Scandal to the World, is so opposite to all our Laws, injurious to this particular Nation, and villanous in him, that if I shou'd longer dwell upon it, it wou'd be plainly shewing that I dispute either your Wisdom, or your Justice. Therefore, to you, most upright Judge, without enlarging farther, I recommend the Righting of our injur'd Country; and patiently attend to that eternal Warning, which I dispute not but your Justice will oblige you to give the future World in these consummate Villains of Hypocrites, Adulterers, Ravishers, Murderers and Traytors.

The valiant Prince, while thus this bitter Patriot (for such we must allow him) was throwing all these scandalous Epithets on him and his deserving Friend, was hardly able to support his Rage; and had he been at Liberty, he wou'd undoubtedly in his Throat have made him swallow the opprobrious Lye: But finding himself so closely guarded, that 'twas impossible to reach him, and that the Attempt would only expose himself, and shew a feeble Passion unable to exert itself; with trembling Sinews, and Veins puff'd up with just Resentment, casting his Eyes over the Judgment Seat, O ye immortal Gods, cry'd he, and have you hitherto preserved my Life to bear such Injuries, and pass them unreveng'd? Is this the Justice of the fam'd *Arcadia*, to suffer Men of our Degree to be submitted not only to apparent Falshood, but the insolent Revilings of an irritated Statesman? Yet this ungrateful Nation, and consequently this unworthy Man, owe all their Liberties and Happiness to us: Without Regret I urge this Truth; for sure a Benefit may, without Ostentation, be remember'd by the Bestower, when the Receivers return it with Ingratitude and Injuries. To omit our Services done to *Basilus* and his Family, in the late War, did not our timely Aid devour those ravenous Beasts let out on Purpose to destroy the Princesses? Had not our interposing Arms preserv'd them, those blooming Flowers of promising Perfection had now been set in Dust, and lost for ever to the wondring World; and yet this mischief-making Brawler can oft' enough repeat the Loss the Nation wou'd have sustain'd, had we convey'd them hence, but never once remembers, that 'twas by our Means alone that they are this

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Day blest'd with having the Possession of them. I would not be misunderstood, as if that Action could ballance any Evil since committed; for be assur'd, I think the succouring such Excellence, Reward sufficient in itself; but what I mean by such a Repetition, is to make conspicuous the partial Wrangling of this artful Sycophant, who knows no better Way to prove his Loyalty, than by aspersing others: If we have been those Traytors he pretends, where was the Zeal and Courage of this Tongue-valiant Gentleman, when not only one of the Princesses, but the King himself was protected in some Degree by me, but principally by this excellent young Man, the brave *Daiphantus*? Can it be credited by any reasonable Creatures, that we, who only in his Defence expos'd our Lives against the Odds of Hundreds, shou'd do it with a View to be in secret his Murderers? Or does it in the least seem probable; that we shou'd by Actions prove we held his Life much dearer than our own, and after rob him of that Life, only in all human Probability that we might meet a shameful Death? And surely the Stratagem would have been full as poor, to have reposed our Safeties in such duteous Daughters, when we had sacrilegiously destroy'd their Father! But I think it must by this Time be needless to farther clear my self in the Particular of the King's Death; for my Innocence in that Affair is so conspicuous, that I promise my self none of my Hearers remain in Doubt: I therefore shall drop that Article, and proceed to that which, I own, bears the Appearance of some Importance; I mean, the carrying off the lawful Princess of this Realm: But, Gentlemen, you must consider, as she is your Princess, I no less own her Superiority, and reverence her Power; I have by all the solemn Vows Words can express, confirm'd my self her Slave, whom else then shou'd I follow? She is my Mistress, Princess, and my Queen: Demand of her then why she left your Realm; that wou'd be a properer Enquiry, than why I waited on her; since, as a Prince, you have no Right to interrogate me; and as her Servant, I can only be accountable to her. But possibly it may be urg'd, that it was by my Perswasions she took her Flight; I own the Assertion, and glory in it, since I was very sure I had a certain Power, if we escap'd secure, of bringing her into a full Possession of those Honours which she more than merits, and which this barbarous Nation, tho' her just Right, denies her: My Advice might be erroneous, but traitorous it ne'er can be esteem'd, since whatsoever I urg'd to her, I made my self Partaker of: But were the Action traitorous in in itself, how can I deserve that Epithet, since the Princess, in Regard to whom alone any of our Actions can be esteem'd so, will, I am very sure, avow my Faith, and give me a much softer Title? I won't pretend to plead the Force of Love, since I am very certain thy narrow Heart had never Room to entertain so generous a Guest, nor ever felt the Sway of its resistless Power; by such a Tyrant-Soul, that Passion, tho' in itself most honourable, is still esteem'd a Crime, and

the most noble Method taken to gratify it, accounted venal. Therefore, O most noble Judge, consider, the Nature of your Office is to preserve, and not destroy Mankind; the Laws were never meant, like Nets or Lime-twigs, to ensnare each ignorant or unwary Man that comes within its Reach, but rather as Sea-Marks to warn unheeding Passengers: Take then our Actions in the severest Light, and they can but be accounted a humane Error, which turn'd and manag'd to the best Advantage, may prove a Blessing rather than a Curse: Our Dignities and Fortunes are such, as even *Basilus*' self cou'd have made no Objection to; nor need *Arcadia* scoff at the Alliance: Therefore, my Lord Protector, in you alone it lies to settle her in Peace, or else involve her in cruel Animosities and never-ending Jars; and if we have been guilty of an Indiscretion, confirm it not by throwing from you the Good that may be drawn from it, but with a kindly Hand heal up those Sores, which farther widen'd, must call for eating Corrosives, and putrify into the very Bowels of *Arcadia*.

While *Musidorus* was thus haranguing, a fix'd Attention was seen in all the People; a Tenderneſs towards him work'd itself by Degrees into *Sympathus*' Bosom; but the good *Kallander* was mov'd by every Word that made for or against his valu'd Guests, sometimes with Tears and Looks of Intercession, sometimes with whispering Perswasions to his Friends and Followers, to use their utmost Interest in saving the unhappy Prisoners; but the Multitude in general, with silent Order, waited the Judgment of *Euarchus*, who in all this Time shew'd not the least Emotion or Change of Humour at any Thing they said, but passing over all their Eloquence and much-studied Rhetorick, he only attended to the Proofs; which having well consider'd, he thus address'd himself to the expecting Crowd:

This Matter now laid before us, of so much Weight, and whereof we are to make immediate Judgment, admits, on the first Consideration, of two important Doubts; the first, Whether the Prisoners are liable to be call'd to an Account at all; the second, How we shall find a Way to pass a Judgment justly: The first arises from their giving themselves out to be absolute Princes; a Name so sacred, that any Violence offer'd to it, bears the Appearance of Impiety; for how can any Laws, which are the Bonds of human Peace, be put in Execution, if the Law-givers are not themselves exempted from them? But tho' they have already, as to this Particular, been very fully answer'd; yet this Hint I must improve upon, that be they what they will in their own Nation, yet here they can have no Prerogative but as a private Man, since there must be between a Subject and a Prince, as necessary a Relation as between a Father and a Child; and as no Man can be a Father but to his Child, so a Prince can nowhere bear the due Authority belonging to that Name, but over his own

own Subjects; therefore *Arcadia* is not bound to acknowledge them as Princes, unless it means in secret to confess Subjection to their Power: Yet to this it may be objected, that the Customs and Manners of all Nations have obliged each other, and, indeed, with Reason, to hold all Persons, who bear a Publick Character, in great Esteem, nor suffer them to be exposed to Injuries: But tho' this Custom is universal, and certainly a very just one, yet whoever hopes to receive the Benefit of it, ought not themselves to be the first that break it; for how can they complain of being treated ill, that set the first Example? If a Prince injuriously offers Acts of Hostility to any Nation, without first proclaiming War; if he break his Oath of Amity, or is guilty of any other unwarrantable Practice; he must be very careful how he falls into the Power of the injured People, who will undoubtedly esteem him no better than a common Enemy, and certainly the Prisoners now before us can claim no greater Privilege, who have not only long ceas'd to act as Princes, but indeed to be so; for they have not only made themselves Inhabitants of *Arcadia*, and consequently subject to her Laws, but enter'd into domestick Services, and by levelling themselves with private Men, deprived themselves of that Respect due to their publick Character; for it would bear no Proportion in Equity or Justice, if a Prince, in order to commit unwarrantable Crimes, should for a Time strip himself of his Royalty, and when he came to suffer for them, re-assume it; therefore, by all the Laws of Nature and of Nations, the Prisoners may in Justice be brought upon their Tryal, and as private Men must be acquitted or condemned: There only then remains the second Point, which is, that we distinguish justly as to the Crimes alledged against them, and that undoubtedly must be done not by the measuring their Actions by the Rules of Reason and Philosophy, but by the Laws of *Greece*, and particular Statutes of this Kingdom; for tho' that was the first Source of them, yet particular Circumstances alter a Case so much, that 'tis impossible it should be judged by general Rules: 'Tis therefore plain we have a Power to judge them, and by your Laws alone they must be judged. And now there only rests for us to search into the Truth of what has been asserted, and in some Measure has been proved, against them; the Murder of the King they utterly deny, and against strong Presumptions, bring some probable Replies, and which they chiefly back with the Queen's taking all the Guilt upon her self; and certainly when a Conjecture hangs on an Equality, we ought not to lay the the Stress upon the worst, but rather be pleased there is a Possibility for us to believe that Mankind is not so degenerate as we at first imagined; as most indisputably the Evil would be much less to let one guilty Man escape, than an innocent Person perish; and therefore if these Gentleman can purge themselves of the other Allegations, that ought to be let drop; but if these Suspicions are aggravated by other known and proved Offences, then
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Justice will not admit us to pass that over; for no one can deny but that they have been the accidental, if not the principal Causers of the King's Death. We are now to determine with Relation to the other Fact, which they do not deny, but wou'd extenuate; and here we are not to be unmindful of those former Obligations which this Nation owes them; but certainly that Debt is not so great, as to countervail the present Abuses. Praise and Reward is what ought to be annex'd to meritorious Actions, and Punishment should be as much the sure Attendant of vicious Deeds, and which ought not to be confounded, any more than Good and Evil; and therefore, by every stated Rule of Justice, it has long since been determined, that none, in Consideration of past meritorious Actions, shou'd be excus'd a present Crime, but rather the more severely punish'd, since he has given Proof he knew how to act better: The Fact is therefore clearly to be consider'd, without Passion or Prejudice, wherein these two young Gentlemen are doubtless equally guilty; for altho' he that takes upon him the Name of *Daiphantus* was sooner prevented in his Design of carrying off the Princess *Philoclea* than the other, who prevail'd upon *Pamela* to quit her Country, and made himself the Partner of her Flight, yet they are equally culpable, since in Matters of this Nature, by all Rules of Equity, the Intent shou'd answer for the Consequence; and certainly these Men must then be guilty of a notorious Rape; for tho', with Regard to the Ladies, it cannot bear that Name, because, as far as we can find, their Inclinations accompany'd them, yet they were undoubtedly ravish'd from their Father, which Action is punishable by all the *Grecian* Laws with Forfeiture of Life; for surely if we punish those with Death who only rob us of our Goods, how much more reasonable is it for them to suffer who deprive us of those for whom alone we gather them? And if our Laws are so forceable in this Point, when only a private Person is concern'd, how much stricter ought we to be in putting them in Execution, where a Prince's Children are thus deluded, since the whole Common-Wealth has a Right in them? Nor is it to be wonder'd at, that our Ancestors were so strict in Matters of this Nature, since the Example of the *Phœnician Europa*, and more especially the *Grecian Helen*, gave 'em such speaking Proofs what dangerous Fires have blown from such a Spark; nor was it to be objected that *Helen* was ravish'd from a Husband, and your Princesses only from a Father, since the Ties of Nature bind us full as nearly, if not more so, to the one than t'other. What we have farther to consider, is the Excuses that these young Men have brought to justify themselves, and extenuate their Guilt: Some of their Excuses are common to them both, others peculiar to him who was the Shepherd; both of them plead the Force of Love, and justify that Love, by a Design of Marriage: If that unbridled Passion to which they affix that Name, might have a Power of extenuating such Crimes as these, we shou'd not want Excuses for the most notorious Facts;

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for indeed there never yet was Mischief perpetrated but might be shrouded under that Name ; for he that steals might certainly alledge the Love of Money, the Murderer Love of Revenge, and the Rebel Love of Greatness, as well as the Adulterers the Love of Women ; since by the Hazard they each of them run to gain their Purposes, 'tis plain that an unbridled Possession urges them on : But Love, by any upright Mind, can never be allow'd such Privileges ; that warrantable Love which is approv'd by Gods and Men, and which alone deserves the Name, will never admit of any other Cement than true Virtue, and consequently is incapable of urging its Possessor on to any vicious Action. But the other Argument they make use of, and indeed that which is by much most plausible, is, that an Intermarriage is the only honourable and convenient Way of healing up the wounded Honours of the two young Ladies ; and certainly if the Question were, Which was most conducive to their particular Benefits, and not, What is rightful in the never-erring Scales of Justice, much might be said in Favour of that Proposition ; but in this Matter we must consider, that the Intention of the Laws is to prevent such Crimes by due Examples, and not to extenuate them when they are done ; for if the Dispensers of Publick Justice should indulge themselves in a Liberty of stretching the Laws in Regard to private Conveniences, Partiality to particular People would weigh so much, that we should seldom have proper Examples made : The Marriage mention'd would very possibly be perfectly fit and convenient both for the young Men and the Princesses ; but it wou'd certainly be much unfit for the State to suffer such a Pattern to take Place, for then it wou'd certainly stand a Precedent to future Ages for Princesses to dispose themselves ignobly. Thus far their general Excuse is answer'd ; but he that so artfully convey'd away the Princess *Pamela*, goes much farther, as he imagines, towards clearing of himself ; for he requires the Indulgence of a Counsellor, and urges, as he imagines, the reasonable Excuse of a Servant who did but wait upon his Mistress. But in Answer to these two Pleas, without all question, every Counsellor ought to be very careful how they offer any Advice opposite to the Form of Government then in being, and more especially if he does it singly, without the Concurrence of the rest ; and this Case is still more apparent, since she was neither an effectual Princess, her Father being as then alive, nor yet of Years to take the Government upon her ; nor cou'd he bear the proper Title of her Servant, since he had enter'd himself in the King's Household, and therefore had no Right to obey any Command but his. Thus, every Thing duly consider'd, these Men undoubtedly are highly culpable ; and, in Regard to that Justice I profess, and would make conspicuous in all my Actions, and answerable to the Intention of the *Arcadian* Laws, I sentence *Daiphantus* to be thrown from a Precipice high, if possible, as his towering Hopes, and *Palladius* to be beheaded in *Mantineia* before the Sun

withdraws its Light from this our Hemisphere; *Dametas* to be the Executioner: Which Office I assign him for his future Life, as a due Punishment for his having so villanously discharg'd that high One committed to him. Sentence thus pass'd upon the Prisoners, *Euarchus* turn'd himself to *Philanax*, and two others of the Noblemen which stood next him, and commanded them to see it put in immediate Execution: He needed not much inforce his Orders to the impatient *Philanax*, who, like a greedy Wolf ready to seize his Prey, was going to lay hold of the destin'd Victims; who, casting a Farewell-Look towards each other, as they had no Regret in Death but parting, when a confus'd Noise was heard throughout the Prefs of People, and *Kallander* breaking through the Throng, came forward, leading a Stranger in his Hand, both of them calling to *Euarchus* that they might be heard e'er that the Prisoners were remov'd: The generous *Sympathus* soon join'd in their Request, and taking such of the Multitude as he cou'd command, partly by Force and partly by Perswasion, he stopp'd *Philanax* from carrying away the Princes, till the Stranger could be heard; and *Euarchus* remounting the Tribunal, they with attentive Ears listen'd to the Stranger's passionate Exclamation, who prov'd to be *Kalodulus*, the ever-faithful Servant of *Musidorus*, to whom his Master, when he first became the Slave of Passion, had sent the Shepherd *Menalcus* to be secur'd, while he made Use of his Interest to gain Admittance to his Life's Happiness: That honest Servant, soon as he receiv'd his Master's Orders, faithfully perform'd them; but in Process of Time, hearing no farther News of him, and conscious of his darling Master's Safety, he determin'd to send a special Messenger to *Byzantium*, where he imagin'd as yet *Euarchus* was, and go himself into *Arcadia*, tho' he knew not on what Errand; but by being in the same Nation, he thought he might possibly be of Use to him, and by Accident he arriv'd at *Mantineia* the very Day that the Princes were brought upon their Tryals; where, seeing great Multitudes of People, and enquiring the Cause, he heard, as usual, a thousand different Reports, but each of them agreed in the fam'd *Euarchus* being then upon the Judgment-Seat: *Kalodulus* was pleas'd with this News, and enquiring his Way, he came into the Desert; but the Prefs being so great, he cou'd not get near the Judgment-Seat, till being directed to enquire for *Kallander*, he was by him inform'd that *Euarchus* was really there, and told all the Particulars of the young *Amazon* and Shepherd lamenting their hard Fates, and, as he thought, undeserv'd Punishment. *Kalodulus* immediately knew by *Kallander*'s Description, that the young Shepherd was his Master, and taking it for granted that the other was *Pyrocles*; and soon communicating his Belief to *Kallander*, whom he found so great a Favourer of their Cause, they delay'd no Time, but breaking thro' the Crowd, he fell down before *Euarchus*' Foot stool, and in many moving and pathetical Expressions, told him, that those two whom he had just condemn'd were his own Son and Nephew;

while

while *Kallander* proclaimed the welcome Tidings thro' the Multitude, who with Astonishment heard the surprising Story ; and even *Philanax's* revengeful Heart was softened when he saw such near Relations thus made the Instruments of each others Misery ; and besides, the Fame of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*' gallant Actions raised his Esteem, and consequently his Compassion : As to *Euarchus*, he received this Shock with that Magnanimity of Mind he always had maintained ; and after some little Pause, he rose, and beckoning to the People to grant him their Attention, he thus spoke unto them :

I call the immortal Gods to witnesses for me, O ye *Arcadians*, that the Sentence I have this Day passed, was formed from that Regard I owe in general to Justice, and from that particular Part of it on which your Laws are founded ; the Persons then before me were, as I believed, entire Strangers to my Knowledge, and consequently I could not one Way or other be partial to their Persons ; but considering the Matters laid before me with my utmost Stretch of Reason, I out of them found Crimes of so black a Nature proved against these two young Men, as cry'd aloud for Vengeance, and obliged me in Regard to Justice, to make them answer with their Lives such foul Offences, and which no less Punishment than that could ballance : This fatal, tho' just Sentence, pass'd, and from my Mouth ; I now, to my eternal Anguish, find the Criminals to be my only Son and Nephew, two Persons in whom your selves may see Nature has been no Niggard of her outward Gifts, and their Behaviours heretofore promised a Mind as perfect : To sum up all, they were the Effence of my mortal Joys ; in them I placed my Whole of Happiness, and in them hoped to see my Age renewed ; but yet, shall sacred Justice be displaced by any Ties ? Shall it be said that e'er *Euarchus* pronounced a Doom upon a helpless Stranger, which he would not confirm on his own Son when-e'er he found him equally guilty ? No, let these grey Hairs be first with Sorrow levelled to the Grave ; let my Name perish, and my House decay, and may I be a Gazing-Stock of Misery for wondring Fools to point at, rather than be that Villain who should suffer a private Cause to over-rule the Voice of Justice : If rightly I have judged, then can no Tyes of Blood dispense with such a Judgment : No, my Children, tho' I prefer, Heaven knows, your Safeties before my Life, yet Justice I prefer to you ; while you behaved worthy your selves and me, I would with Joy have given up my Life to have ransomed yours ; but your vicious Courses must answer for themselves ; you have flung your selves entirely out of my Protection ; how can I own a Shepherd for my Nephew, or a Woman for my Son ? Your Vices have degraded you from being Princes, and disannull'd your Birth-right ; nor have you any Method left to prove the last Remains of Greatness, or a noble Mind, but a Constancy in those Sufferings and Miseries which you have pulled upon your selves and me : Therefore, continued he, turning
to

to *Philanax*, swallowing the Tears of Anguish, which, spite of all his Resolution, he could not quite suppress, on you it lies, my Lord, to see the Judgment speedily performed, nor can you answer it to Justice or your Country to delay it longer than the appointed Time: With that, unable to support his Weight after so violent a Struggle, he sat down almost fainting on the Judgment-Seat. *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* behaved almost like Men distracted, to find so dreadful an Event from all their mighty Hopes; and the whole Crowd were filled with a deep Consternation and Murmurs of unaffected Pity: Even *Philanax* himself was so affected, that he delay'd to put in Execution the King's Command. But *Musidorus* finding his Hopes of Safety, and what was still more dear to him, the gaining of the Princess, thus in a Moment dashed, and still if possible more anxious for his Friend's Safety, he determined to take Advantage of the present Consternation, and employ his last Words in his Behalf; and therefore in an Agony of Passion, turning towards the Judgment-Seat, Envy, cry'd he, inhumane Tyrant, addressing himself to *Euarchus*, thy bloody Conquest; go home, and in thy Pride of Cruelty boast, that thou had'st a Power to triumph over *Musidorus*; let thy Flatterers dedicate a Wreath of Lawrels to thee for thy mighty Deeds, in that thou hast with thy own Voice denounc'd the Death of those who claim the nearest Kindred to thy Blood: As to my Part in the black Tragedy, be well assur'd, that the *Thessalians* will see it amply punish'd, and my Death cannot be more unjust to me, than you will find it bitter to your self; nor am I fallen so low, as to accept or sue for Life to him who would so unjustly deprive me of it; but all that I would now sue for, is, the Safety of this gallant Youth, thy meritorious Son: Nature and Merit both, one would think, shou'd plead for him; but if thy harden'd Heart is deaf to the Remonstrances of both, yet for thy own Honour's Sake, reflect how ill thy Subjects, who have an equal Right in him, will brook the Slaughter; to the remotest Corners of the Earth the Fame of this sad Story will be heard, and all succeeding Records will declare, that, Tyrant-like, thou prey'st on thy own Bowels. In these and such like keen Invectives, he would have proceeded; when *Pyrocles*, who had heard him not without great Emotion, interrupted him, begging him not to injure him so far, as to load his Father with opprobrious Language, but remember that their Misfortunes were owing to their own Behaviours, and not to his Injustice; and that such an Impatience argued a wavering from that Resolution which they before had form'd, to meet the sharpest Dangers with an Equality of Mind. Then turning to *Euarchus*, he kneel'd down to him, and holding up his Hands in Vehemence of Passion, If, Sir, said he, my fervent Prayers and Wishes, which I have hourly address'd to the Omnipotent, cou'd have prevail'd on them to have granted that End whereto I have directed all my Actions, I shou'd now have stood a Comfort of your Age, tho' not so manifest a Witness of your Justice; but

but since it hath so pleas'd the heavenly Powers, in their unmeasurable Wifdoms, to overthrow all the Desire I had to be a Comfort to your Age, and fix'd me a Mark of Infamy in my unhappy Family, the last and only Proof they have left me of my Obedience, is without murmuring to receive my Death at your Command; and that I shall most willingly submit to: But, O my Father, if yet that tender Name has any Influence o'er you, vouchsafe with generous Compassion to hear my dying Words, and grant my last Request; believe me, 'tis not for my self I wou'd exert them, and what you owe to Justice, will by my Death be fully cancell'd; my Blood will well atone for all those Crimes which I alone was the Occasion of, and fully satisfy the Vengeance of *Arcadia*; save then the ever-virtuous *Musidorus*, nor imbrue your Hands in Blood that ne'er can be wash'd off: How will you meet the keen and just Reproaches of your darling Sister, when you shall have adjudg'd her only Son to Death, and with merciless Hands remov'd the Prop and Pillar of her Age; and in Reward for all the mighty Tenderness which in your greatest Need she shew'd to me, you doom her Offspring to an untimely Grave? Nor is that all, the Injury done to the whole *Thessalian* Nation you ne'er can cancel; your People will enjoy your Presence when I'm no more, and in Concurrence with you, very soon affix the Settlement to a more worthy Successor; but that helpless Kingdom is in him bereft of all their Hopes; give them not Cause to curse the Hour of their Alliance with our *Macedon*; I was the Source of all this Mischief; in me then rest the Punishment; and if my Death can make Atonement for my Crimes, refuse me not the last Petition I can ever make: Let *Musidorus* live, and then in him *Pyrocles* will survive, nor shall you want a Child to succour and support your Age. A Child! hastily interrupted *Musidorus*; and can'st thou think so meanly of me, as that I wou'd acknowledge him a Parent that has been the Murderer of *Pyrocles*? Sure thou knowest little of thy *Musidorus*, to think he wou'd survive thy Loss on any Terms, much less such base ignoble Ones as the Friendship of thy Murderer. Thus these two generous Friends employ'd the Remnant of their Time in interceding for each other; but *Euarchus*, whose steady Judgment was not to be mov'd by the Influence of any Passion, with trembling Limbs rose from his Seat, and calling to *Philanax* and the two other Noblemen at first appointed, he order'd them, without farther Hesitation, to see their Charge perform'd: But while they were delaying, unwilling to take the cruel Office on them, some of the People who stood nearest the Duke's Body, heard from under the Velvet-Pall a Voice like Groaning; which Voice calling their Eyes upon it, they in a very little Time perceiv'd it stir. This Action wrought differently on their frighted Senses; some began to apprehend a Ghost; others expected some Miracle to be perform'd; but most of them fear'd they knew not what, till *Philanax* and *Kallander*, whose honest Hearts were most

attentive, tho' upon different Views, leap'd nimbly to the Bier, and flinging off the Cover, found, to their equal Joy and Wonder, that the King liv'd; the Draught which he had taken proving neither, as *Gynecia* first imagined, a Love Philter, nor, as she after thought, a deadly Poyson, but a Drink wrought with such curious Art, as wou'd procure so strong a Sleep for thirty Hours, as shou'd entirely suppress all Signs of Life. The Occasion of this Potion's being first made, was, a late Princess of *Cyprus*, Grand-mother to *Gynecia*, who beyond all Bounds of Reason was possessed with an irresistible Passion for a young Nobleman belonging to the Court, who had not Spirit to hazard his Life in such an Enterprize, and therefore avoided every Overture she made him; which she perceiving, she ordered such a Draught to be made ready, and bribing one of his Servants to give it him in the Stead of some other Cordial, as soon as it began to work, she had him convey'd into a Summer-house belonging to the Palace-Garden; where she herself waited his coming to himself, and then assured him, that if he would not immediately marry her, and, in a Bark she had provided, fly with her from her Father's Power, that she would raise the Court, and swear that in that private Place he had attempted to violate her Honour. The Nobleman, drove to such a Strait, at last submitted to her Wishes, escaped the Realm with her, and after suffering some few Hardships, found Means to reconcile her Father, who died, and left him in Possession of the Kingdom. The Queen remembring the Use that Drink had been to her, preserved some of it in a Bottle, with the Inscription before repeated; which being wrongly interpreted by her Daughter-in-Law, the Queen of *Cyprus*, she gave it to *Gynecia* upon her Marriage. *Basilus*' Age made it lock up his Senses some Hours longer than it would have done a younger Person; and when he began to revive, it was a considerable Time e'er he could entirely come to himself; but the Moment he was perfectly recovered, *Euarchus*, more delighted than if he had been presented with the World's Monarchy to be rid of that Authority, which had given him so much real Pain, came from his Throne, and resigning to him his Right, with some Difficulty explained to him all the past Accidents: But long it was e'er he cou'd be persuaded that *Zelmane* was not a Woman; till at last reflecting on the Oracle, which was now indeed fulfil'd, he grew more satisfy'd; and after some few farther Enquiries, he sent to have *Gynecia* immediately brought to him, who imagined the Summons was to her destin'd End; and being come, he before all the People recounted the Praises of her wondrous Vertue, who had not only with unexampled Tenderness and Duty behaved to him all his Life, but was content to suffer an unmerited and ignominious Death, that she might follow him to the Grave; assuring them, that he himself was the sole Occasion of his taking that pernicious Drink; and with all the publick Marks of Love and Tenderness he implored her Pardon, and acknowledged his own Errors; and embracing her, left her to receive the most universal Applauses

plausives that ever any Princess throughout the World sustained, none ever being able to charge her with the least Flaw in her whole Character, except *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, who were too generous ever to betray her; so uncertain is humane Judgment, that the same Person in one revolving Day should be depress'd beneath the vilest Criminal, then exalted almost beyond Perfection, and neither justly. *Basilus* and *Euarchus* soon agreed to the mutual Happiness of their Children. *Philanax* was ever held in the most high Esteem for his approved Truth and Loyalty; and tho' exerted against himself, the gallant *Musidorus* not only forgave his Zeal, but confirmed his Honours to him after *Basilus'* Death; nor was the generous *Kallander* forgot. Thus on all Sides their late Misfortunes turned to Blessings: The Royal Lovers received the Recompence of their past Cares; and found the Truth of what has been so long asserted, that Time and Assiduity (at least in Love) will conquer every Difficulty, and pay us double Interest for every Disappointment which we have or can endure.

The End of the Fourth and Last Book.



